

You may take the world as it comes and goes.

And you will be sure to find that fate will square the account she owes.

Whoever comes out behind:

And all things bad that a man has done,

By whosoever induced.

Return at last to him, one by one.

As the chickens come home to roost.

You may scrape and toil and pinch and save

While your hoarded wealth expands,

Fill the cold, dark shadow of the grave

Is nearing your life's last sands:

You will have your balances struck some night.

And you'll find your board reduced.

You'll view your life in another light.

When the chickens come home to roost.

You can stint you soul and starve you heart:

With the husks of a barren creed.

But God will know if you play a part.

Will know in your hour of need:

And then as you wait for death to come

What hope can there be deluded

From a creed alone? You will lie there

dumb.

While your chickens come home to roost.

So as you will, there's a time to reap.

For the good and the bad as well.

And conscience, whether we wake or sleep,

Is either a heaven or hell.

And every wrong will find its place,

And every passion loosed

Drifts back and meets you face to face.

When the chickens come home to roost.

Whether you're over or under the soil,

The result will be the same:

You cannot escape the hand of God;

You must bear your sin or shame.

No matter what's carved on a marble slab,

When the items are all produced,

You'll find that St. Peter was keeping tab,

And that chickens come home to roost.

—Ernest McGuffey, in *Inter-Ocean*.

THE THREE PASSENGERS.

A STORY OF THE SEA.

I entered the service of the United Company when only fourteen years of age. The United Company was an organization of English and Chinese capitalists at Shanghai which exported teas and other commodities. It had at one time eleven vessels, eight of which were small schooners and brigs, which were employed in visiting ports along the coast and various islands in the China Sea and Pacific Ocean. It is of my first trip I am going to tell you about.

I had run away to sea on a vessel bound from Liverpool to Shanghai, and had left her on arrival. I found that the Captain of the Silver Crown, one of the company's traders, was an old friend of my father's, and so it came about that I took service in the company under him with the rating of cabin boy. The Crown was a fine new fore-and-aft schooner, carrying a crew of eight men, all told. She had a native cook, but all the others were foreigners. The Captain, mate, and myself were English, two of the men Americans, and the other two were Swedes. While I rated as cabin boy, I had to assist in sailing the vessel, and was a sort of clerk to the Captain. The schooner carried a dozen muskets, a lot of boarding pikes, and half a dozen cutlasses as an armament, but everything was boxed up and stored away, if not forgotten. Captain Wharton had been in the service for six years, and had never met with any trouble.

When we got away it was with orders for the Philippine Islands, among which the company had many resident agents who collected products. Our course was to the southeast, to pass between Formosa and the Loo-Choo Islands, and we had made the run thus far without incident, when one day about noon a junk-rigged native craft, which doubtless came from some port in Formosa, intercepted us to the eastward of that island. We were about thirty miles off shore when she hailed us. She claimed to be short of water, owing to an accident; but this, as we afterward came to know, was only an excuse. When she found that we were bound to the Philippines she had three passengers to transfer. They were three natives of Formosa, who were going down there to form a colony, and would pay liberally for a passage by the schooner. They claimed to have contracted with the junk for the round trip, but she had sprung a leak and must return to port.

I am only giving you the gist of what was offered in excuse. We lay to for a couple of hours, and I heard only a part of what was said. It did not seem to strike Captain Wharton or Mate Williams as queer or suspicious, and after haggling over terms for a while the three natives were transferred to our decks and the vessels separated. Then I had time to look the strangers over, and I was not long in concluding that I did not wish for an intimate acquaintance. They were a tough looking trio, and the cook had scarcely set eyes on them before he declared that we had made a great mistake in taking them aboard. We had no accommodations for them aft, and as the schooner was in ballast they had agreed to occupy the hold. This wasn't such a bad piece with the hatches out, and they looked like fellows used to roughing it ashore and afloat.

I took an early opportunity of communicating my suspicions to the Captain, but he laughed at me in a good-natured way. I tried the mate, but he saw nothing to arouse distrust. It was singular, however, that every man of the crew outside of the two officers was satisfied that there was something wrong with the trio. While their excuse was reasonable enough,

the looks and actions of the men were suspicious, and it was plain to all that they were sailors. They let us all severely alone except the Captain and the cook, and I called it to mind afterward that while one interested the former the other two were occupied with the latter. I could "chin-chin" a bit and the cook could speak a little English, and so we managed to understand each other pretty well. Three days after the men came aboard "Sloop-Slip," as we called the cook, assured me with very serious face that the strangers were evil-minded men, who had planned to capture the schooner. They had asked him to join them, and he had refused. I posted off to the Captain with the news, and he greeted it with contempt.

"If you and the cook have nothing better to do, I'll put you to rubbing the rust off the anchor chain," he gruffly replied.

The mate also laughed at me, but when I went quietly among the men every one of them was ready to believe. Each one had noticed something to arouse his suspicions, but in the absence of orders we could do nothing but wait for what might turn up.

We were getting well down toward the northernmost island of the group, when something happened which should have opened the Captain's eyes. The leader of the three boarded the glasses and went up to the cross-trees of the mainmast and took a long look around. We saw the sailor in his every move, and he had not been down an hour when a native craft came creeping up from the south, bows on to us. She had a free wind, while we had been beating down all the forenoon. We were at this time forty or fifty miles to the northward of the group, with a beautiful afternoon and a smooth sea. Half an hour after the native craft had been sighted, one of the natives and the Captain retired to the cabin. Five minutes later the native showed his head above the deck and called to the mate, who had just come on watch. He disappeared down the companionway, and at the same time I entered the fore-castle to look for something wanted. I was down there about five minutes. I heard no particular row on deck, but when I reappeared I was struck dumb by the spectacle. One of the natives was at the wheel, and was bringing the schooner into the wind to lie to. The decapitated bodies of the two Americans and the cook were lying amidships, while the two Swedes were at the foremost cross-trees. Not a shout had been raised nor a cry uttered. The work had been done with terrible rapidity and in silence.

As I reached the deck one of the natives came forward with a bloody crescent in his hand and called me "good boy," and said I should not be hurt. He left me sitting on the windlass so scared and weak that I could not stand, and then assisted his companions to lower the sails. When this had been accomplished they called to the Swedes to come down. The poor fellows began crying and lamenting, and refused to descend. The natives picked up the bodies from the deck and tossed them overboard, and then descended to the cabin and brought up the bodies of Captain and mate and served them the same way. Both had been killed by the one native who captived them down. About the time the last body was flung over the rail the native craft drew alongside. She had thirty men on board, all of whom seemed to know our three passengers and their plans. There was great rejoicing over the capture of the schooner, and for a quarter of an hour no one paid me any attention. Then there was a hot discussion, a part of the gang seeming anxious for my life, but the result was that I was conducted to the cook's galley and given to understand that I was to do the cooking. Although our cook was a Chinese they did not spare him. What saved me was my youth, or they might have planned to cut my throat after I had served their turn.

When my fate had been settled the Swedes were again ordered down. One of them descended, begging and pleading, but he was cut down the moment his feet touched the deck. The other refused to come down, and half a dozen natives ran up the foremost shrouds with knives in their hands. Before they could reach him the sailor made his way head over hand along the triantist stay to the mainmast. His feet were greeted with applause, but others ascended, and there was no longer any hope for him. The poor fellow made the best defence possible, but they cut and hacked him until he lost his hold and fell to the deck. His body was thrown overboard, deck and cabins cleansed of blood stains, and about sundown the schooner, with twenty-five men, was headed for the Philippines. The rest of the gang, numbering seven or eight, followed with the native craft. I boiled a large quantity of meat and got the best supper possible, and was glad to find that no one gave me any attention.

We had a brisk wind all night and during the next forenoon, and at about 3 o'clock we reached an anchorage on the east side of the main island and within a quarter of a mile of the beach. The native craft passed us and entered the mouth of a river. From what I could gather she was going to bring out men and cannon to the schooner. A hunt was made through the schooner for gun cartridges, and the discovery of the small arms seemed to put the fellows in good humor. There was about \$2500 in gold aboard in the cabin, and this was counted out and divided pro rata, or in some other satisfactory manner as we lay at anchor. Then I was ordered to draw a pauld of wine from a cask in a sort of lazaretto or storeroom, reached from the galley. The

cook might have known of the presence of the wine there, but I did not. I had never looked into the place. There was a tin pail, holding about ten quarts, in the galley, and this I filled and carried to the main hatch, with several glasses, and everybody proceeded to help himself. Now that we were at anchor all discipline had ceased, and one man was as good as another. They were prowling all over the schooner, and perfectly at home.

The wine must have tickled their palates mightily, for a second pauld was soon demanded. It was while I was drawing it that I noticed the barrel had no bung in it, and I wondered why the wine had not soured. I retired to the galley as soon as I had filled the second order, and for half an hour there was a great deal of loud talk and laughter. All of a sudden, while I was reflecting on the situation, and perhaps crying a bit in my sorrow and anxiety, it struck me that things were wonderfully quiet. I looked out of the galley to see half a dozen figures lying on the deck, and later on, when I had summoned courage to walk the length of the schooner, I found every man aboard apparently asleep. Their breathing was labored, but I supposed this was the result of too much drink.

The night had come down dark and gusty, with the wind directly off shore, and as the sleepers continued to lie quiet some strange ideas came to me. I was tempted to take one of their knives and begin killing, but doubted my nerve. The yawl was at the davits, and I planned to lower it and let the breeze carry me out to sea. I held to this idea for a few minutes, and then surrendered it for another. I would swim ashore and hide in the forest. I had to abandon that scheme as well, for I saw at a glance that the tide was running out strong. I was wondering if I should not start a fire in the fore-castle or cabin when I discovered that the craft was under way. She had her light anchor out and had been tugging heavily under the tide and gust. The chain had ground off against some sharp-edged rock or the pin had slipped from a shackle. It was probably the latter case, as I heard a splash as of the end of the chain falling from the hawse hole. She drove off stern first, and then, as she began to swing about, I stepped softly back to the wheel, put it over to get her off, and then extinguished the two lanterns on deck and the lamp in the cabin. I am not boasting of my nerve in stepping over the sleepers to do this work or of my sagacity in getting the idea. I was working like one in a dream and could hardly have identified myself.

What occurred between the time I put out the lights and daylight next morning, I never can clearly remember. The schooner took care of herself for any effort of mine, and I think I went into the galley and crept behind the stove. At least I crawled out of that contracted space soon after daylight, in response to a call. I suppose I was called to prepare breakfast for the pirates, but I was no sooner out of the galley than I saw a large ship hove to a quarter of a mile away, while one of her boats, with five men in it, was alongside the schooner. I must have looked and acted like a stupid, for as a couple of men came over the rail one of them gave me a hearty shaking and growled out:

"You idiot, can't you get your mouth open?"

There were twenty-five men lying on the decks and in the cabin sound asleep. No! Dead! Every one of them dead and cold, and I the only living thing aboard. It took some time to explain matters and get at all the particulars, but with what I could tell them and what they could see it finally became plain to all. That barrel of wine had been dosed with some deadly drug. The cook must have done it previous to the attack, or the bung had been left out by another, and some poisonous reptile had crept in to die. No one could tell for certain, but the drinkers were all dead, and all had died in sleep. The ship was English, and the schooner was over thirty miles off the land. One of H. M. men-of-war, assisted by a civil functionary, attempted an investigation, but nothing came of it. Our crew had been slaughtered and the schooner captured, but she had recaptured herself and brought off twenty-five corpses. Not a living man could ever be found among the islands who would acknowledge that he had ever seen the schooner, much less participated in her capture.—*New York Sun*.

A Family of Age and Weight.

Three brothers were in New Brunswick, N. J., recently, who show a heavy aggregate in height, age and size. The are Captain Samuel Acken, who is 6 feet 6½ inches in height, seventy-six years of age, and weighs 240 pounds; William Acken, of Metuchen, who is 6 feet 3 inches in height, eighty-six years of age, and weighs 220 pounds, and Henry Acken, of Raritan, who measures 5 feet 2 inches weighs 200 pounds, and is eighty-four years of age. The joint weight of these Middlesex brothers is, therefore, 66½ pounds, their total height 18 feet 11 inches, and their combined ages amount to 246 years. What is equally noticeable is the fact that the Acken family is a family of giants, among the younger as well as the older generations. Frechoide Acken is the biggest official in Middlesex County and stands head and shoulder over the other members of the Board, and there are many young men and boys, all of whom are tall, and most of whom are as remarkable in weight as in height.—*New York Times*.

The British Government will devote \$50,000,000 to the improvement of the national defenses.

HOUSEHOLD AFFAIRS.

POLISHING FLOORS.

A simple method of cleaning and polishing floors is to rub them every morning with a large flannel cloth, which is oiled in paraffin every fortnight or so. After wiping well with the cloth, brush briskly up and down the planks with a stiff broom, and after a few days of this treatment the floor will take and retain an admirable polish.

BUFFALO CARPET BEETLE.

It is reported that strips of flannel dipped in solution of white arsenic and placed under the edge of a carpet are sure death to the Buffalo carpet beetle. I doubt if any one knows this, says Professor A. J. Cook in the *New York Tribune*. In many cases the flannel would not be eaten, and unless eaten it would be harmless to the beetles. That it would be liable to be eaten, and if eaten would surely destroy the beetles, there is no question. It would be easy to try it, and I very cautiously doubt could be safe. All who handle white arsenic, however, should remember that it looks very much like soda, baking powder, and other articles of the pantry, and is a virulent poison. I should not fear to try this myself, but I do hesitate to recommend it to others.

ARTICLE FOR A SICK ROOM.

For a sick room, the sand bag is invaluable. Get some clean, fine sand, dry it thoroughly in a kettle on the stove. Make a bag, about eight inches square, of flannel, fill it with the dry sand; sew the opening carefully together and cover the bag with cotton or linen. This will prevent the sand from sifting out, and will also enable you to heat the bag quickly by placing it in the oven, or even on top of the stove. After once using this you will never attempt to warm the feet or hands of a sick person with a bottle of hot water or a brick. The sand holds the heat a long time, and the bag can be tucked up to the back without hurting the invalid. It is a good plan to make two or three of the bags and keep them on hand, ready for use at any time when needed.—*The Pilot*.

HOW TO WASH SILK STOCKINGS.

Do your silk stockings ever get spoiled in the wash? Have them done at home and make the maid follow these directions, advises an English correspondent: "No soap must be rubbed on the articles. Before commencing have ready two hot irons and two pans of water. In one pan pour hot water, and in the other cold, adding a wineglass of common vinegar to each. Make the hot water into a creamy lather of suitable consistency, from the recipe given for 'soup jelly.' Wash each stocking separately in the hot water, and rub carefully, commencing at the toe. Squeeze it out, place it in the rinse-water, and leave it until the next one is finished. Now squeeze them out of the rinse-water, but on no account wring them. Roll separately in a dry cloth. Now take the stockings, iron them, each on the wrong side and finish them on the right; taking care to leave no creases. If these instructions are properly carried out, you may wash with safety the most brilliant colors. For the 'soup jelly,' take half a pound of yellow soap and shave it finely into a saucepan with one quart of water. Stand it by the fire until it simmers, and let it remain until cold, when it will have the appearance of a stiff jelly.—*Philadelphia Press*.

STRAWBERRIES.

Strawberries are not only delicious, served fresh with sugar and cream, but can be prepared in a variety of ways that will make them acceptable every day during the season. The following ways for serving them, recommended by the *Courier-Journal*, will be found excellent and sufficiently varied to suit the tastes of all:

Croquette of Strawberries—Cover a tablespoonful of gelatine with cold water and let soak half an hour, then add to it half a cup of boiling water and stir until it dissolves. Scone a quart of strawberries, dip each one in the gelatine and press them against the sides of a mold. Fill the center with charlotte russe and set aside to harden.

Strawberry Sponge—Cover half a box of gelatine with a little cold water, let soak and pour in a pint of boiling water; add a cup of sugar and stir until it thickens; add a pint of strawberry juice and strain in a tin pan; set in ice until thick. Beat the whites of four eggs to a stiff froth, and add; put in a fancy mold to harden. Serve with vanilla sauce.

Strawberry Bavarian Cream—Cover half a box of gelatine with half a cup of cold water and soak half an hour; mash a quart of strawberries and pour through a sieve; add a cup of sugar and stir until dissolved; stand the gelatine over boiling water and strain it into the strawberry juice; mix, pour in a tin pan, set on ice to cool, let thicken, and stir in a pint of whipped cream; mix carefully, pour in a mold and set in a cold place to harden.

Strawberry Tapioca—Wash a cup of tapioca through several waters, then cover with cold water and soak over night. In the morning put it on the fire with a pint of boiling water, and simmer until the tapioca is perfectly clear. Steam a quart of strawberries and stir them into the boiling tapioca; sweeten to taste. Take from the fire, pour in a deep dish, and set aside to cool. Serve cold with sugar and whipped cream.

Over \$2,000,000 are paid annually into Philadelphia church treasuries for pew rents in the different houses of worship.

NEWS AND NOTES FOR WOMEN.

Tennis dresses are made with redingotes.

Miniatures are being revived for ornaments.

There are ladies who pay \$35 for their torsets.

Ladies' boot heels should measure one each high.

Greek drapery is driving out the Empire style.

There are 1400 Sisters of Charity in his country.

Green is decidedly the favorite color of the season.

Round and belted waists remain in fashionable favor.

Grey cashmere house dresses have tests of pale pink crepe.

Lace will be just as much used as ever for summer gowns.

Wigs may be worn by some of the styles this summer.

Striped flannel as thick as a blanket is used for bath robes.

Kid gloves come in a variety of colors to match cloth gowns.

Tea gowns are more closely fitted to the figure than formerly.

The bridal veils worn by very young ladies are always of tulle.

Mme. Clemenceau, wife of the French diplomatist, is an American.

The Connemara cloak was first adopted in London by Lady Duferin.

Nothing looks more old-fashioned than a dress with a large bustle.

The bustle has diminished so in size that it is not worth talking about.

Some ultra-fashionable ladies have monograms worked on their sun umbrellas.

The Geological Society of London has rejected a motion to receive ladies as members.

Miss Nellie Cushman is said to be a promising expert. She is known throughout Arizona.

Mrs. Ella Dietz Clymer is the fairest and youngest presiding officer that Sorosis has ever had.

Spring sky is the fanciful name of a popular color. It is a dull leaden color reflecting silver lights.

Mrs. Robert Golet, of New York, has a fortune of \$3,000,000, which her husband made in hardware.

Little girls wear turned down frills of embroidered muslin in the neck and sleeves of their best dresses.

Notwithstanding the encroachments of polonaises and redingotes, round and belted waists remain in favor.

The bottom of redingotes is never bordered and the trimming is always perpendicular and on the fronts.

Few entirely black costumes are now seen. As in former years, they are left to those who are in mourning.

A Belfast (Me.) woman has entered a machine-shop to learn the trade, and proves a remarkably apt apprentice.

Young Mr. Phelps, of New Jersey, has just set out with his new wife and a steam yacht for a two years' bridal tour.

It is not surprising that the Princess of Wales is losing a little of the bloom of youth, considering that she is nearly forty-five.

The "woman with the iron jaw," or circus fame, is a resident of Ridgeway, Penn. She has traveled nearly all over the world.

Effective combinations of seasonable colors are chestnut brown with ochre, morel with beige, garnet with old rose, green with white.

The Empire hat, with its broad brim in front and cut closely across at the back, bids fair to be the favorite shape the coming summer.

There are many new cotton stuffs for summer. They come in all shades of red in blue of different tints, in pink, in gray and in lavender.

Miss Moxse, a girl of sixteen, the daughter of Admiral Maxse, of the English navy, was the first lady to ascend the Eiffel tower in Paris.

Very full frills of plaited lace or ribbon, like the Medici ruffs, will be a favorite neck finish for dressy corsages at the season advances.

It is said that it will soon be fashionable for women to wear wigs instead of curls, crimps, braids, waves and curls, "all my own hair, you know."

Black in combination with colors is still favored, but the two-tone effects now so popular have already modified the former craze somewhat.

Worth, the great Paris milliner, declares that American women know how to wear their clothes better than any nationality that comes under his hands.

One of the prettiest of new brooches represents a section of fence in bright gold, with bars half down, and at the base a bunch of daisies in white enamel.

The women of Louisville, Ky., have organized an equal rights association, the object of which is to advance the educational, industrial and legal rights of women.

The most popular colors for gloves are the golden browns, orange and grays. Of the latter there is a great variety—silver antique, spring sky, Russian gray, acier and nun's gray.

This appears in the *Lewiston (Me.) Journal*: "Two Lisbon women used to look so much alike that they fooled their own children. The babies often cried for the wrong mother."

New Oxford Item.

H. I. SMITH, EDITOR

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PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

DR. T. STRAHAN,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, NEW OXFORD, has removed to Cor. E. 1st and Hanover streets, where he will attend to professional calls night or day.

DR. I. M. BUSH,
Veterinary Surgeon; Graduate of the Chicago Veterinary College, will visit New Oxford every other Thursday, and will treat domestic animals of all kinds. Calls promptly attended to. Orders left with G. Klingel, next door to I. M. Bush's office will receive prompt attention.

J. L. BUTT,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Gettysburg, Pa. Office with J. A. Kitzmiller, on second floor of Spangler building on Baltimore street. Prompt attention given to settlement of estates of decedents, minors, &c.; also, to conveyancing, liens and collections. 22mar89

J. A. KITZMILLER,
(Successor to H. B. Woods, Esq.) ATTORNEY AT LAW AND NOTARY PUBLIC, has removed his office to the second story of Spangler's building, Baltimore street, Gettysburg, Pa., recently occupied by H. B. Woods, Esq. Will attend collections and all other business entrusted to him.

S. MC. SWOPE,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, Gettysburg, Pa. Collections and all legal business promptly attended to. Office on Baltimore street, opposite the court house. 17-2-89

WM. ARCH. MCLEAN,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, Gettysburg, Pa. Office on second floor, over old store stand of Danier, now occupied by M. Kleffer, on West side of Baltimore street. Special attention given to settlement of estates of decedents, minors and other trusts, to conveyancing and liens, &c. Promptness in collections and remittances.

G. J. BENNER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, Gettysburg, Pa. Office above G. W. Spangler's store, southeast corner of Square. 17-2-89

CHAS. S. DUNCAN,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, Gettysburg, Pa. Will continue the practice of law at the office of his father, the late W. A. Duncan, on Baltimore street. All legal business entrusted to him will receive prompt attention. 8mar89

JOHN M. KRAUTH,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, Gettysburg, Pa. Collections and all legal business promptly attended to. Office on Baltimore street, south of Court House. 12feb89

LAW, LOAN & REAL ESTATE OFFICES.—In connection with law practice, will do Real Estate and Loan Business. Sales Agents are opened to all desiring to sell or buy Real Estate, without charge for reference. Both parties desiring to make and parties desiring to obtain loans will receive attention on application to D. McONAUUGHY, Attorney, 17 Chambersburg St., Gettysburg, Pa.

D. J. A. MELHORN,
JUSTICE OF THE PEACE, New Oxford, Pa. Office on Main street, (blue front), near the R. R. depot. Special attention given to the writing of deeds, bonds, mortgages and other legal documents. All claims and legal business promptly and fairly attended to. Legal advice cheerfully given.

HOTELS & C.

Eagle Hotel.
Cen. Sq., New Oxford, Lewis F. Leece, Proprietor. Special attention given to commercial travelers. Large and commodious sample rooms, &c. The table will be a specialty, and will be supplied with the choicest delicacies the market affords at all times. Ample stabling.

European Hotel.
FOUNTAIN SQUARE, HANOVER, G. P. FUHRMAN, Proprietor, (Successor to David Newcomer.) Larder always supplied the luxuries of the season, and the bar stocked with choicest liquors, Ale, Beer, and Cigars. Oysters and Game in season, served up in any style. Meals at any hour.

NATIONAL HOTEL,
AT THE RAILROAD, LITTLESTOWN, Pa. J. H. WIEST, Agent.—Good accommodations at moderate charges. Bar stocked with choicest Wines, Liquors and Cigars. A large and well-fitted sample room. First-class Billiard and Pool Tables. Extensive stabling and shedding attached.

FRANKLIN HOUSE,
YORK STREET, HANOVER, Pa. J. W. HARPEL, Proprietor.—This hotel has been thoroughly repaired, refitted and refurnished from carpet to ceiling. The proprietor fully understands the hotel business, and will guarantee satisfaction to all his patrons. The table will be supplied with the best market affords, served in the best style, while the bar is stocked with choicest liquors and wines. Large and commodious yards and stables connected with hotel.

CENTRAL HOTEL.
HANOVER, PA.
D. C. FLEMING, PROPRIETOR,
(formerly of the City Hotel, York.)
Free bus; steam heat; good stable accommodations. mar. 28.

NOTICE.

ROOFING, SPOUTING AND ROPING
of houses and barns; Repairing and all kinds of work attended to at shortest notice and work warranted.

A new way of putting up shouthing, no straps, and no pulling out of nails. Come and see for yourselves.

All goods of the best material, and always a good selected stock on hand.

STRICTLY ONE-PRICE!

Mending given to the mail drivers will be promptly attended to.

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—AND—
JEWELRY STORE!
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-J. W. DICKS-

—DEALER IN—
Pure Drugs,
Medicines,
Chemicals,
Patent Medicines,

Toilet Articles,
Choice Perfumery,
Fancy Goods,
Fine Stationery,
Notions, &c.,

Cigars & Tobacco.
(Choice Wines and Liquors,
for medicinal use only.)

Careful Preparation of Prescriptions
our specialty.

Also, Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, etc.,
for Sale. Repairing done, and work guaranteed. All goods in either department warranted as represented.

The Lady

Who has fine Hair, and desires to preserve its color, abundance, and lustre, should use **Ayer's Hair Vigor** as a dressing. It keeps the scalp clean and cool, and is by far the most exquisite toilet preparation in the market.

B. M. Johnson, M. D., Thomas Hill, Mo., says: "I have used Ayer's Hair Vigor in my family for a number of years, and regard it as the best hair preparation I know of. It keeps the scalp clean, the hair soft and lively, and preserves the original color. My wife has used it for a long time with most satisfactory results."

Mrs. S. A. Rook, of Anderson, Texas, writes: "At the age of 34, in Monroe, La., I had a severe attack of swamp, or malarial, fever. After I got well my hair commenced coming out, and so continued until it had well nigh all gone. I used several kinds of hair restorers, but they did no good. A friend gave me a bottle of Ayer's Hair Vigor. Before finishing the first bottle my hair began to grow, and by the time I used three bottles, I had a fine head of hair."

Ayer's Hair Vigor,

PREPARED BY
Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Sold by Druggists and Perfumers.

We are prepared to do
All Kinds of Job Work!

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My stock of Furniture is very large and complete, embracing all the various styles of

Chamber & Parlor Suits,

Bedsteads, Bureaus, Washstands, Lounges, Sofas, Centre, Extension, Dining and Breakfast Tables, Case and Wood Bed Chairs, Cribs, Cradles, Mattresses, Bed Springs, Etc. Also, a large stock of

Sideboards, Bedsteads,
Corner and Kitchen Cupboards, Sinks, &c., of my Own Manufacture. Call and be convinced that I sell better goods for less money, than any house in the county. **UNDER-TAKING** a specialty in all its various branches.
11feb89

PETER FEISER.

—GRAIN AND— PRODUCE!

The undersigned, having leased the Brick Warehouse on Hanover street, New Oxford Pa. will buy and sell all kinds of Grain and Country Produce, such as

Wheat, Hay, Straw, Rye, Corn, Oats
Potatoes, Bran, Middlings, &c.
Chop, &c., &c.;
also the best brands of

Roller & Country Flour,

AND COARSE AND FINE SALT.
Sellers and buyers will find it to their advantage to give me a trial. A liberal share of public patronage solicited. **FREE DELIVERY** anywhere in the borough. **Car leaves New Oxford every Thursday noon** for Baltimore. Returning, leaves Hillen Station every Friday at 4 o'clock, p. m. All orders left with me will receive prompt attention.
mar. 27.] **Z. H. CASHMAN.**

COST OF PROHIBITION.

Ruinous Tax Rates—Values Destroyed—Costs Increased.

Facts That Voters Must Face.

Facts are the most convincing arguments. The following statement of the exorbitant rates of taxation existing in Prohibition States unanswerably prove that Prohibition does increase taxes.

Taxes in Sioux City, Iowa, have increased 113 per cent. under Prohibition.

The tax rate in Burlington, Iowa, is over 53 mills on the dollar.

The tax rate in Council Bluffs, Iowa, is 80 mills on the dollar.

The rate of taxes in Des Moines, Iowa, has reached 62 mills on the dollar.

The tax rate in Ottumwa, Iowa, is 44 mills on the dollar.

The tax rate in Lawrence, Kansas, is over 56 mills on the dollar.

The tax rate in Topeka, Kansas, is over 42 mills on the dollar.

The people of Wichita, Kansas, pay 25 mills on the dollar.

Taxes in Atchison, Kansas, have reached 57 mills on the dollar.

The tax rate in Marysville, Kansas, is 65 mills on the dollar. The rate before Prohibition was 25 mills. Property has depreciated 30 per cent.

The average tax rate in Kansas towns is over 40 mills. Taxes in Atlanta, Ga., increased 40 per cent. during the first year of Prohibition, and the city was forced to sell \$90,000 of gas stock to pay expenses. While these high tax rates prevail in Prohibition States, in neighboring high license States the rates are less than one-third as high. Kansas City, Missouri, for instance, pays about 14 mills on the dollar. This indisputably proves that Prohibition increases taxes. Under Prohibition the towns, counties and State of Pennsylvania would lose millions of revenue. This means an increase in general taxes to make up the deficiency.

Seventeen hundred buildings were unoccupied in the city of Des Moines, Iowa, in June, 1887. Store-houses are now offered for rent at one-half the rentals obtained for them before Prohibition. Sixty-four large brick store-houses in the center of the city are unoccupied.

The loss to Iowa from Prohibition is estimated at \$10,000,000 a year.

Rents in Atlanta, Ga., declined, under Prohibition, 15 to 60 per cent. Two hundred stores and nine hundred residences stood empty. Under license this has changed.

The cost of conducting the criminal courts in Iowa increased from \$384,000 in 1873, under license, to \$425,000 in 1886, under Prohibition. This does not look much like the reduction in expense, which the Prohibitionists say would follow the adoption of their law.

Only two States in the Union have ever lost in population; they were Prohibition States. All States, without exception, which have adopted Prohibition, have increased in population slower after they adopted the law than they did before, and have increased faster after they repealed the law than they did while it was in force. All States, also, which have adopted Prohibition, have increased less rapidly than similarly situated States under license. [See U. S. Census Reports.]

Putrid sore throat has appeared among the stock at the Penn farm, near Penn's Manor, Bucks county, Pa. Seven valuable horses having died by the disease in the last few months. One of these was a thoroughbred mare with a record of 2.19.

John Shannon, of Reading, Pa., has a baseball dog that money can't buy. As a catcher he is great, taking any and all chances, can't be beat as a short stop or in the field, taking them right off the bat, and never gets rattled.

W. J. Garigle, ex-warden of the Cook County Hospital, under indictment as one of the "boodlers" in the county ring, returned to Chicago from Canada, where he had been a fugitive, paid a fine of \$1000 and was declared a free man.

Governor Beaver signed the bill appropriating \$200,000 for the improvement of the Philadelphia harbor.

Survival of the fittest. Down's Elixir has outlived every other cough remedy simply because it is the best.

For sale by J. W. Barnitz.

A Plague of Caterpillars.

A Bangor, Maine, dispatch of the 30th ult., says: The caterpillar migration now going on in Piscataquis county, along the line of the Canadian Pacific Railroad, is alarming the entire northern portion of the State and much alarm is felt throughout this section that the more southern counties may yet be ravaged. The strange phenomenon has been going on for nearly three weeks now, and no solution has been given of the mystery. Early in the month great swarms of small green caterpillars were noticed south of the Mattamiscontis mountains, in Penobscot county, but no attention was paid to them.

Two weeks ago people in the vicinity of Milo were astonished by the visit of an army of insects nearly five miles wide passing the town and following the railroad. Sunday, two weeks ago, they crossed over to the south side of the road, swarming over the rails for a space of ten miles, blocking all traffic, as reported at the time, and delaying trains over ten hours, as the insects, when crushed, made the rails so slippery that the engine wheels would slide regardless of the sand used upon them.

Over 300 section men and citizens failed to keep the track clear, and it was five days before the long procession passed. Once across, the little travelers started toward the northwest, following the road between Dover and Brownville, seemingly headed for Sebec Lake. Their number is inestimable, being millions on millions, and their passage is like that of the Destroying Angel for every speck of green vegetation disappears under their voracious attacks.

Fortunately the region they are still confined to is almost entirely confined to lumbering, so the cultivated farms are few and far between, but those belong to poor settlers utterly unable to withstand any direct loss, and those whose plantations have been in the way of the invading host have been financially ruined, for the early crop has been swept away. The loss has already gone up into the thousands, with no immediate signs of abating, as the migration is steadily progressing.

The greatest annoyance is to the railroad company whose line has been selected by the caterpillars as the best promenade, and being unable to cope with the difficulty are meeting with great obstacles in running their trains, all of which are from 2 to 8 hours behind daily. The entire county has risen up for their destruction, but it is impossible to manage them, and the subject under discussion is the feasibility of firing the forest in front and alongside of them so they will be destroyed.

Where they are going is as much a mystery as their origin, and if they change their course southward again and visit the agricultural regions the damage they will do the crops will be something enormous. So far as stated their course seems to be directly in the direction of Sebec Lake. Last Sunday the army was over five miles wide, being stretched along for ten miles or more.

ELECTRIC BITTERS.—This remedy is becoming so well known and so popular as to need no special mention. All who have used Electric Bitters sing the same song of praise.—A purer medicine does not exist and is guaranteed to do all that is claimed. Electric Bitters will cure all diseases of the liver and kidneys, will remove pimples, boils, salt rheum and other affections caused by impure blood.—Will drive Malaria from the system and prevent as well as cure all Malarial fevers.—For cure of headache, constipation and indigestion try Electric Bitters.—Entire satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. Price 50 cts. and \$1 per bottle at Dicks' drug store.

Most of the Reading Company's collieries in the Schuylkill region started up Monday and those that did not were only prevented by the rain.

Governor Beaver signed the bill appropriating \$200,000 for the improvement of the Philadelphia harbor.

Survival of the fittest. Down's Elixir has outlived every other cough remedy simply because it is the best.

For sale by J. W. Barnitz.

Chairman Palmer's Address.

Chairman Palmer of the Prohibitionist State Committee has issued through the newspapers a circular to the women of the State on the question of the approaching contest on the Constitutional Amendment. It need not be said that it is a piece of sentiment, pure and simple.

No one will find fault with the statement by Mr. Palmer of the mischief due to the liquor traffic; no one who knows will dispute for a moment that it is one of the greatest evils of the day. But what does that prove regarding the wisdom of Prohibition?

There is something essentially wrong with the logic of Prohibition. And as is always the case when bad logic is worked into a system and imbued with the force of law, mischief will be sure to result, should it be enacted. That it cannot banish the vices that grow out of the liquor traffic seems to be clearly proven. That it is a something which to say the least is a dangerous and doubtful principle seems equally clear; and neither of these positions is assailed or contravened in Chairman Palmer's circular.

What shall we do with vice? The question is as old as the race, and is apparently no nearer a solution to-day than ever. The attempt to suppress it by law is as old as the question itself; but from the time of Draco and Lycurgus and the Roman Censors to the present, the lesson has been always the same; work upon the people; teach them the wrongfulness of hurtful self-indulgence; the force of law is always less than the collective result of the thought and sentiment of the people or even a considerable minority of them; work upon the people, and you will effect the real and only possible prohibition. It is as true as history itself that the raising of the general intellectual level of the race has resulted in its moral elevation. This is the answer to the question.—Phila. Herald.

Cornelius Donnelly, of Watertown, N. Y., twice pretended suicide to frighten his wife, to whom he was married four months ago, into giving him possession of her property, amounting to \$10,000. On Sunday he made another trial by placing a rope around his neck and throwing it over clothes-hooks on a wall. He leaned forward, holding the other end of the rope in his hands, with a looking-glass leaned against the window opposite, so that he might see the progress of events. When found he was in the last struggles of strangulation and died shortly afterwards.

There is a mystery attached to the death of Mrs. Margaret Leindner, who was found with a bullet in her head and a pistol lying at her feet. There were causes for suicide, as she had decided to part from her husband, but when she was found her arms were crossed on her breast and her clothing was properly arranged.

More people, adults and children, are troubled with costiveness than with any other ailment. Dr. Henry Baxter's Mandrake Bitters will cure costiveness and prevent the diseases which result from it. For sale by J. W. Barnitz.

Henry Coleman, colored, was hanged in the Norfolk County Jail Friday. Several days ago he attempted suicide by taking poison. His crime was the murder of James Grant, a dairyman.

A rustic chair bought by Messrs. Shiver, of York, was made of green saffrus wood, and a few warm days caused it to put forth many sprouts, some an inch long.

It is expected that the mills of the Conshohocken Worsted Mills Company, which recently assigned, will be shut down soon, throwing 900 hands out of employment.

Thirteen miles from Cheyenne, Wyo., is what is said to be the largest horse farm in the world. There is 120,000 acres of land, where roam 5,000 horses, which require the constant attention of sixty five men. One hundred miles of wire fence keeps the animals in bounds.

It is stated that William K. Vanderbilt will build near Asheville, N. C., the most magnificent private residence of the South. Some months ago he began the purchase of property near Asheville, and now owns 400 acres, on which he will shortly erect a mansion 300 feet in length. The cost of the estate when completed will be over \$1,000,000.

The Springfield *Union* thinks that "there are not an unmined vein as long as they set the wits of the people to work to circumvent them by the use of new materials. Cotton bagging made of some-grown materials is a positive saving over bagging made of imported jute. And twice made of Dakota flax, which usually goes to waste, is a clear gain over wine made from Mexican or Manila hemp."

Sir William Harcourt, speaking at Southampton the other day, applied an old fable to the London *Times* which the New York *Post* thinks will stick. He said: "People say it is wrong to express an opinion yet on the Parrell Commission; but opinions will out. The servant dug a hole and whispered into it: 'King Midas has asses' ears,' and rushes grew up and repeated the story to the winds. So now rushes are whispering: 'The *Times* has asses' ears.'"

The Capital Punishment bill, which passed the Minnesota Legislature in its last hours, is a peculiar one, remarks the New York *Telegram*. Under its provisions the prisoner is to be kept in solitary confinement and see no one but his family, his lawyers and his spiritual advisers. He is to be executed before sunrise and may invite three persons to be present. The most unique feature of the law, however, is the provision which makes it a misdemeanor for any newspaper to print anything more about the matter than the announcement.

The record of suicides and attempts at suicide during the past six months is remarkable in the fact that the number of cases reported to the police far exceed those in any like time in the previous history of the city, states the New York *Graphic*. There are many reasons advanced for this apparent epidemic, and it is urged that some method be devised to check its increase. The laws of this country are not strict enough with these cases, and until some more stringent laws are adopted, the cowardly practice will still go on.

Red Cloud, the Sioux chieftain who has signified his approval of the Administration by calling on President Harrison, is sixty-four years old but looks much younger. His hair has a slight sprinkling of gray, but his form is erect, his step firm and his eye bright. He is not a very handsome man, but he is an imposing Indian and looks like what he is—a great chief. He speaks very little English. He owns a big farm, raises corn for sale and is rich enough to live comfortably without doing work with his own hands. He hires younger Indians to work his farm.

The average person and most "old salts" imagine that life on a sailing vessel is more secure than on a steamer, but British statistics scarcely support this view. In several recent years it has been found that the proportion of lives of employees lost on sailing vessels was more than double that on steamers. In 1881 there was a loss of 2352 lives of British seamen out of a total of 186,710 men. Of the whole number 1660 were employed on sailing vessels, being one in fifty-five of the 95,233 on sailing craft, while only 692, or 1 in 136, of the 94,466 men employed on steamers lost their lives.

An emphatic tribute to the fascinations of baseball records the New York *Tribune*, was lately paid by a Pennsylvania statesman over seventy years of age. He is a member of the present House of Representatives of that State, and was lately brought before its bar for being absent during a formal call of its members. This is the way the veteran explained his absence: "I confess I have no excuse except my love for baseball. I was seduced from the House by the announcement that the Altoona Club, which comes from my immediate vicinity, was going to play the Harrisburgs that afternoon. I had such an admiration for their skill in playing that game that I took chances and went out to see them." Evidently he spoke to a sympathetic audience, for when he finished speaking the House rose as one man and enthusiastically excused the devotee of the great American game.

HOME.
A man can build a mansion
And furnish it throughout;
A man can build a palace.
With lofty walls and stout;
A man can build a temple.
With high and spacious dome;
But no man in the world can build
That precious thing called Home.
It is the happy family
Of women far and wide.
To turn a cot or palace
Into something else beside—
Where brothers, sons and husbands, tired,
With willing footsteps come;
A place of rest, where love abounds,
A perfect kingdom—Home.
—London Spectator.

A SAMOAN IDYL.

The following sad story was told by the Captain of the Tropic Breeze, recently returned from Samoa, to a reporter of the San Francisco *Examiner*: "Some three miles back of the village of Migaigi, which itself lies about two miles from Apia, and has been the scene of some of the hardest fighting, there is a plantation of considerable extent, owned by the Hamburg Planting and Trading Company. The work on this plantation, like most of the others, is done mainly by slaves—for the system of contract labor is little better than slavery—imported from the Gilbert Islands and others of the South Sea groups. The superintendent, or overseer of this plantation had for clerk and general assistant a young German, Fritz Eberlein by name. Fritz was of the finest type of Teutonic manhood. Tall, well formed and athletic, with curly blonde hair and bright blue eyes, and not more than six and twenty years of age, it was small wonder that he was not only looked upon with favor by the resident European maidens of Apia, but by their dusky sisters of the interior of the island as well. Nor is it great wonder that during the brief course of the year that he had been absent from his native land young Eberlein, as his duties did not permit of his visiting the European settlements as frequently as he might have desired, had cast his eyes upon fair feminine objects nearer home upon whom to lavish the wealth of his youthful affections.

"Now it so chanced that in the little neighboring hamlet of Ugogo there dwelt a chieftain of the second rank called Matautele, who has since been strongly identified with the legitimist party of Mataafa. This chief had an only daughter, Luana, by name, still in her teens, whose attractions of form and feature, supplemented as they were by such articles of European finery as the purse of her father could afford or her feminine fancy could suggest, rendered her an object of envy to the female portion of the community and of admiration to the male. The course of his duties sometimes carried Fritz to the hamlet of Ugogo, which lay on the outskirts of the plantation, bowered in the tropical verdure of bread-trees, mangoes and coconut palms. During one of these visits his eyes fell on the fair Luana as she sat in a circle of native maidens before her father's hut, weaving that wonderful paper-like tissue from the inner bark of the mulberry tree, for which the Samoans are famous, and which, when colored by pigments obtained by grinding the many-hued and friable pebbles on the beach, constitutes the main portion of the apparel of the islanders. Luana, too, cast her eyes upon the well-knit and handsome figure of the young German as he passed, and on the natural principle that beings of diverse complexions and characteristics attract each other, a reciprocal sentiment sprang up simultaneously in the breasts of both. From that time it became noticeable that his duties called Fritz more frequently to the hamlet of Ugogo than was apparently necessary in the interests of the plantation, and frequently of an evening, when the cares of the day were over, the dulcet tones of his flute might be heard, borne by the tropical zephyrs that fanned the umbrageous foliage around the hut of the Chieftain Matautele.

"But it must not be supposed that Fritz had it all his own way in the courtship of the dusky object of his affections. Maidens of the rank and beauty of the fair Luana never lack a retinue of admirers, and prominent among these, in this instance, was a young Samoan of the name of Nanomo. Prior to the advent of Fritz, Nanomo had been the chosen of Luana's heart, and it is easy to understand the fierce jealousy and intense hatred which rankled in the young barbarian's heart as he witnessed the success of his rival in winning away the object of his early love. Whenever Fritz made his appearance at the hut of Matautele he would find Nanomo there, and when Fritz was welcomed, as he always was, by the enchanting smile and the disclosure of the pearly teeth of the Samoan beauty, Nanomo would get up from his recumbent posture at her feet, and, with ominous mutterings and grinding teeth, would vanish swiftly into the thicket. Fritz, at the same time, seemed utterly unconscious of the sentiments with which he was regarded, and he no doubt was really ignorant of the relations formerly existing between the couple. Thus matters went on for two or three months, till things finally came to a head in a very tragical, if not altogether unexpected manner.

About the middle of December last the hostilities which had been hitherto pretty well confined, so far as the Germans were concerned, to the coast and the more immediate neighborhood of Apia, began

to spread into the interior. The chief-tain Matautele was, like the more conservative class of the Samoans, a staunch adherent of the exiled Malietoa, and naturally lent his support to the cause of Mataafa as against the rebel pretender, Tamasese, who was the protege of the Germans. One day a detachment of German marines appeared at the plantation, accompanied by a considerable force of the insurgent natives, a report having been circulated to the effect that Matautele's followers were massing in force in the vicinity of Ugogo. A stockade was thrown up and preparations made for defensive and offensive fighting, if the latter were deemed advisable. Of course Fritz Eberlein, having been trained, like all his countrymen, in the profession of arms, took an active part in the preparations, and was assigned to a subordinate command. He now found himself in the unpleasant predicament of being arrayed in hostile fashion against the followers of Matautele, with whom he had always hitherto been upon the friendliest terms, and of being called upon at any moment, to fight against the people of the girl he loved. Duty, however, called him, and there was no course but to answer the call.

"Two days after this the neighborhood of the plantation and the hamlet of Ugogo was the scene of one of those barbarous and deadly conflicts between the rival native forces, in which quarter is neither expected nor given. During the course of the engagement Fritz found himself in a mael of an unusually hot and fierce character. At length the Tamasese natives proved too strong for their opponents, and the Mataafa people were driven back upon the village. A good many prisoners were taken, among whom Fritz to his dismay and sorrow, recognized Matautele in the custody of two blood-stained and sinister looking Samoans of his own party. Matautele saw him, but wore a proud though resigned look upon his countenance, and forebore to communicate with him either by word or gesture. It is the invariable custom of the Samoans to decapitate every prisoner taken in battle. Fritz knew this, but he was determined to save Matautele if there was any possible way of doing it. The Tamasese warriors knew who he was and his connection with the plantation and in the best language he could master he told them that though he did not desire to save the life of their prisoner, he would give them a good round sum of money if they would defer the execution till next morning, giving as his reason that he desired to learn from Matautele some secrets with regard to the plantation known only to the chief, and which were valuable to the company. The plausibility of the argument, coupled with the cupidity of the natives, prevailed, and Matautele was bound and conducted into the stockade. In the course of the night, while the natives, worn out through fighting, were asleep, Fritz found means to liberate the prisoner, and by arts of his own prevailed upon the German sentry to let him out of the stockade, the latter not caring much about one savage more or less, and being moreover disgusted with the inhuman treatment of prisoners.

"In the morning there was little time for his captors to speculate upon the escape of their prisoner, as the Mataafa men resumed hostilities at daybreak. This time the tables were turned, the Germans and the Tamasese men being repulsed and driven within the stockade; and, as luck would have it, Fritz was taken prisoner though fighting desperately, and worse still, found himself in the hands of his old enemy and rival, Nanomo. It did not take him two glances at the fiend-like malice depicted on the countenance of the victorious savage to tell him that he need expect no mercy at his hands, and as Nanomo drew his thumb along the edge of the villainous-looking knife that does service with these islanders for a sword, Fritz felt that his hour had come.

"Just at this moment, however, a dusky, but athletic form came bounding through the knot of natives that had collected near the same spot to perform similar acts of butchery. It was Matautele. With a quick movement he wrenched the weapon from the hand of Nanomo just as it was raised to deal the fatal blow. The young Samoan, balked of his revenge, glared sullenly at Matautele, but he did not dispute the authority of his chief, and meekly withdrew. Fritz was too badly hurt to move, one leg being broken, beside a number of flesh wounds, and it now became the turn of the man whose life he had saved on the previous day to return the compliment. A litter of branches was quickly formed, and Fritz was conveyed by his captors as tenderly as circumstances would allow to the village, where he was soon installed beneath the hospitable roof of Matautele, and even the pain of his wounds was completely nullified by the fact that he was nursed by the soothing hands of Luana, in whose smiles he could now uninterruptedly bask.

"Next day there was a cessation of hostilities, both sides seeming disinclined to renew the struggle, at any rate for the moment. Fritz was treated with such simple remedies as were known to the natives, and was doing as well as could be expected.

"During the next night, however, a strange and startling thing happened. His bed had been spread under the umbrageous foliage of a spreading tree, just outside the door of Matautele's hut. All was hushed with the deep hush of a tropical night, and Fritz was lying in dreamy consciousness, recalling the peculiar incidents of the past day or two, when he felt a gag suddenly thrust into his mouth, while his arms and legs were securely

plioned with thongs. As his eyes were not bandaged he could plainly see that those who had so roughly broken in upon his repose were natives, in one of whom he recognized his arch-enemy Nanomo. He was quickly transferred to the litter in which he had been brought to the village, and the natives who bore it struck stealthily and noiselessly into the dense jungle beyond. I shall not endeavor to describe his thoughts as the journey progressed, Nanomo acting as leader. Perhaps a mile or so might have been traversed when the party came to a halt, and the litter containing Fritz was deposited on the ground. As daylight was approaching, the young German had ample opportunity to observe what was going on around him. He saw that he was lying in a vacant space of circular form, some fifty feet in diameter, from which the undergrowth had been cleared, and around and about with some thirty natives were standing or loitering, and conversing with one another with animated gestures, directed, as he could see, mainly toward himself. About the center of the clearing Fritz could see that a pit had been dug, round which several of the natives were busy themselves in some way or other. Sticks, dry brush and underwood were being brought to the side of this pit, and after being set on fire, were thrown in. This was kept up for perhaps an hour, during which time Nanomo, who seemed to be superintending the operation, whatever it was, would approach the edge and examine the interior with critical eye.

"Now, although Fritz had been on the islands only about a year, he had learnt much regarding the habits and history of the natives during his short stay. He knew that the mode of cooking flesh in vogue among the Samoans was by heating the interior of just such a pit as he now saw before him, the pit having been previously lined with stones, burning wood and brush being then cast into it till the required temperature had been reached, after which the embers were withdrawn, and the flesh to be cooked, wrapped in banana leaves, was put in, the whole being covered up until sufficiently baked. But what was the object of Nanomo in bringing him there? Certainly not in the capacity of a guest? What then? Could it be—the thought suddenly flashed across his brain and seared itself in as with a red-hot iron—could it be that he had been brought there as a victim? The idea was too horrible to contemplate. He knew that the Samoans were originally cannibals, but since the introduction of Christianity, some fifty years before, this hideous practice had, he was assured, disappeared from all the islands save one or two of the remotest in the archipelago. Yet he had heard it darkly whispered that there were still occasions on which it was indulged even in this, the largest island of the group. Was it possible that the revenge and malice of his rival, Nanomo, had singled him out as a victim of this inhuman and ghastly rite?

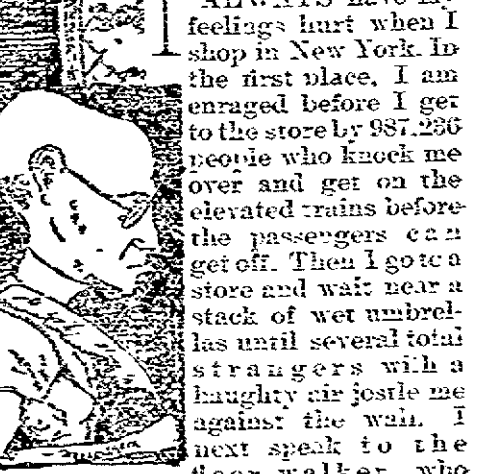
"There was little time, however, for speculations of this sort. Nanomo, in company with the natives, now approached the spot where Fritz lay, Nanomo carrying in his hand the very same weapon with which he had intended to immolate Fritz when stopped by the timely intervention of Matautele. They lifted Fritz up, bound as he was, and carried him to the edge of the pit, the excruciating pain of his broken limb being forgotten in the all-absorbing torture of anticipation which he now experienced. Then they roughly undid the thongs that bound his legs and arms. As this was done he saw Nanomo standing over him with maliciously triumphant eye and weapon raised to strike. Fritz made a superhuman effort to rise and at least die with some effort to defend himself, when at that moment a volley of firearms resounded from the edge of the brush, and the next instant the inclosure was filled with smoke, while wild and triumphant yells filled the air as a band of German and Tamasese men rushed in cutting down and spearing the little knot of panic-stricken natives within. And swiftly through the smoke came running a female form and threw itself upon the prostrate body of Fritz. Nanomo, who still stood there with sword uplifted, having apparently escaped the effect of the volley, now seemed to grasp the situation. With a wild yell of despair his sword came down upon the prostrate figures at his feet, and then with a gasp he fell dead beside them. Luana received the weight of that deadly stroke—Fritz was saved.

"There is now little to tell. The devoted maiden getting up in the night to nurse her lover and finding him gone, had with a woman's instinct divined the cause. Caring more for her lover than her people, she had, with the speed of light, fled to the German camp, and led the force along Nanomo's tracks to the rescue of Fritz. She died saving her lover. When I left Apia Fritz had nearly recovered, physically speaking, but mentally—you can understand the effect of such an experience on one of his nature. That is all."

Mrs. "Hail-Stones-in-Her-Stomach."
"Hail-Stones-in-Her-Stomach" is the name of the wife of "Lone Feather," a renowned fighting chief of the Ogallala Sioux. Their papoose is named "Little-Hail-Stones." All three recently passed through Chicago with a band of about thirty Sioux on their way to join the "Wild West" show from the reservation at Pine Ridge, Dakota. A bond of \$25,000 has been given for their safe return to the reservation.

One million dollars has just been invested in tunnels at Olean, N. Y.

BILL AYE GOES SHOPPING.



ALWAYS have my feelings hurt when I shop in New York. In the first place, I am enraged before I get to the store by 987,236 people who knock me over and get on the elevated trains before the passengers can get off. Then I get a store and wait near a stack of wet umbrellas until several total strangers with a naughty air jostle me against the wall. I next speak to the floor-walker, who plays that he owns the store and is allowed to draw that instead of a salary. He looks at me askance, as if he feared that I might be Nellie Bly. He goes over to confer with a heavy-set saleswoman to inquire of her, evidently, whether I am there with sinister motives, and while I tremble at the thought that I am about to be searched for said motives, another man, who plays that he owns the store afterwards, comes along and asks me what I want there. I tell him that I am a simple-minded man, more or less picked on both at home and abroad; that I would spend an enormous amount of money in New York if I had a chance; that to-day I had contemplated buying or trading for a full set of two heavy No. 10 English hose with double soles and a striking resemblance to each other. Nobody could be any more explicit than that without being offensive. I just tell a man what I want right at the start, and then if there should be any delay it is his fault.

He looks at me sorrowfully and begins to feel in his pocket for something. I say: "Put up your gold. Get out with your dross. I am not poor or crazed by suffering. I am only waiting to present a letter of introduction to the sock lady if I can obtain an audience with her." He tells me where the office is, and I go there. She waits a long time before I seem to catch her eye. She looks through me, and so on across the store to a given point. She then says:

"Well?"
"Socks!"
"Yes?"
"Yes!"
"What kind, please?"
"English hose, double sole, unbleached, No. 10, two of a kind."
"For yourself?"
"Yes, exclusively for myself."
"Well, the men's hose is on second floor, facing the other street."
I then go to a hotel, register, get a room, ring for a messenger, and send him for the hose.

It may be the same old crazy spirit which keeps New York stirred up all the time and makes the average New-Yorker miserable all day if he misses a car, even if the next will be along in half a minute; but whatever it is, it is an evil spirit and makes money for a few people to the discomfort of a great many.

New York shopping, especially at certain seasons and on certain days, is like trying to buy things in Washington during the inauguration. You can pay for them, but you are not permitted to take them away. They may be needed four years from now.

AT THE BASE-BALL PARK.



Tramp—Gentlemen, I represent a Committee on Ways and Means, and am entitled to recognition and free admittance.

Tramp (soliloquizing)—Yes, a committee of one, appointed by myself on de ways of gettin' into de base-ball grounds without means—savy?

It is stated that William K. Vanderbilt will build near Asheville, N. C., the most magnificent private residence of the South. Some months ago he began the purchase of property near Asheville, and now owns 4000 acres, on which he will shortly erect a mansion 300 feet in length. The cost of the estate when completed will be over \$1,000,000.

The Springfield Union thinks that "trusts are not an unmixed evil as long as they set the wits of the people to work to circumvent them by the use of new materials. Cotton bagging made of home-grown materials is a positive saving over bagging made of imported jute. And twine made of Dakota flax, which usually goes to waste, is a clear gain over twine made from Mexican or Manila hemp."

Sir William Harcourt, speaking at Southampton the other day, applied an old fable to the London Times which, the New York Post thinks, will stick. He said: "People say it is wrong to express an opinion yet on the Parnell Commission; but opinions will out. The servant dug a hole and whispered into it: 'King Midas has asses' ears,' and rushes grew up and repeated the story to the winds. So now rushes are whispering: 'The Times has asses' ears.'"

The Capital Punishment bill, which passed the Minnesota Legislature in its last hours, is a peculiar one, remarks the New York Telegram. Under its provisions the prisoner is to be kept in solitary confinement and see no one but his family, his lawyers and his spiritual advisers. He is to be executed before sunrise and may invite three persons to be present. The most unique feature of the law, however, is the provision which makes it a misdemeanor for any newspaper to print anything more about the matter than the announcement.

The record of suicides and attempts at suicide during the past six months is remarkable in the fact that the number of cases reported to the police far exceed those in any like time in the previous history of the city, states the New York Graphic. There are many reasons advanced for this apparent epidemic, and it is urged that some method be devised to check its increase. The laws of this country are not strict enough with these cases, and until some more stringent laws are adopted, the cowardly practice will still go on.

Red Cloud, the Sioux chieftain who has signified his approval of the Administration by calling on President Harrison, is sixty-four years old but looks much younger. His hair has a slight sprinkling of gray, but his form is erect, his step firm and his eye bright. He is not a very handsome man, but he is an imposing Indian and looks like what he is—a great chief. He speaks very little English. He owns a big farm, raises corn for sale and is rich enough to live comfortably without doing work with his own hands. He hires younger Indians to work his farm.

The average person and most "old salts" imagine that life on a sailing vessel is more secure than on a steamer, but British statistics scarcely support this view. In several recent years it has been found that the proportion of lives of employees lost on sailing vessels was more than double that on steamers. In 1881 there was a loss of 2352 lives of British seamen out of a total of 186,710 men. Of the whole number 1660 were employed on sailing vessels, being one in fifty-five of the 95,253 on sailing craft, while only 692, or 1 in 136, of the 94,466 men employed on steamers lost their lives.

An emphatic tribute to the fascinations of baseball, records the New York Tribune, was lately paid by a Pennsylvania statesman over seventy years of age. He is a member of the present House of Representatives of that State, and was lately brought before its bar for being absent during a formal call of its members. This is the way the veteran explained his absence: "I confess I have no excuse except my love for baseball. I was seduced from the House by the announcement that the Altoona Club, which comes from my immediate vicinity, was going to play the Harrisburgs that afternoon. I had such an admiration for their skill in playing that game that I took chances and went out to see them." Evidently he spoke to a sympathetic audience, for when he finished speaking the House rose as one man and enthusiastically excused the devotee of the great American game.

HOME.

A man can build a mansion
And furnish it throughout;
A man can build a palace.
With lofty walls and stout;
A man can build a temple,
With high and spacious dome;
But no man in the world can build
That precious thing called Home.

It is the happy faculty
Of women, far and wide,
To turn a cot or palace
Into something else beside—
Where brothers, sons and husbands, tired,
With willing footsteps come;
A place of rest, where love abounds,
A perfect kingdom—Home.

—London Spectator.

A SAMOAN IDYL.

The following sad story was told by the Captain of the Tropic Breeze, recently returned from Samoa, to a reporter of the San Francisco Examiner: "Some three miles back of the village of Magagi, which itself lies about two miles from Apia, and has been the scene of some of the hardest fighting, there is a plantation of considerable extent, owned by the Hamburg Planting and Trading Company. The work on this plantation, like most of the others, is done mainly by slaves—for the system of contract labor is little better than slavery—imported from the Gilbert Islands and others of the South Sea groups. The superintendent, or overseer, of this plantation had for clerk and general assistant a young German, Fritz Eberlein by name. Fritz was of the finest type of Teutonic manhood. Tall, well formed and athletic, with curly blonde hair and bright blue eyes, and not more than six and twenty years of age, it was small wonder that he was not only looked upon with favor by the resident European maidens of Apia, but by their dusky sisters of the interior of the island as well. Nor is it great wonder that during the brief course of the year that he had been absent from his native land young Eberlein, as his duties did not permit of his visiting the European settlements as frequently as he might have desired, had cast his eyes upon fair feminine objects nearer home upon whom to lavish the wealth of his youthful affections.

"Now it so chanced that in the little neighboring hamlet of Ugo there dwelt a chieftain of the second rank called Matautele, who has since been strongly identified with the legitimate party of Mataafa. This chief had an only daughter, Luaua by name, still in her teens, whose attractions of form and feature, supplemented as they were by such articles of European finery as the purse of her father could afford or her feminine fancy could suggest, rendered her an object of envy to the female portion of the community and of admiration to the male. The course of his duties sometimes carried Fritz to the hamlet of Ugo, which lay on the outskirts of the plantation, bowered in the tropical verdure of bread-trees, mangoes and coconut palms. During one of these visits his eyes fell on the fair Luaua as she sat in a circle of native maidens before her father's hut, weaving that wonderful paper-like tissue from the inner bark of the mulberry tree, for which the Samoans are famous, and which, when colored by pigments obtained by grinding the many-hued and friable pebbles on the beach, constitutes the main portion of the apparel of the islanders. Luaua, too, cast her eyes upon the well-knit and handsome figure of the young German as he passed, and on the natural principle that beings of diverse complexions and characteristics attracts each other, a reciprocal sentiment sprang up simultaneously in the breasts of both. From that time it became noticeable that his duties called Fritz more frequently to the hamlet of Ugo than was apparently necessary in the interests of the plantation, and frequently of an evening, when the cares of the day were over, the dulcet tones of his flute might be heard, borne by the tropical zephyrs that fanned the umbrageous foliage around the hut of the Chieftain Matautele.

"But it must not be supposed that Fritz had it all his own way in the courtship of the dusky object of his affections. Maidens of the rank and beauty of the fair Luaua never lack a retinue of admirers, and prominent among these, in this instance, was a young Samoan of the name of Nanomo. Prior to the advent of Fritz, Nanomo had been the chosen of Luaua's heart, and it is easy to understand the fierce jealousy and intense hatred which rankled in the young barbarian's heart as he witnessed the success of his rival in winning away the object of his early love. Whenever Fritz made his appearance at the hut of Matautele he would find Nanomo there, and when Fritz was welcomed, as he always was, by the enchanting smile and the disclosure of the pearly teeth of the Samoan beauty. Nanomo would get up from his recumbent posture at her feet, and, with ominous mutterings and grinding teeth, would vanish swiftly into the thicket. Fritz, at the same time, seemed utterly unconscious of the sentiments with which he was regarded, and he no doubt was really ignorant of the relations formerly existing between the couple. Thus matters went on for two or three months, till things finally came to a head in a very tragical, if not altogether unexpected manner.

About the middle of December last the hostilities which had been hitherto pretty well confined, so far as the Germans were concerned, to the coast and the more immediate neighborhood of Apia, began

to spread into the interior. The Chieftain Matautele was, like the more conservative class of the Samoans, a staunch adherent of the exiled Malietoa, and naturally lent his support to the cause of Mataafa as against the rebel pretender, Tamasese, who was the protégé of the Germans. One day a detachment of German marines appeared at the plantation, accompanied by a considerable force of the insurgent natives, a report having been circulated to the effect that Mataafa's followers were massing in force in the vicinity of Ugo. A stockade was thrown up and preparations made for defensive and offensive fighting, if the latter were deemed advisable. Of course Fritz Eberlein, having been trained, like all his countrymen, in the profession of arms, took an active part in the preparations, and was assigned to a subordinate command. He now found himself in the unpleasant predicament of being arrayed in hostile fashion against the followers of Matautele, with whom he had always hitherto been upon the friendliest terms, and of being called upon, at any moment, to fight against the people of the girl he loved. Duty, however, called him, and there was no course but to answer the call.

"Two days after this the neighborhood of the plantation and the hamlet of Ugo was the scene of one of those barbarous and deadly conflicts between the rival native forces, in which quarter is neither expected nor given. During the course of the engagement Fritz found himself in a melee of an unusually hot and fierce character. At length the Tamasese natives proved too strong for their opponents, and the Mataafa people were driven back upon the village. A good many prisoners were taken, among whom Fritz, to his dismay and sorrow, recognized Matautele in the custody of two blood stained and sinister looking Samoans of his own party. Matautele saw him, but wore a proud though resigned look upon his countenance, and forebore to communicate with him either by word or gesture. It is the invariable custom of the Samoans to decapitate every prisoner taken in battle. Fritz knew this, but he was determined to save Matautele if there was any possible way of doing it. The Tamasese warriors knew who he was and his connection with the plantation and in the best language he could master he told them that though he did not desire to save the life of their prisoner, he would give them a good round sum of money if they would defer the execution till next morning, giving as his reason that he desired to learn from Matautele some secrets with regard to the plantation known only to the chief, and which were valuable to the company. The plausibility of the argument, coupled with the cupidity of the natives, prevailed, and Matautele was bound and conducted into the stockade. In the course of the night, while the natives, worn out through fighting, were asleep, Fritz found means to liberate the prisoner, and by arts of his own prevailed upon the German sentry to let him out of the stockade, the latter not caring much about one savage more or less, and being moreover disgusted with the inhuman treatment of prisoners.

"In the morning there was little time for his captors to speculate upon the escape of their prisoner, as the Mataafa men resumed hostilities at daybreak. This time the tables were turned, the Germans and the Tamasese men being repulsed and driven within the stockade; and, as luck would have it, Fritz was taken prisoner though fighting desperately, and worse still, found himself in the hands of his old enemy and rival, Nanomo. It did not take him two glances at the fiend-like malice depicted on the countenance of the victorious savage to tell him that he need expect no mercy at his hands, and as Nanomo drew his thumb along the edge of the villainous-looking knife that does service with these islanders for a sword, Fritz felt that his hour had come.

"Just at this moment, however, a dusky, but athletic form came bounding through the knot of natives that had collected near the same spot to perform similar acts of butchery. It was Matautele. With a quick movement he wrenched the weapon from the hand of Nanomo just as it was raised to deal the fatal blow. The young Samoan, balked of his revenge, glared sullenly at Matautele, but he did not dispute the authority of his chief, and moodily withdrew. Fritz was too badly hurt to move, one leg being broken, beside a number of flesh wounds, and it now became the turn of the man whose life he had saved on the previous day to return the compliment. A litter of branches was quickly formed, and Fritz was conveyed by his captors as tenderly as circumstances would allow to the village, where he was soon installed beneath the hospitable roof of Matautele, and even the pain of his wounds and the galling sense of captivity were completely nullified by the fact that he was nursed by the soothing hands of Luaua, in whose smiles he could now uninterruptedly bask.

"Next day there was a cessation of hostilities, both sides seeming disinclined to renew the struggle, at any rate for the moment. Fritz was treated with such simple remedies as were known to the natives, and was doing as well as could be expected.

"During the next night, however, a strange and startling thing happened. His bed had been spread under the umbrageous foliage of a spreading tree, just outside the door of Matautele's hut. All was hushed with the deep hush of a tropical night, and Fritz was lying in dreamy sensuousness, recalling the peculiar incidents of the past day or two, when he felt a gag suddenly thrust into his mouth, while his arms and legs were securely

pinioned with thongs. As his eyes were not bandaged he could plainly see that those who had so roughly broken in upon his repose were natives, in one of whom he recognized his arch-enemy Nanomo. He was quickly transferred to the litter in which he had been brought to the village, and the natives who bore it struck stealthily and noiselessly into the dense jungle beyond. I shall not endeavor to describe his thoughts as the journey progressed, Nanomo acting as leader. Perhaps a mile or so might have been traversed when the party came to a halt, and the litter containing Fritz was deposited on the ground. As daylight was approaching, the young German had ample opportunity to observe what was going on around him. He saw that he was lying in a vacant space of circular form, some fifty feet in diameter, from which the undergrowth had been cleared, and around and about with some thirty natives were standing or loitering, and conversing with one another with animated gestures, directed, as he could see, mainly toward himself. About the center of the clearing Fritz could see that a pit had been dug, round which several of the natives were busy themselves in some way or other. Sticks, dry brush and underwood were being brought to the side of this pit, and, after being set on fire, were thrown in. This was kept up for perhaps an hour, during which time Nanomo, who seemed to be superintending the operation, whatever it was, would approach the edge and examine the interior with critical eye.

"Now, although Fritz had been on the islands only about a year, he had learnt much regarding the habits and history of the natives during his short stay. He knew that the mode of cooking flesh in vogue among the Samoans was by heating the interior of just such a pit as he now saw before him, the pit having been previously lined with stones, burning wood and brush being then cast into it till the required temperature had been reached, after which the embers were withdrawn, and the flesh to be cooked, wrapped in banana leaves, was put in, the whole being covered up until sufficiently baked. But what was the object of Nanomo in bringing him there? Certainly not in the capacity of a guest? What then? Could it be—the thought suddenly flashed across his brain and scared itself in as with a red-hot iron—could it be that he had been brought there as a victim? The idea was too horrible to contemplate. He knew that the Samoans were originally cannibals, but since the introduction of Christianity, some fifty years before, this hideous practice had, he was assured, disappeared from all the islands save one or two of the remotest in the archipelago. Yet he had heard it darkly whispered that there were still occasions on which it was indulged even in this, the largest island of the group. Was it possible that the revenge and malice of his rival, Nanomo, had singled him out as a victim of this inhuman and ghoul-like rite?

"There was little time, however, for speculations of this sort. Nanomo, in company with the natives, now approached the spot where Fritz lay, Nanomo carrying in his hand the very same weapon with which he had intended to immolate Fritz when stopped by the timely intervention of Matautele. They lifted Fritz up, bound as he was, and carried him to the edge of the pit, the excruciating pain of his broken limb being forgotten in the all-absorbing torture of anticipation which he now experienced. Then they roughly undid the thongs that bound his legs and arms. As this was done he saw Nanomo standing over him with maliciously triumphant eye and weapon raised to strike. Fritz made a superhuman effort to rise and at least die with some effort to defend himself, when at that moment a volley of firearms resounded from the edge of the brush, and the next instant the inclosure was filled with smoke, while wild and triumphant yells filled the air as a band of German and Tamasese men rushed in cutting down and spearing the little knot of panic-stricken natives within. And swiftly through the smoke came running a female form and threw itself upon the prostrate body of Fritz. Nanomo, who still stood there with sword uplifted, having apparently escaped the effect of the volley, now seemed to grasp the situation. With a wild yell of despair his sword came down upon the prostrate figures at his feet, and then with a gasp he fell dead beside them. Luaua received the weight of that deadly stroke—Fritz was saved.

"There is now little to tell. The devoted maiden getting up in the night to nurse her lover and finding him gone, had with a woman's instinct divined the cause. Caring more for her lover than her people, she had, with the speed of light, fled to the German camp, and led the force along Nanomo's tracks to the rescue of Fritz. She died saving her lover. When I left Apia Fritz had nearly recovered, physically speaking, but mentally—you can understand the effect of such an experience on one of his nature. That is all."

Mrs. "Hail-Stones-in-Her-Stomach."

"Hail-Stones-in-Her-Stomach" is the name of the wife of "Lone Feather," a renowned fighting chief of the Ogallala Sioux. Their papoose is named "Little Hail-Stones." All three recently passed through Chicago with a band of about thirty Sioux on their way to join the "Wild West" show from the reservation at Pine Ridge, Dakota. A bond of \$25,000 has been given for their safe return to the reservation.

One million dollars has just been invested in tunnels at Olean, N. Y.

BILL AYE GOES SHOPPING.

Difficulties Encountered in Making Purchases in New York.



I ALWAYS have my feelings hurt when I shop in New York. In the first place, I am enraged before I get to the store by 987,236 people who knock me over and get on the elevated trains before the passengers can get off. Then I go to a store and wait near a stack of wet umbrellas until several total strangers with a haughty air jostle me against the wall. I next speak to the floor-walker, who

plays that he owns the store and is allowed to draw that instead of a salary. He looks at me askance, as if he feared that I might be Nellie Bly. He goes over to confer with a heavy-set saleswoman to inquire of her, evidently, whether I am there with sinister motives, and while I tremble at the thought that I am about to be searched for said motives, another man, who plays that he owns the store afterwards, comes along and asks me what I want there. I tell him that I am a simple-minded man, more or less picked on both at home and abroad; that I would spend an enormous amount of money in New York if I had a chance; that to-day I had contemplated buying or trading for a full set of two heavy No. 10 English hose with double soles and a striking resemblance to each other. Nobody could be any more explicit than that without being offensive. I just tell a man what I want right at the start, and then if there should be any delay it is his fault.

He looks at me sorrowfully and begins to feel in his pocket for something. I say: "Put up your gold. Get out with your dross. I am not poor or crazed by suffering. I am only waiting to present a letter of introduction to the sock lady if I can obtain an audience with her." He tells me where the office is, and I go there. She waits a long time before I seem to catch her eye. She looks through me, and so on across the store to a given point. She then says:

"Well?"

"Socks!"

"Yes?"

"Yes!"

"What kind, please?"

"English hose, double sole, unbleached, No. 10, two of a kind."

"For yourself?"

"Yes, exclusively for myself."

"Well, the men's hose is on second floor, facing the other street."

I then go to a hotel, register, get a room, ring for a messenger, and send him for the hose.

It may be the same old crazy spirit which keeps New York stirred up all the time and makes the average New Yorker miserable all day if he misses a car, even if the next will be along in half a minute; but whatever it is, it is an evil spirit and makes money for a few people to the discomfort of a great many.

New York shopping, especially at certain seasons and on certain days, is like trying to buy things in Washington during the inauguration. You can pay for them, but you are not permitted to take them away. They may be needed four years from now.

AT THE BASE-BALL PARK.



OUTSIDE.

Tramp—Gentlemen, I represent a Committee on Ways and Means, and am entitled to recognition and free admittance.



INSIDE.

Tramp (folloquizing)—Yes, a committee of one, appointing by meself on de ways of gettin' into de base-ball grounds without means—sary?

Trade Mark \$1.00. Sold by Druggists

HOW SPONGES ARE CAUGHT.

ONE OF FLORIDA'S IMPORTANT INDUSTRIES.

The Great Coral Reefs Along the Coast—Sponge Fishing Not Easy Work—Different Varieties.

A Fort Meade (Fla.) letter to the New York Times says that sponge fishing is confined to the southwestern part of the coast, along the reefs, and to the extensive rocky shoals, that lie between Mark's and Anclote Keys. Accurately speaking, the sponge reef begins a few miles east of Appalachicola, and hugs the coast to within fifty miles of Cedar Keys. Then there is a break of 100 miles, after which it reappears and runs south without interruption to Key West and the Bahama Islands. This reef, a rocky ridge, sometimes of genuine limestone, but generally of coral, begins some six or eight miles from shore and continues out indefinitely. Wherever there is a rocky bottom sponges are said to be found, and the only reason why the fisheries do not extend completely round the gulf coast is that in places, as off the coast of Texas or Cedar Keys, this rocky bottom begins in water too deep to permit of profitable sponging. The average depth of water on the St. Mark's reef at six miles from land is sixteen feet. The sponges are in great abundance and of good quality. The supply is practically inexhaustible, as they grow almost as fast as gathered, a sponge requiring only about two years to reach maturity.

Nearly all of the sponges used in the United States were brought from the Mediterranean until 1852, when attention was called to the immense numbers that were growing in Florida waters. As soon as it was found that the quality of these compared favorably with those of Europe the merchants and fitters-out of vessels of Key West engaged very actively in the business of placing them on the market. At first the best qualities were bought from the fishermen at the rate of ten cents per pound. As Mediterranean sponges became scarce and costly, the Florida sponges came into more demand, and their value increased proportionately. After about eighteen years' fishing upon the known ground the supply began to fail. Then, in 1870, a new area of ground, larger than the old one, was discovered, and this gave a new impetus to the trade. In that year Appalachicola sent out a small fleet of sponge vessels which has since been largely increased. During the past eighteen years the business has been energetically pursued with good results.

The methods employed in the fishery differ greatly from those employed in the Mediterranean, where divers go down and bring up the sponges. Small vessels, carrying crews of from five to fifteen men, are fitted out at Key West and Appalachicola, for trips of from four to eight weeks on the sponge grounds. The crews are paired off into small rowboats, or "dingies," to catch the sponges. One man stands in the stern, sculling the boat, while the other kneels in the bottom amidships, with the upper half of his body leaning over the side, and scans the bottom of the sea. To aid the eye an instrument called a "water glass," which is a common water bucket whose wooden bottom has been replaced by one of glass, is used by setting it in the water and thrusting the face as far into it as convenient. When a sponge is sighted the boat is stopped, and the kneeling man uses a two-pronged hook, attached to a slender pole thirty or forty feet in length, to secure it. Considerable dexterity is required of both men. To cure the sponges they are first spread about the vessel's deck in their natural upright position, so that they will dry, and while decomposing allow the gelatinous matter to run off freely. When they have been several days in this position they are taken to the shore and thrown into the water in little pens, called "crawls," where the remaining substance is soaked and squeezed out.

The spongers thus work on, day after day, under a tropical sun that burns and browns the skin until one cannot tell a white man from a negro. It is a desperately hard life, more severe than any other that one can think of, and it requires men of no ordinary constitution to stand up to it. The spongers are therefore naturally an exceedingly muscular set.

The principal season for this fishery is the summer, from May to August, but the best conditions of the water are in winter, and a great deal of the fishing is then carried on with success. During the hurricane months of August, September and March the vessels are nearly all laid up. The state of the weather greatly affects the result of the fishery. When the water is made rough and roily by long-continued strong winds sponge catching becomes impracticable. In some years the fishery has been a complete failure, while in others it has been very profitable, always owing to the weather. As the natural beds of sponges have become scarcer prices have advanced, so that even if a vessel does not secure as large a quantity in a given time as formerly the financial result is about the same.

There are several varieties of sponges caught in the Florida waters. There are first, sheep's wool, which sell for \$1 to \$5 a pound; second, yellow sponges, which sell for 20 to 60 cents per pound, and third, grass sponges, which are coarse in texture, and not durable, and sell for 10 to 20 cents per pound. When these are marketed they are trimmed and cleaned of sand and shells, and then pressed into small bales of 100 to 120 pounds each in which form they go to the wholesale dealers. Some attempts have been made during the past three years to cultivate

the more valuable kinds of sponges, and in some instances the experiment has met with success. It seems probable that the future supply of the sheep's wool variety will depend upon some such action as this. Besides being scarcer along the sponge reef, this variety grows slower than the coarser kinds, and the demand for it is always greater than the supply.

A Visit to a Natural History Society.

One wet evening Willie Ransom got Jack to go, just because there was nothing else to do. There was a short paper being read on "Fish-Scales," and a number of them were mounted for microscopical examination, of course with a low power, say inch and half-inch. Anything relating to fish or fishing was certain to gain Jack's attention, therefore a better subject could not have been selected to engage his service. Besides, Jack had never yet even looked through a microscope! He felt a bit ashamed of this now; but there were a couple of microscopes present, and Jack determined to have a good look through them. The scales of different sorts of British fishes were on view. Of course, fish-scales are common enough; but who would think that each kind has its own pattern of scale, and that you could tell a species of fish by its scales?

The paper showed that the scales of fishes were composed of the same material, chitine, as the feathers of birds, or the hair and nails of animals—a kind of substance only found in the animal kingdom, and never in the vegetable; that these scales are developed in little pockets in the fish's skin, which you can plainly see for yourself when a herring is scaled. They are arranged all over the fish's body like the tiles covering a roof, partly overlapping each other, as is seen by one part of the scale being often different from the other.

Jack looked through the microscope and was delighted. He was always a reverent-minded boy, and the sight broke on his mind like a new revelation. How exquisitely chased and beautiful were the markings, lines, dots and other peculiarities! Then the scales which run along the middle line of the fish were shown him, and the ducts perforating them, out of which the mucus flows to anoint the fish's body, and thus reduce the friction of its rapid movement through the water. The lad was half bewildered at the possibility of the new knowledge. "Could anybody get to know about these things?" he asked Willie, who told him of course he could, if he would only take a little trouble.—*Popular Science Monthly.*

Pen Picture of Napoleon.

Bourienne, in his memoirs, gives this pen picture of Napoleon: "Bonaparte had beautiful hands, and he was very proud of them; while conversing he would often look at them with an air of self-complacency. He also fancied he had fine teeth, but his pretension to that advantage was not so well founded as his vanity on the score of his hands. Napoleon always walked while dictating. He sometimes began while seated, but at the first word he rose. He began walking in the room where he was, and walked up and down in it. This promenade lasted all the time he was dictating. As he entered into his subject he experienced a sort of 'tic,' consisting in a movement of his right arm, which he twisted, while pulling with his hand the lining of the cuff of his coat. Still, his delivery was not quickened by this movement, his step was also slow and measured. Expressions came without effort to render his thoughts. If they were sometimes incorrect, this very incorrectness added to their energy, and always marvelously depicted to the mind what he tried to say. Napoleon seldom wrote himself. Writing was a fatigue to him. His hand could not follow the rapidity of his conception. His writing was an assemblage of indecipherable characters without connection. Half of the letters of each word were deficient. He could not read it over himself, or would not take the trouble to do so. If any explanation were asked of him, he retook his draft, which he tore or threw into the fire, while he dictated afresh, giving the same ideas, but with different expressions and words. His spelling was incorrect, though he knew well enough to point out the errors in the writings of others."

Squirrels Raised by a Cat.

Some few weeks ago Russell Rice, a farmer living near Scottsburg, Ind., found a nest of five young squirrels in the woods and took them home and placed them in care of the family cat. The cat at once adopted the squirrels and raised them in the same manner as she would have done her own young. The squirrels are now half-grown and deeply attached to their foster-mother, and when separated from her the other day and placed in the court-yard park, they acted almost like kittens, but are fast learning to climb the trees in the manner of their nature.—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

An Indian Warrant.

In early times some of the more intelligent Indians acted as magistrates, says the *Lewiston (Me.) Journal*. The following is represented as the form of a warrant issued by one of these officers:

I Hihoudi,
You Peter Waterman,
Jeremy Wicket.
Quick you take him,
Fast you hold him,
Straight you bring him,
Before me, Hihoudi.

The cost of the Paris Exposition will be \$10,000,000.

THE CITY OF THE MOGULS.

MARVELS OF MAN'S HANDIWORK IN DELHI, THE ROME OF ASIA.

Magnificent Halls of Marble—The Famous Peacock Throne—A Wonderful Tower—Stores of Delhi.

Delhi, for the past three thousand years the Rome of Asia, possesses a history dating back to the mythical period of the Aryans. The city is situated on the banks of the Jumna, just outside the Northwest Province and within the boundary of the Punjab. It has succumbed seven times to attack, and as often risen again to dominion and grandeur. Delhi owes her present renown to the extravagant ideas and abject cruelty of Shah Jehan, who swayed the rod of empire from 1627 to 1658. The Great Fort, the Dewan-i-Khas, or hall of private audience, the Motee Masjid, the Mosque of Pearls and the "Crown of the World," the Taj Mahal at Agra, built for the last resting place of the fair Persian Queen of the ruthless Emperor, all stand as eulogies to perpetuate his name. The fort is a little less than two miles in circuit, and its walls rise forty feet from the ground; inside this inclosure are the most superb and costly buildings of Hindustan. Entering by the Lahore, now Victoria Gate, succeeded by a long vaulted aisle, which at present is utilized by the native hawkers for the display of their wares to the English soldiers who occupy the citadel, the Hall of Public Audience and the Pearl Mosque stand out against the clear Asiatic sky, bringing to mind the productions of Jerome and Constant, who have immortalized the scenes of Eastern luxury. Pre-eminent among these marvels of man's handiwork is the Hall of Private Audience, which commands an extensive view of the silent Jumna and the monotonous expanse of rolling plain. The hall is of marble, open at the sides and supported by pillars rich in precious stone and gold mosaic and carving. At each corner rises a kiosk, composed of the same material as the building, and the ceiling is decorated with gold and silver filigree work. The culmination of all splendor is attained in the Takt-i-Taus, the famous Peacock Throne, which stood in the centre of the palatial chamber before its destruction by the Persian Nadir Shah, in the early part of the last century. It is formed of a mass of gold wrought in the form of two peacocks with distended tails, fashioned to life with diamonds, sapphires, rubies, emeralds, and suspended between them a parrot of normal size. This regal seat was perfected at a cost of six crores, or sixty millions of rupees, nominally about thirty million dollars. The Jumna Masjid—i. e., the Friday mosque, that day being the Mohammedan Sabbath—contains a large quadrangle 450 feet square, approached on three sides by broad sandstone steps. A small fountain in the centre gives forth a constant stream of cold crystal water for the ablutions of the faithful. On one side stands a building extending the entire length of the court, surmounted by three white marble domes, which are capped with gilded spires. At the extremities two minarets, alternately striped with sandstone and marble, perfect the symmetry of the religious edifice.

To westward, toward Mecca, the middle building lies open, and on Fridays the vast area is crowded with worshippers, principally men, for, according to the Mohammedan education, women have no souls; they live for and are the property of men, the Koran permitting a man to have four wives, to say nothing of concubines. A drive of some hours brings us to the Kutub Minar, written monument. Having passed through one deserted city after another, some containing a few buildings in a tolerable state of preservation, it is not strange that this tower should seem of such colossal height. Undoubtedly it was erected in the middle of the Dark Ages, and was one of the wonders of the period. At the base it measures 100 feet in circumference, and gradually diminishes in a series of five stories to thirty feet at the summit. In close proximity to this "Pillar of Victory" are the ruins of a mosque built from the remains of a previous religious building. At the time of the acquisition of the Punjab territory by the English, and in the battles which preceded it, among other spoils came the Kohinoor diamond, now the property of Queen Victoria. The stores and bazaars are all built on the main street, Chander Chowk, running from the entrance of the imperial palace to the Lahore Gate. These stores contain products varying in value—lacquer ware from Sind, silken shawls from Kashmir, and carved sandal-wood jewel cases. The bankers form no small part of the motley throng, the city being the principal money-mart of Southern Asia, since the bronze-colored financiers extend their dealings over Arabia, Afghanistan, Turkistan and Tibet. The shoemakers, their stores laden with hundreds of brightly decorated trappings for the feet, carry on a thriving trade with their eager customers. Delhi being a money centre, the goldsmiths find it profitable to locate their shops with the others and exhibit jeweled and metallic work surpassing in actual quality and delicacy of manufacture the productions of the best Parisian or American establishments. The "howlee," or well-house, was formerly a favorite retreat for the rich during the intense heat of the summer. It consists of a large stone building, built around a deep well, resembling a small pond in size. Almost all of it has fallen into a state of decay, and the remains are only used by the urchins and

indolent men as a means of deriving a livelihood by leaping from the domes down into the slimy stagnant water. For this foolhardy act the tourists and foreign residents give them three or four annas, virtually about a cent, and for this pitiable they will often jump eighty feet without sustaining the least injury.—*New York Post.*

Moorish Wells and Embankments.

Wells are the most characteristic feature of that riverless country, Tripoli, North Africa. Look where you will, you see in every direction the two upright posts of whitewashed stone or clay that mark the well's mouth, and the wooden crosspiece from which the bucket hangs outlined against the sky like a primeval gallows. The very fields with their high earthen embankments, form natural tanks, within which, thanks to small trenches and tiny dams of earth a few inches high, the surface is cut into miniature reservoirs (not unlike the squares of a huge chess board) in which the torrent rains which fall at short intervals from November till March are retained and allowed to sink into the ground, instead of running to waste as in South Africa.

These embankments give quite a peculiar character to the whole landscape in these parts. In following any local road you find yourself from first to last struggling along the bottom of a very deep, dusty, tortuous ditch, shut in by huge banks of earth, crested with the spiky shields of the terrible "prickly pear." At times these banks are replaced by high, blank, white walls of stone or baked clay, from the top of which wolfish Mohammedan dogs bark at every passing Christian. What with the walls and what with the banks you see as little of the surrounding country as if you were in a tunnel; but in truth you have quite enough to do in picking your way, for ever and anon the whole breadth of the road is taken up by a monstrous puddle of half-liquid mud (a relic of the winter rains), leaving a tiny isthmus a few inches broad between it and the wall. Should you be unlucky enough to encounter at one of these critical points a frightened camel or a file of laden donkeys, it is likely to go hard with you, for whether they push you off into the mud or splash through it themselves to let you pass, you are pretty certain to come out of the dilemma a good deal dirtier than you went into it.—*New York Times.*

The Polar Bear Hunting Walrus.

It is not generally known, but the polar bear is the equal, if not superior, of any of his black brothers in climbing. It is not unusual for the four footed resident of the Arctic to ascend ice-floes so steep and slippery as to be insurmountable to Esquimaux. It is on record that a white bear was found asleep once or the top of an iceberg over fifty feet from the level, and when aroused jumped into the water below.

These bears live on seal and walrus, crawling stealthily up to the former or the ice floes and catching them; while of the walrus only the young are thus caught, for an old walrus is twice as big as a brin. Some Arctic explorers, however—Captain Hall and Dr. Rae among others—state that the bears sometimes surprise an old walrus by climbing above him on a precipitous hill, or the walls of an iceberg, and then taking stones or huge pieces of ice in their fore paws and throwing them with such force as to crack the walrus skull as he lies asleep at rest on the ice. Then the bears spring down on the stunned walrus and finish him.

The Surveyor's Hat Brim.

An Ellenville lawyer who was in Kingston the other day said: "While in the woods a week ago, I came across a surveyor who was puzzled. The surveyor had been engaged to run a line, but he found every time he leveled his compass, to use a surveyor's expression, 'his line ran in the air.' The surveyor said his compass had never cut up that caper before, and he didn't know what ailed it. The North Star must be all out of gear. I said: 'See here, what sort of hat have you on?' The surveyor took off his hat. 'Why, an ordinary hat with a stiff brim.' 'Yes, a stiff brim, and there is the trouble. If you examine you will find a steel wire in it. Hang your hat on the compass and see what it will do.' He did so, and up went the needle. 'By Jocks, that beats me!' said the surveyor. He tossed his hat behind him and his faithful compass did its work well."—*Kingston (N. Y.) Freeman.*

Senator Stanford's First Earnings.

Senator Stanford, of California, was telling the other day how he earned his first money and laid the foundation of his fortune, and, strange to say, it was in selling horse-radish roots. He was quite a boy at the time, thirteen or fourteen years old, and lived with his father in the Mohawk Valley, on a farm a few miles from Schenectady, N. Y. After school hours he used to dig horse-radish roots, which the hired man carried to market every week and sold. Mr. Stanford said he often made as much as ten shillings a week in this manner; but the great enterpriser of his youth was in cutting down a field of timber and hauling the logs to the saw-mill. This he did one winter and collected several hundred dollars, with which he paid for his lectures at the Albany Law School.—*Indianapolis Journal.*

In 1888 the United States manufactured 14,000,000 pounds of tobacco, 400,000 pounds of snuff, 4,000,000 cigars, and 1,500,000,000 cigarettes.

THE GREATER WORLD.

When you forget the beauty of the scene
Where you draw breath and sleep,
Leave city walls for gleams of sky that lean,
To hills where forests creep.

The heights, the fields, the wide-winged air
Make the embracing day;
Not city streets. That little life of care
Steals our great joys away.

Live with the spaces, wake with bird and cloud,
Spread sentiment with the elm;
Our home is nature, even to the proud
Arcs of the sunset's realm.

Then say the scene God made is glorious!
Breathe deep and smile again.
The glow and noble dusks, victorious,
Disperse regrets and pain.

—*Rose H. Lathrop, in Scribner.*

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Fish are not weighed in their own scales.

A stock operation—Milking the cows.—*Merchant Traveler.*

Spreading of book-binding, dictionaries ought to be spell-bound.

The blacksmith ought to be able to give a shoer tip on horses.

The polecat has only one life, but the other eight are not missed.

Charged with electricity—The subscribers to the Bell telephone.

Wisp of straw by the hay scales are bits that have fallen by the weigh side.

It takes a good many strikes to make a base-ball match go off well.—*Siftings.*

The fidelity of adversity is exemplified by the manner in which poverty sticks to the poet.

The young idea may sometimes be best taught to shoot by putting it through a course of sprouts.

An "octave" dinner is the latest fashionable craze. The guests arrive after everything is ate up.

Down on the Rio Grande a horse thief stole a runaway mule that nobody else could catch.—*Siftings.*

Little drops of water,
Little hums of chalk,
Take their occupation
From the bovine stock.

—*Merchant Traveler.*

Some people are called weak-minded because it takes them at least seven days to make up their minds.—*Somerville Journal.*

Ordinarily the ministers create the Benedicts, but at the White House the Benedicts create the ministers.—*London Mail.*

When a young man proposes and is accepted he rings the girl's hand. If he is refused he wrings his own hands.—*Statesman.*

Berlin is a bad place to choose for an important conference, for it is a notorious fact that its inhabitants are always on the spree.—*Baltimore American.*

The doctor sits in his office chair,
A paradox, strange to see,
For though he is patient in waiting a call,
Yet, out of patients is he.

—*Goodall's Son.*

Jings—"Chops is all broke up. The sheriff has just seized his meat market." Jangs—"Is that so? I saw him this morning, and I thought he looked as if he'd lost flesh."—*Lowell Citizen.*

A ship and a baker are much alike;
Would you know the reason why?
The first you see has a pilot on board,
And the last has a lot of pie.

—*Goodall's Son.*

Sir Rotten Rowe—"I thought you didn't have bishops sitting in the American Senate?" Mr. Madison Squer—"We don't." Sir Rotten Rowe—"Then who does the confirmations the papers speak of?"—*Puck.*

HOW SHE DROVE THE NAIL.

She hit the nail a fearful whack—
I mean to say, she tried;
She bathed her thumb with amica,
And then sat down and cried.

—*The Epitaph.*

She (at a party)—"Did that rich bachelor, Captain Rudder, get his title in the army?" He—"Guess not. A few moments ago I saw him duck his head when the servant announced Mr. Lowbridge."—*Philadelphia Record.*

Angling for Pie.—Mrs. Salstonstall (of Boston)—"Tommy, will you have a piece of mince pie?" Tommy Beaconsstreet (who is taking dinner out)—"Yes'm, and I trust that your appointment will be commensurate with my esteem for yourself."—*Burlington Free Press.*

Guinea Cows.

Lowndes County, Ga., produces a little cow which is indeed a curiosity. It is the same distance in height, length and width, and is supported by legs not more than twelve inches in length. It bears the name of the guinea cow. The first were brought here from Spain by an old Spaniard who came to this country before the war. The cow is very small and chunky, but it keeps rolling fat on almost nothing, and is a splendid milker, the average giving from three to three and a half gallons of milk per day. Mr. R. L. Stapler has a herd of fifty perfect little beauties. He disposes of young cows for \$100 each, which almost equals the price paid for Jerseys. While their milk is not so rich as the Jersey, the people there prefer the guinea.—*Atlanta Constitution.*

FRIDAY EVENING, JUNE 7, 1889.

IS CONSUMPTION INCURABLE?—Read the following: Mr. C. H. Morris, Newark, Ark., says: "Was down with Abscess of lungs, and friends and physicians pronounced me an incurable consumptive. Began taking Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, am now on my third bottle, and able to oversee the work on my farm. It is the finest medicine ever made."

Jesse Middewart, Decatur, Ohio, says: "Had it not been for Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption I would have died of lung troubles. Was given up by doctors. Am now in best of health." Try it. Sample bottles free at Dicks' drug store.

A Belfast (Me.) man does not think so much of object lessons as he once did. He fell, the other day, while shingling his barn, but escaped without injury. His son was away at the time, and on his return the old gentleman told about the accident, and, in trying to show just how it happened, fell from the roof again, this time breaking a leg.

REMARKABLE NERVE.—The early history of America is full of instances of men having great nerve. But we are rapidly becoming the most nervous people on earth. The recent increase of insanity, epileptic fits, headache, backache, neuralgia, sleeplessness, nervousness, dyspepsia, fluttering of the heart, etc., points to an early decay of the race, unless this tendency is checked. Nothing will cure these diseases like Dr. Miles' Nervine, warranted to contain neither opium nor morphine. Sample bottles free at Dicks' drug store. Don't fail to try it.

Louis Colon, a Frenchman, claims the proud distinction, of having the longest beard in the world. Although scarcely five feet in height, his beard measures seven feet, and he wears it around his neck.

FOOD ADULTERATION.—The question of Food Adulteration is now occupying public attention more than ever before, and organizations are being formed in almost every state to prevent the sale of adulterated food or drink. The following letter voluntarily given, speaks volumes for the purity of Speers Port Grape Wine:

N. Y., June 3, 1894.—Mr. Alfred Speer, Passaic, N. J., Dear Sir:—The result of my investigation of your Wines convinces me that they are perfectly pure and free from foreign or deleterious substances. The best I have ever tasted, and is all that can be desired in a pure Port Wine. The unfermented is especially nourishing, and where the action of alcohol is not required it is well adapted for invalids. I speak as a physician. Your Pedro Brandy can only be obtained with great difficulty. A. S. COZNER, M. D., Analytic Chemist of Food and Drink.

Out in the backwoods in Indiana last week the sheriff left the court room for dinner, forgetting all about the prisoner, who afterwards leisurely walked off, and has not since been captured.

The vocal organs are strengthened by the use of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. Clergymen, lawyers, singers, actors, and public speakers find this preparation the most effective remedy for irritation and weakness of the throat and lungs, and for all affections of the vocal organs.

The shipment of wines from Bordeaux last year showed a falling off of more than four million gallons.

SUDDEN DEATH.—The papers are full of sudden deaths. If you have choking sensations, fluttering, pain or tenderness in chest, faint easily, take Dr. Miles' New Cure for the Heart, and so escape death, as did Henry Brown, druggist, Cleveland, Ohio. Sold by J. W. Dicks.

A great effort is being made in New York to promote trade with South America.

CATARRH,

Catarrhal Deafness and Hay Fever.

A NEW HOME TREATMENT.

Sufferers are not generally aware that these diseases are contagious, or that they are due to the presence of living parasites in the lining membrane of the nose and eustachian tubes. Microscopic research, however, has proved this to be a fact and the result is that a simple remedy has been formulated whereby catarrh, catarrhal deafness and hay fever are permanently cured in from one to three simple applications made at home by the patient once in two weeks. N. B.—For catarrhal discharges peculiar to females (whites) this remedy is a specific. A pamphlet explaining this new treatment is sent on receipt of ten cents by A. H. DIXON & SON, 304 West King St., Toronto, Canada.—Scientific American.

Sufferers from catarrhal troubles should read the above carefully.

EVERY ONE SHOULD HAVE IT.

It is not always convenient to call a Physician for every little ailment. Having Red Flag Oil in the house you have a Physician always at hand, it kills Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Burns, Bruises and all Aches and Pains. Price 25 cents.

There are few things in this life of which we may be certain, but this is one of them. Puritan Cough and Consumption Cure has no equal for coughs, colds and consumption. Price 25 cents. At J. W. Barnitz's Drug Store.

Fish have died by the thousands, year after year, in the Youghiogheny River, and nobody seems to know why.

M. P.—A NEW PRINCIPLE.—A great physician has discovered that the true way to act on the liver, stomach, bowels, etc., is through their nerves. Miles' Pills, the smallest and mildest. Samples free at Dicks'.

The trial of Gen. Boulanger by the French Senate has been postponed until August.

BUCKLEN'S ARNICA SALVE.

The Best Salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Tetter, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Ulcers, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by J. W. Dicks.

It will require two months more to complete the Count in the West Virginia gubernatorial contest case.

HAPPY MEETING OF TWO FRIENDS.—John M. Allen, of Charlotte, N. Y., said to his friend, "Parsons, I am about dead with the Gravel, and cannot find help." Mr. Parsons induced Mr. Allen to give Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy, of Rondout, N. Y., a trial. Weeks went by and the friends met. Mr. Allen said, "Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy has saved my life. It is a cure for Gravel—and the only cure."

Mrs. John Wolf, of Quakertown, Pa., has 40,000 silk worm eggs on the eve of hatching.

"My daughter was greatly troubled with scrofula, and, at one time, it was feared she would lose her sight. Ayer's Sarsaparilla has completely restored her health, and her eyes are as well as ever, with not a trace of scrofula in her system."—G. King, Killingly, Conn.

MALARIA.

As an anti malarial medicine

DR. DAVID KENNEDY'S

FAVORITE REMEDY

has won golden opinions. No traveler should consider his outfit complete unless it includes a bottle of this medicine. If you are exposed to frequent changes of climate, food and water, Favorite Remedy should always be within your reach. It expels malarial poisons, and is the best preventative of chills and malarial fever in the world. It is especially of use as a trustworthy specific for the cure of Kidney and Liver complaints, Consumption and all disorders arising from an impure state of the blood. Women who suffer from any of the ills peculiar to their sex, Favorite Remedy is constantly proving itself an unfailing friend—a real blessing. Address the proprietor, Dr. D. Kennedy, Rondout, N. Y. \$1 bottle, 5 for \$5, by all druggists.

Stone in the Kidney.

How it was Removed Without the Use of the Surgeon's Knife.

In the spring of 1878 I was taken with sharp pains in the lower part of my bowels in the region of the bladder. Shortly blood appeared mixed with my urine, and a few weeks later I had an attack of brown gravel. I tried a number of doctors. One said it was gravel, another said it was acute

Inflammation of the Bladder, and another that I had a stone in my left kidney. For three months I was under the care of an eminent specialist at Albany, but constantly growing worse I gave up in despair and went home to die. Relatives heard of Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy, of Rondout, N. Y., and urged me to try it. Soon the medicine began to help me; the pain and distress lessened. In two months' time I left my bed, and in six or seven months I was robust and strong. A remedy which can do this for one so near death should be known to every man. I have this statement will cause others afflicted as I was to find relief in the same source.—C. W. Brown, Peterboro, N. Y. Dr. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy will cure Liver and Arterial Rheumatism, Gravel of the Stomach, Bowels, Kidney and Bladder, when no other medicine or treatment has been of any benefit.

Favorite Remedy, Rondout, N. Y. Price One dollar. Sold by all Druggists.

Dr. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy.

Prepared by DR. DAVID KENNEDY, RONDOUT, N. Y. \$1 per bottle Six for \$5. By all druggists.

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John H. Nau

Littlestown, Pa., for your

TOMBSTONES

As my business has been greatly increased on account of my cheap and substantial work, I have been compelled to get additional hands who are skilled in fine work. I am at all times prepared to furnish the most beautiful

Monuments, Tombstones, Lintels, Door Sills at Bargains.

My work extends all through Carroll and Frederick counties, Md., Adams and York counties, Pa. I guarantee my PRICES and WORK to suit all persons making purchases from. A large stock of work constantly on hand. Call and examine and satisfy yourself. All orders promptly attended to. Work delivered free of charge. Yards, Frederick Street, Littlestown, Pa.

G. A. KLINGLE,

—FASHIONABLE—
BARBER AND HAIR DRESSER.

Shampooing and dyeing done in the finest style. Razors honed and put in order at lowest rates. Saloon next door to the ITEM office Centre Square, NEW OXFORD, PA.

Subscribe for the ITEM, only \$1.

To the General Public!



J. W. Barnitz,

having purchased the Drug Store formerly occupied by E. G. Cook, respectfully solicits the public patronage. An entire new stock of

Drugs, Chemicals, Hair Brushes, Fancy Articles, Patent Medicines, Perfumery, Dye Stuffs, &c.,

such as are kept in a first-class drug store. All articles will be sold at reasonable prices.

The Celebrated New Oxford ICE CREAM

THE undersigned wishes to announce to the public that he is giving his entire personal attention to the manufacturing of ICE CREAM, having an engine to run his machinery, and with his long and extended experience in the business, is now more fully prepared to furnish

Pic-Nics, Celebrations,

as well as

Retailers and Families,

at the shortest notice with the best office Cream well packed in ice. Give him a call before ordering elsewhere and learn his

SPECIAL RATES.

He returns his thanks to his many patrons and kindly requesting them as well all others who may become his patrons to return cans and stands as soon as emptied. All Cream guaranteed to give entire satisfaction. BLUE FRONT, on Pitt street, near the R. R. Depot New Oxford, Adams county Pa.

DE J. A. MEEBORN

FIRST-CLASS FAMILY GROCERY.

Cor. Centre Sq. and Hanover St., New Oxford, Pa.

—(o)—

P. J. NOEL

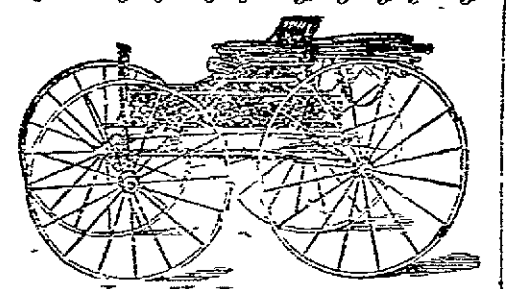
having disposed of his liquors, will now give his whole attention to the Grocery business, and is using the public a first-class stock of goods at his low and lowest living prices. He will always have a full assortment of

GROCERIES, Molasses, Sugars, Coffee, Spices, Teas, Salt, Cheese, Brushes, Soap, Matches, Tobacco, Cigars, Crackers, Confections, and everything else to be found in a Family Grocery.

COUNTRY PRODUCE also dealt in extensively, and sellers and buyers invited to give him store their patronage. Nothing left undone to please and no trouble to show goods and prices. Remember the old stand, S. E. Cor. Centre Square. It is the place to get the worth of your money, not more.

13 June 79. 43 WALK IN

NEW OXFORD COACH FACTORY



Jos. H. Lawrence.

NEW OXFORD, Pa.

MANUFACTURER OF

Carriages, Buggies, &c.

Every vehicle I manufacture is made throughout—woodwork, ironwork, painting and trimmings—in my own shop, by competent mechanics, every one of whom has served a regular apprenticeship at his trade. I am thus enabled to guarantee full satisfaction in every particular.

REPAIRING

fall kinds done promptly, at reasonable prices 13ma55tf

Jos. H. Lawrence.

GRAIN, PRODUCE, &c.,

AT NEW OXFORD.

The undersigned continues the Grain and Produce business at the old stand on Pitt street, New Oxford, Pa., and will always pay the highest market prices for FLOUR, WHEAT, RYE, CORN, OATS, CLOVER SEED, TIMOTHY SEED, FLAX SEED, HAY, &c., and will keep on hand for sale at the smallest profits GROCERIES, FISH, SALT, BACON, FLOUR AND FEED, SOAP, TAR, OILS, and everything usually kept in a first-class establishment of the kind. Will deal for sale also Prime Timothy seed. Thankful to the public for past favors, he solicits a continuance of the same.

H. J. Myers.



Send in your time for 2 months and show them to those who may have called, they become your own property. Those who write at once can be sure of receiving the Watch and Samples. We may all express, freight, and Address: Stinson & Co., Box 512, Portland, Maine.

New Goods! Big Bargains!

READY-MADE CLOTHING! MERCHANT - TAILORING!

Gents' Furnishing goods! Dry goods! Notions, Hats, Caps, Carpets, Carpet-chain, Feathers, Looking Glasses, &c., &c. All at the very lowest prices.

CARVER & LITTLE,
Cor. Broadway and Fountain Sq., HANOVER, PA.

G. W. WEAVER & SON,

CETTYSBURG, PA.

Black Stockinette Jackets.
Beaded and Lace Visites.
54-inch Drapery Nets,
for over dresses.
Black Lace Flouncings.
Short-depth Embroidery.
Beautiful China Silks.
for fancy work, cushions, &c.
Turkoman Curtains.
10 and 12 ft. Portierre Poles.
Brass Window Rods.
Body Brussels Carpet.
Fine Lace Curtains.
One Hundred Other Things.

We name the things above as being specially new arrivals of goods not generally kept in stores outside of the cities. We lead in business because we have the stock, right prices and are not afraid to let people know it. CALL TO SEE US.

Spring Announcement!

We take great pleasure in announcing to the public that we are now prepared to show you a well selected stock of SPRING CARPETS, the largest and most complete stock ever seen in Hanover, at prices that can't be undersold. Come and see us, we can suit you in style and prices; we will offer some big bargains this spring in our

3 Ply Ingrain, Extra Super, Extra Super, cotton Ingrain, Wool Fill-ing, Rags & Hemp, Tapestry & Body Brussels, Smyrna Rugs, Velvet Rugs, Moquette Rugs, Tapestry Rugs & Mats, Etc., Etc.
Floor Oil-Cloths in all widths and prices, Table and Stair Oil-Cloths and Stair Linen. Mirrors, Mirrors, Window Shades, Carpet Chains, Etc., Etc.

Don't fail to give us a call before purchasing.

SPANGLER & WENTZ,

No. 3 Carlisle St., Hanover, Pa.

PIANOS & ORGANS!

We have always a large stock of first-class instruments, such as WEBER, DECKER BROS., NEW ENGLAND, FISCHER AND ESTEY PIANOS; PALACE, LORING & BLAKE, ESTEY, SMITH'S AMERICAN, MASON & HAMLIN, WEAVER, COTAGE QUEEN, WILCOX & WHITE, BURDETTE & NEW ENGLAND ORGANS.

We sell on easy terms at a low figure, on instalments or for cash.

We also trade on old pianos and organs. Pianos and organs for rent by the month or year. Every instrument fully warranted as represented. Give me a call.

MARIA L. FORRY & CO.,
Carlisle St., Hanover, Pa.

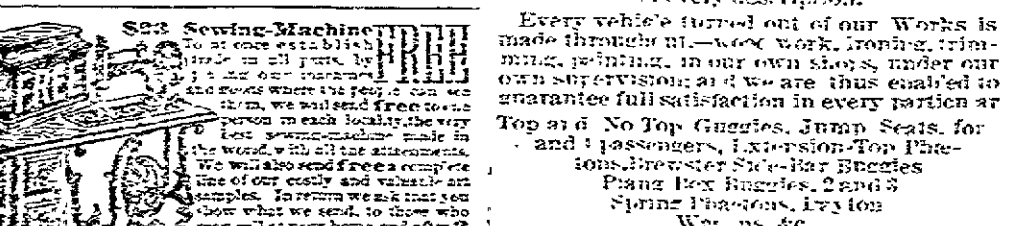
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Flouring Mills.

E. G. WINAND, PROP'R.

Choice Family Roller & Burr Flour!

This flour is put up in 4 and 6 lb. sacks, and will make finer, sweeter and more nutritious bread than any other flour in the country for sale in New Oxford. For L. H. Cashman, A. N. Warner, and Red Front. All kinds of flour, and all short notice. Bran, chop, and all kinds of feed for sale at lowest cash prices. Delivery wagon to New Oxford every Monday and Thursday. P. O. address, NEW OXFORD, PA.



Every vehicle I manufacture is made throughout—woodwork, ironwork, painting and trimmings—in my own shop, by competent mechanics, every one of whom has served a regular apprenticeship at his trade. I am thus enabled to guarantee full satisfaction in every particular.

Send in your time for 2 months and show them to those who may have called, they become your own property. Those who write at once can be sure of receiving the Watch and Samples. We may all express, freight, and Address: Stinson & Co., Box 512, Portland, Maine.

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FRIDAY EVENING, JUNE 7, 1889.

THE GREAT FLOOD.

The disaster at Johnstown is so far beyond all experience that it is difficult for the mind to grasp its magnitude or to form any adequate conception of its awful import. Where Johnstown and its associated villages stood but a week ago, happy and peaceful beneath the shadow of the hills, there remains only death and desolation. Mangled and disfigured corpses are stretched out by the hundreds, awaiting an often impossible identification, while no one can surmise how many hundreds more are still buried in the wreck or have been carried away in the angry current.

Conservative estimates of the loss of life now place it at from twelve to fifteen thousand. But this is guesswork simply. About 12,000 survivors have so far been registered by the Bureau of Registration, which is working day and night. Fifty men are scattered through the valley getting names as fast as possible. Until their work is completed there will be no knowledge as to the number of people who have lost their lives, as there has been no record kept of the bodies recovered aside from the list of the identified dead. The many Hungarians and other workmen do not seem to understand the necessity of registration and few of them have reported. The Registration Board is covering Johnstown, Cambria, Conemaugh, East Conemaugh, Kernville, Morrellville, Woodvale, Millville and little hamlets that were struck by the water. The total population of them all was about 30,000.

While the attention of the country has been concentrated upon Johnstown, the people of Williamsport, cut off from communication with the outside world, and knowing nothing of the suffering elsewhere, have been waiting anxiously for help to come to them. At any other time the disaster that has befallen the metropolis of the Pennsylvania lumber region would have caused consternation throughout the State. The loss of life by the flood is dwarfed by the calamity at Johnstown; but it is reckoned anywhere from one to two hundred, and sorrow for the dead adds poignancy to the sufferings of the living.

The actual destruction of property upon the Susquehanna is, doubtless much greater than west of the mountains. At Williamsport the whole lumber harvest of the year has been lost, and most of the mills are swept away or disabled. This means the loss of a year's work to the whole region. Williamsport and the country tributary to it live by the lumber mills, and when these are gone the earning capacity of the people is paralyzed.

It is impossible to estimate the financial loss which this awful calamity has brought to the Commonwealth. In the great valley of the Susquehanna the actual destruction to property is even greater than that in the valley of the Conemaugh. The floods swept away nearly the whole timber harvest of the year, one of the great sources of Pennsylvania's wealth. Millions of dollars have been washed away, and the blow to the industrial interests of Williamsport and the whole region is appalling.

The material damage to buildings, farms and factories throughout the State, the destruction of bridges and interference with business through the suspension of travel, involve additional losses that can hardly be computed. Even in these mere material aspects the results of last week's floods will be felt far beyond any present realization. But now these things seem unimportant, and even those whom they directly concern have given them but little thought in the face of the more awful calamity at Johnstown.

Last Tuesday the Commissioners of the county awarded the following bridge contracts to parties named. There were eleven bids. The following were the lowest bids: The bridge over Beaver Run, in Straban township, of 50 ft. span was given to the Columbia Bridge Co., of Dayton, O., at \$530, the contract for the stone work was given to Orndorff & Collins for \$257.50. The bridge over Marsh creek, near Seven Stars, of 65 feet span was given to the King Iron Bridge Co., of Cleveland, O., at \$675, and the stone work to John S. Myers at \$337.90. The bridge over Conewago creek, in Conewago township, near Bollinger's mill, of 70 feet span was given to King Co., at \$842.65 and the stone work to Nelson Collins at \$245. The bridges will all be first-class iron bridges and will be completed by the 1st of September.

Alex. Little, of Littlestown, last week lost a fine hog by death.

A Scientific Description of the Late Atmospheric Disturbances.

From the N. Y. Sun.

The atmospheric conditions accompanying the great downpour of rain that deluged at least half of the country east of the Mississippi river on Friday and Saturday and caused the culminating disaster at Johnstown, were not less remarkable than those attending the blizzard of last year. On Friday morning a great storm centre which had, as usual, advanced from the Northwest, lay in a vast oval, narrowing toward the south, which stretched from Lake Huron to South Carolina. Behind it, both on the northwest and on the southwest, were two strongly developed areas of high pressure, which crowded close upon the low storm centre and created steep barometric gradients, the natural result of which was high winds blowing down the atmospheric slopes towards the area of depression. On the Atlantic side was a still greater high pressure area, or anticyclone, whose center of pressure over Nova Scotia and New Brunswick lay exactly in the path that the storm would naturally follow. The cyclone was thus surrounded, and its progress was arrested so that it remained perforce hovering over the country between the lakes and the Atlantic coast line, pouring down its accumulated moisture in sheets of rain as its rapidly rising air currents were reinforced by the inrush of moist surface air from the seaboard and the lakes.

This was a condition of things remarkably like that which prevailed during the blizzard, for then, too, a cyclone from the west, closely pressed from behind by areas of high barometer, had its progress arrested by an immovable anti-cyclone resting upon the ocean. In the case of the blizzard the cyclone centre was disrupted, splitting up into two storms, one of which moved north and lost itself in the wilds of Canada. The same thing occurred on Friday night when the cyclone, whose very centre had hung over Western Pennsylvania all day, was divided, the high pressure from the southwest having apparently been driven into it like a wedge. This time the line of retreat of the principle part of the cyclone was toward the southeast, across Virginia and North Carolina, which in turn received its floods of rain.

By Saturday morning the northern half of the disrupted cyclone seems to have gathered its forces again and an unusually deep depression was formed over Lake Huron. The anti-cyclone centered over Nova Scotia in the meantime had not given way an inch, and so the advance of this northern cyclone as far as it showed any advance at all after the disruption of Friday night, was straight toward the north, although the regular course of such storms is eastward. The bright skies of yesterday attested the fact that the fair weather forces had finally won the victory.

All over the great area covered by the storm on Friday and Saturday the symbols of the weather maps show that the land was hidden by a dark curtain of clouds, under the centre of which the tremendous tragedy of the Conemaugh was enacted. It is not often that so broad a region is completely veiled from the sight of our possible contemporaries in other planets, and it is an interesting reflection that astronomers in Mars, armed with telescopes equal to ours, could unquestionably have beheld the great cloud that brought gloom and disaster to so fair a spot of the earth, just as our astronomers have often watched the advance of vast clouds across the surface of Mars, and wondered what was going on beneath them.

Money is pouring into the Johnstown relief fund in torrents from every direction and every dollar of it will be needed. The full extent of the awful ruin is not yet known, but it grows every hour.

One day last week Samuel a little son of Luther Diller, of Hanover, fell on a glass bottle and cut two very ugly gashes in the palm of his hand. An artery was severed, which caused profuse bleeding.

On "Little Sugar-Loaf" hill, a mile and a half east of Fairfield, on Saturday, Mr. Harry Singley shot an eagle that measured 7 feet 5 inches from tip to tip of the wings, with the span of the claws 7 1/4 inches.

Mr. R. F. Thoman, of Straban township, has had from five colonies bees since the 6th of May, ten swarms. One swarmed three times within two weeks.

Post 9, of Gettysburg, Monday evening received official notice from G. A. R., headquarters that the time for holding the summer encampment at Gettysburg had been changed from the latter part of this month to September, commencing on the 7th and continuing six days.

Littlestown's memorial town clock commenced its automatic information on the national Memorial day of 1889.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

Mr. Jacob Harman, of Menallen township, an old and highly respected citizen, died suddenly last Thursday, having taken sick on Wednesday.

T. F. Elden Post, G. A. R., Ben's dersville, presented Prof. R. A. Lytle a beautiful gold-headed cane on Decoration day, in appreciation of his voluntary aid and assistance at the last three decorations.

Every bottle of Arnica & Oil Liniment sold is warranted by the proprietors to give satisfaction of money will be refunded.

For sale by J. W. Barnitz.

The Hanover Milling and Manufacturing Company has declared a dividend of 15 per cent.

A PLAIN FACT

Have you pain in the small of the back or hips, sharp pain up the back, at times pain in the head, dizziness, glimmering before the eyes, at times difficult to urinate, at times too free, too clear? If so, remember these are symptoms of Bright's Disease, which can be cured in its first stages, but do not wait until then. Go to J. W. Barnitz's drug store and ask for a free sample bottle of Dr. Burdick's Kidney Cure, which will convince you, Large size, 75c. One bottle lasts two weeks. This is a positive cure for all Kidney or Liver trouble, with a guaranteed sale.

For coughs, colds, sore or weak throats, ask for a free sample of Jackson's Magnum Bonum Cough Syrup, the great throat healer. Large size, 25 cents. Sold by J. W. Barnitz, New Oxford. Sample free.

USE—SAFEST—SUREST—BEST
LIVER SYRUP

Forfeith, strength, vigor and the blood. Cures Headache, Dyspepsia, Biliary Complaints, Constipation, and all Liver and Blood Diseases.

PAIN BALM
For Rheumatism, Sprains, Cramps, Infantile Teething, etc. Absolutely safe, Simple and Sure.

LUNG SYRUP
For Coughs, Croup, Whooping Cough, etc. Instant Relief.

LIQ. LIME
The Great Blood Purifier. Cures Rheumatism, Stiff Joints, Neuralgia, Gout, Burns, Scalds, etc. Sold Everywhere. Address: VICTOR REYNOLDS CO., (Gettysburg, Pa.)

Read This.

We are beginning to cut in on our Summer stock, and we have made additions lately that will do both you and us good, if you buy them. Ladies' all solid genuine kid and Dongola button shoes at \$1.25. Every time you buy a pair of these shoes, you can make up your mind you have made just 75 cts., because they are sold at just that much below their actual value. Our famous Dollar Shoes are selling fast, because there is nothing to compare with them for the money anywhere. Men's fine Sunday shoes at \$1.25, are not picked up every day. We have them, all solid. Come to see the best everyday low shoe in America for \$1.00, solid calf skin. Handmade shoes, all kid and solid, at \$2.50, are decidedly cheap. An immense stock of Ladies' Oxford ties in hand and machine-made goods. Come to see us for anything you may need in the shoe line, as we have the largest assortment in this community. A few odds and ends left yet. Call early and secure some of these bargains.

H. Long & Son,

Bucher's Block, next door to A. N. Michael's Hardware Store, Hanover.

25,000 CARPENTERS' NO. 1 SAW FILER to file all kinds of saws, so that they will cut better than ever. Price, \$2.50 Circulars and prices to agents, \$2.50. Circulars and prices to agents, \$2.50. Circulars and prices to agents, \$2.50.

MARBLE YARD.

E. G. LOUGH,

Opposite the German Reformed Church, NEW OXFORD, - - - PENN'A

All kinds of Grave Work furnished as cheap as the cheapest, in the latest styles, and of the best material. Monuments made a specialty. Persons wishing anything in his line are invited to call and examine his samples before purchasing elsewhere.

CASTORIA

for Infants and Children.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me." H. A. Achen, M. D., 111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

THE CENTRAH COMPANY, 182 Fulton Street, N. Y.

-:A GREAT SUCCESS!:-

—OUR OPENING OF THE FINEST—

Spring and Summer Clothing,

Hats and Gents Furnishing Goods for Men, Boys and Children that was ever brought to Hanover. This big stock has been selected with great care from among the products of the best manufacturers in the country, and we have not the least doubt that we can PLEASE THE EYE as well as SUIT THE POCKET BOOK of all who favor us with their patronage. The great cry of "Hard Times" has been counteracted by the low prices at which we are selling our goods. Seeing is believing, so give us a call and you will be convinced at once. In order that your surprise at our Marvelous Bargains may not be too great, we will give you below a few prices:

MEN'S DEPARTMENT—Working suits for men, of good strong material, \$3.50; a Better suit for evening wear, all colors, \$4; A fine all-wool Cassimere and Cheviot suit, \$5; a fine Dress suit, Sack and Frock, \$6; Black and Blue Worsted suits Sack and Frock at \$7.50; A fine imported Worsted, and Diagonal suit, from \$10 to \$15.

NOW FOR BOYS—We never had such a big assortment in Boys' Clothing from the lowest price to the highest. All sold at Rock Bottom Prices. Our line of Children's Suits from 4 years up to 13 is complete. We sell them from \$1 up. Our line of young men's pants is unsurpassed. We can suit the most fastidious. Working pants from 75c. up. A Complete Line of Spring Styles of GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS, HATS, CAPS, TRUNKS, VALISES, &c.

D. MYERS, The Reliable CLOTHIER.

Andrew Dellone & Bro.'s Old Stand, next to Shirk's Hardware, HANOVER, PA

SHEELY & BRO.,

Dry Goods, Notions, &c.

We wish to call your attention to a fine line of

Sateens at 10 and 12 1/2 cents.

Best Dress Ginghams at 8 cents.

Cottonades at 10, 15, 20 and 25 cents.

HATS in all the new Styles and Shades, from the cheapest to best qualities. SHOES? We are headquarters on them. Come and see us and our prices and quality will prove it. READY-MADE CLOTHING? We have a nice line at bottom prices. Agents for Felt Window Shades and Shading.

This space is reserved for
G. D. & H. N. GITT,
dealers in Dry Goods, Notions, Hats, Caps, Boots, Shoes, &c., &c. Adv. n. w.

J. M. MARTIN,

Irishtown, Pa., dealer in

All kinds of Groceries,
Sugars, Teas, Coffees, Syrups, Spices.

Canned Goods: corn, peas, tomatoes, peaches, oysters.

Dried Fruit: apples, peaches, prunes, blackberries, corn, currants, raisins, figs, dates, etc., etc.

Oranges, apples, rice, hominy, beans, corn starch, buckwheat flour, oat and corn meal, feed, etc.

cheese, soaps.

A comic paper called Crack Shots given with every 10-cent plug of tobacco.

A full line of notions, queens and glassware, etc., for sale.

FRESH OYSTERS

at the Red Front Grocery to-morrow evening.

A big lot of fine

Aspinwall Bananas

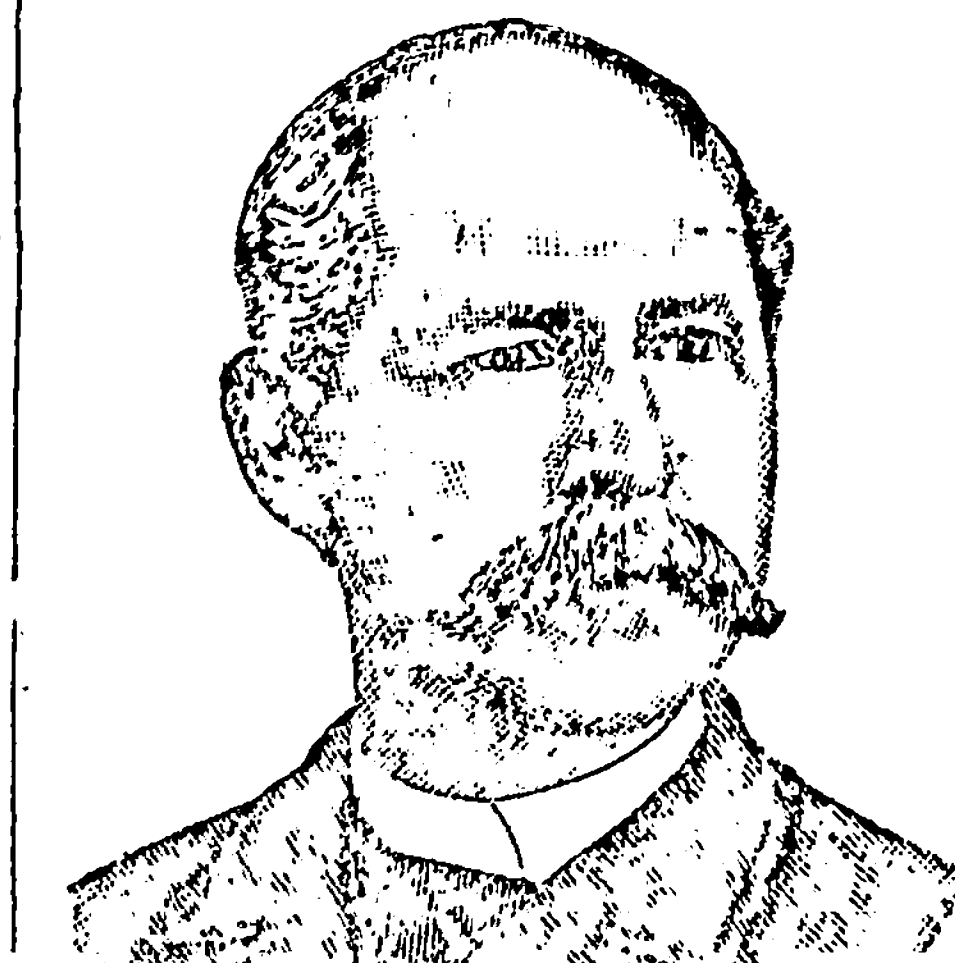
at the Red Front Grocery.

CHOCOLATE & VANILLA

ICE & CREAM

at the Red Front Grocery to-morrow evening.

If any dealer says he has the W. L. Douglas shoes without name and price stamped on the bottom, put him down as a fraud.



W. L. DOUGLAS

\$3 SHOE FOR GENTLEMEN.

Best in the world. Famous for \$5.00 GENTLEMAN HAND-SEWED SHOE. \$4.00 HAND-SEWED WET SHOE. \$3.00 POLICE AND FARMERS' SHOE. \$2.00 EXTRA VALUE CALF SHOE. \$2.25 WORKINGMAN'S SHOE. \$2.00 and \$1.75 BOYS' SCHOOL SHOES. All made in Congress, Button and Lace.

W. L. DOUGLAS

\$3 SHOE FOR LADIES.

Best Material, Best Style, Best Fitting. Not sold by your dealer, write W. L. DOUGLAS, BROOKTON, MASS.

Examine W. L. Douglas' \$2.00 Shoes for gentlemen and ladies. FOR SALE BY

SHEELY & BRO.,

NEW OXFORD, PA.

Auctioneering.

George L. Colestock

Offers his service to the public as Auctioneer. Charges moderate and satisfaction guaranteed. P. O. address, New Chester, Adams county, Pa.

HOW SPONGES ARE CAUGHT.

ONE OF FLORIDA'S IMPORTANT INDUSTRIES.

The Great Coral Reefs Along the Coast—Sponge Fishing Not Easy Work—Different Varieties.

A Fort Meade (Fla.) letter to the New York Times says that sponge fishing is confined to the southwestern part of the coast, along the reefs, and to the extensive rocky shoals, that lie between Mark's and Anclote Keys. Accurately speaking, the sponge reef begins a few miles east of Appalachiola, and hugs the coast to within fifty miles of Cedar Keys. Then there is a break of 100 miles, after which it reappears and runs south without interruption to Key West and the Bahama Islands. This reef, a rocky ridge, sometimes of genuine limestone, but generally of coral, begins some six or eight miles from shore and continues out indefinitely. Wherever there is a rocky bottom sponges are said to be found, and the only reason why the fisheries do not extend completely around the gulf coast is that in places, as off the coast of Texas or Cedar Keys, this rocky bottom begins in water too deep to permit of profitable sponging. The average depth of water on the St. Mark's reef at six miles from land is sixteen feet. The sponges are in great abundance and of good quality. The supply is practically inexhaustible, as they grow almost as fast as gathered, a sponge requiring only about two years to reach maturity.

Nearly all of the sponges used in the United States were brought from the Mediterranean until 1852, when attention was called to the immense numbers that were growing in Florida waters. As soon as it was found that the quality of these compared favorably with those of Europe the merchants and fishers-out of vessels of Key West engaged very actively in the business of placing them on the market. At first the best qualities were brought from the fishermen at the rate of ten cents per pound. As Mediterranean sponges became scarce and costly, the Florida sponges came into more demand, and their value increased proportionately. After about eighteen years' fishing upon the known ground the supply began to fail. Then, in 1870, a new area of ground, larger than the old one, was discovered, and this gave a new impetus to the trade. In that year Appalachiola sent out a small fleet of sponge vessels which has since been largely increased. During the past eighteen years the business has been energetically pursued with good results.

The methods employed in the fishery differ greatly from those employed in the Mediterranean, where divers go down and bring up the sponges. Small vessels, carrying crews of from five to fifteen men, are fitted out at Key West and Appalachiola, for trips of from four to eight weeks on the sponge grounds. The crews are paired off into small rowboats, or "dingies," to catch the sponges. One man stands in the stern, sculling the boat, while the other kneels in the bottom amidships, with the upper half of his body leaning over the side, and scans the bottom of the sea. To aid the eye an instrument called a "water glass," which is a common water bucket whose wooden bottom has been replaced by one of glass, is used by setting it in the water and thrusting the face as far into it as convenient. When a sponge is sighted the boat is stopped, and the kneeling man uses a two-pronged hook, attached to a slender pole thirty or forty feet in length, to secure it. Considerable dexterity is required of both men. To cure the sponges they are first spread about the vessel's deck in their natural upright position, so that they will dry, and while decomposing allow the gelatinous matter to run off freely. When they have been several days in this position they are taken to the shore and thrown into the water in little pens, called "crawls," where the remaining substance is soaked and squeezed out.

The spongers thus work on, day after day, under a tropical sun that burns and browns the skin until one cannot tell a white man from a negro. It is a desperately hard life, more severe than any other that one can think of, and it requires men of no ordinary constitution to stand up to it. The spongers are therefore naturally an exceedingly muscular set.

The principal season for this fishery is the summer, from May to August, but the best conditions of the water are in winter, and a great deal of the fishing is then carried on with success. During the hurricane months of August, September and March the vessels are nearly all laid up. The state of the weather greatly affects the result of the fishery. When the water is made rough and roily by long-continued strong winds sponge catching becomes impracticable. In some years the fishery has been a complete failure, while in others it has been very profitable, always owing to the weather. As the natural beds of sponges have become scarcer prices have advanced, so that even if a vessel does not secure as large a quantity in a given time as formerly the financial result is about the same.

There are several varieties of sponges caught in the Florida waters. There are first, sheep's wool, which sell for \$1 to \$3 a pound; second, yellow sponges, which sell for 20 to 60 cents per pound, and third, grass sponges, which are coarse in texture, and not durable, and sell for 10 to 20 cents per pound. When these are marketed they are trimmed and cleaned of sand and shells, and then pressed into small bales of 100 to 120 pounds each in which form they go to the wholesale dealers. Some attempts have been made during the past three years to cultivate

the more valuable kinds of sponges, and in some instances the experiment has met with success. It seems probable that the future supply of the sheep's wool variety will depend upon some such action as this. Besides being scarcer along the sponge reef, this variety grows slower than the coarser kinds, and the demand for it is always greater than the supply.

A Visit to a Natural History Society.

One wet evening Willie Ransom got Jack to go, just because there was nothing else to do. There was a short paper being read on "Fish-Scales," and a number of them were mounted for microscopic examination, of course with a low power, say inch and half-inch. Anything relating to fish or fishing was certain to gain Jack's attention, therefore a better subject could not have been selected to engage his service. Besides, Jack had never yet even looked through a microscope! He felt a bit ashamed of this now; but there were a couple of microscopes present, and Jack determined to have a good look through them. The scales of different sorts of British fishes were on view. Of course, fish-scales are common enough; but who would think that each kind has its own pattern of scale, and that you could tell a species of fish by its scales?

The paper showed that the scales of fishes were composed of the same material, chitin, as the feathers of birds, or the hair and nails of animals—a kind of substance only found in the animal kingdom, and never in the vegetable; that these scales are developed in little pockets in the fish's skin, which you can plainly see for yourself when a herring is scaled. They are arranged all over the fish's body like the tiles covering a roof, partly overlapping each other, as is seen by one part of the scale being often different from the other.

Jack looked through the microscope and was delighted. He was always a reverent-minded boy, and the sight broke on his mind like a new revelation. How exquisitely chased and beautiful were the markings, lines, dots and other peculiarities! Then the scales which run along the middle line of the fish were shown him, and the ducts perforating them, out of which the mucus flows to anoint the fish's body, and thus reduce the friction of its rapid movement through the water. The lad was half bewildered at the possibility of the new knowledge. "Could anybody get to know about these things?" he asked Willie, who told him of course he could, if he would only take a little trouble.—*Popular Science Monthly.*

Pen Picture of Napoleon.

Bourienne, in his memoirs, gives this pen picture of Napoleon:—"Bonaparte had beautiful hands, and he was very proud of them; while conversing he would often look at them with an air of self-complacency. He also fancied he had fine teeth, but his pretension to that advantage was not so well founded as his vanity on the score of his hands. Napoleon always walked while dictating. He sometimes began while seated, but at the first word he rose. He began walking in the room where he was, and walked up and down in it. This promenade lasted all the time he was dictating. As he entered into his subject he experienced a sort of "tic," consisting in a movement of his right arm, which he twisted, while pulling with his hand the lining of his cuff of his coat. Still, his delivery was not quickened by this movement, his step was also slow and measured. Expressions came without effort to reader his thoughts. If they were sometimes incorrect, this very incorrectness added to their energy, and always marvelously depicted to the mind what he tried to say. Napoleon seldom wrote himself. Writing was a fatigue to him. His hand could not follow the rapidity of his conception. His writing was an assemblage of indecipherable characters without connection. Half of the letters of each word were deficient. He could not read it over himself, or would not take the trouble to do so. If any explanation was asked of him, he retook his draft, which he tore or threw into the fire, while he dictated afresh, giving the same ideas, but with different expressions and words. His spelling was incorrect, though he knew well enough to point out the errors in the writings of others."

Squirrels Raised by a Cat.

Some few weeks ago Russell Rice, a farmer living near Scottsburg, Ind., found a nest of five young squirrels in the woods and took them home and placed them in care of the family cat. The cat at once adopted the squirrels and raised them in the same manner as she would have done her own young. The squirrels are now half-grown and deeply attached to their foster-mother, and when separated from her the other day and placed in the court-yard park, they acted almost like kittens, but are fast learning to climb the trees in the manner of their nature.—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

An Indian Warrant.

In early times some of the more intelligent Indians acted as magistrates, says the *Lewiston (Me.) Journal*. The following is represented as the form of a warrant issued by one of these officers:

I Hihoudi.

You Peter Waterman,

Jeremy Wicket,

Quick you take him,

Fast you hold him,

Straight you bring him,

Before me, Hihoudi.

The cost of the Paris Exposition will be \$10,000,000.

THE CITY OF THE MOGULS.

MARVELS OF MAN'S HANDIWORK IN DELHI, THE HOME OF ASIA.

Magnificent Halls of Marble—The Famous Peacock Throne—A Wonderful Tower—Stores of Delhi.

Delhi, for the past three thousand years the Rome of Asia, possesses a history dating back to the mythical period of the Aryans. The city is situated on the banks of the Jumna, just outside the Northwest Province and within the boundary of the Punjab. It has succumbed seven times to attack, and as often risen again to dominion and grandeur. Delhi owes her present renown to the extravagant ideas and object crushy of Shah Jahan, who swayed the rod of empire from 1627 to 1658. The Great Fort, the Dewan-i-Kas, or hall of private audience, the Motce Musjid, the Mosque of Pearls and the "Crown of the World," the Taj Mahal at Agra, built for the last resting place of the fair Persian Queen of the ruthless Emperor, all stand as eulogies to perpetuate his name. The fort is a little less than two miles in circuit, and its walls rise forty feet from the ground; inside this inclosure are the most superb and costly buildings of Hindustan. Entering by the Lahore, now Victoria Gate, succeeded by a long vaulted aisle, which at present is utilized by the native hawkers for the display of their wares to the English soldiers who occupy the citadel, the Hall of Public Audience and the Pearl Mosque stand out against the clear Asiatic sky, bringing to mind the productions of Gerome and Constant, who have immortalized the scenes of Eastern luxury. Pre-eminent among these marvels of man's handiwork is the Hall of Private Audience, which commands an extensive view of the silent Jumna and the monotonous expanse of rolling plain. The hall is of marble, open at the sides and supported by pillars rich in precious stone and gold mosaic and carving. At each corner rises a kiosk, composed of the same material as the building, and the ceiling is decorated with gold and silver filigree work. The culmination of all splendor is attained in the Takt-i-Taus, the famous Peacock Throne, which stood in the centre of the palatial chamber before its destruction by the Persian Nadir Shah, in the early part of the last century. It is formed of a mass of gold wrought in the form of two peacocks with distended tails, fashioned to life with diamonds, sapphires, rubies, emeralds, and suspended between a pair of normal size. This regal seat was perfected at a cost of six crores, or sixty millions of rupees, nominally about thirty million dollars. The Jumna Musjid—i. e., the Friday mosque, that day being the Mohammedan Sabbath—contains a large quadrangle 450 feet square, approached on three sides by broad sandstone steps. A small fountain in the centre gives forth a constant stream of cold crystal water for the ablutions of the faithful. On one side stands a building extending the entire length of the court, surmounted by three white marble domes, which are capped with gilded spires. At the extremities two minarets, alternately striped with sandstone and marble, perfect the symmetry of the religious edifice.

To westward, toward Mecca, the middle building lies open, and on Fridays the vast area is crowded with worshippers, principally men, for according to the Mohammedan education, women have no souls: they live for and are the property of men, the Koran permitting a man to have four wives, to say nothing of concubines. A drive of some hours brings us to the Kutub Minar, written monument. Having passed through one deserted city after another, some containing a few buildings in a tolerable state of preservation, it is not strange that this tower should seem of such colossal height. Undoubtedly it was erected in the middle of the Dark Ages, and was one of the wonders of the period. At the base it measures 100 feet in circumference, and gradually diminishes in a series of five stories to thirty feet at the summit. In close proximity to this "Pillar of Victory" are the ruins of a mosque built from the remains of a previous religious building. At the time of the acquisition of the Punjab territory by the English, and in the battles which prefaced it, among other spoils came the Kohinoor diamond, now the property of Queen Victoria. The stores and bazaars are all built on the main street, Chandee Chowk, running from the entrance of the imperial palace to the Lahore Gate. These stores contain products varying in value—lacquer ware from Sind, silken shawls from Kashmir, and carved sandal-wood jewel cases. The bankers form no small part of the motley throng, the city being the principal money-mart of Southern Asia, since the bronze-colored financiers extend their dealings over Arabia, Afghanistan, Turkistan and Tibet. The shoemakers, their stores laden with hundreds of brightly decorated trappings for the feet, carry on a thriving trade with their eager customers. Delhi being a money centre, the goldsmiths find it profitable to locate their shops with the others and exhibit jeweled and metallic work surpassing in actual quality and delicacy of manufacture the productions of the best Parisian or American establishments. The "howlee," or well-house, was formerly a favorite retreat for the rich during the intense heat of the summer. It consists of a large stone building, built around a deep well, resembling a small pond in size. Almost all of it has fallen into a state of decay, and the remains are only used by the urchins and

indolent men as a means of deriving a livelihood by leaping from the domes down into the shiny stagnant water. For this foolhardy act the tourists and foreign residents give them three or four annas, virtually about a cent, and for this pittance they will often jump eighty feet without sustaining the least injury.—*New York Post.*

Moorish Wells and Embankments.

Wells are the most characteristic feature of that riverless country, Tripoli, North Africa. Look where you will, you see in every direction the two upright posts of whitewashed stone or clay that mark the well's mouth, and the wooden crosspiece from which the bucket hangs outlined against the sky like a primeval gallows. The very fields with their high earthen embankments, form natural tanks, within which, thanks to small trenches and tiny dams of earth a few inches high, the surface is cut into miniature reservoirs not unlike the squares of a huge chess board, in which the torrent rains which fall at short intervals, from November till March are retained and allowed to sink into the ground, instead of running to waste as in South Africa.

These embankments give quite a peculiar character to the whole landscape in these parts. In following any local road you find yourself from first to last struggling along the bottom of a very deep, dusty, tortuous ditch, shut in by huge banks of earth, crested with the spiky shields of the terrible "prickly pear." At times these banks are replaced by high, blank, white walls of stone or baked clay, from the top of which wolfish Mohammedan dogs bark at every passing Christian. What with the walls and what with the banks you see as little of the surrounding country as if you were in a tunnel; but in truth you have quite enough to do in picking your way, for ever and anon the whole breadth of the road is taken up by a monstrous puddle of half-liquid mud (a relic of the winter rains), leaving a tiny isthmus a few inches broad between it and the wall. Should you be unlucky enough to encounter at one of these critical points a frightened camel or a file of laden donkeys, it is likely to go hard with you, for whether they push you off into the mud or splash through it themselves to let you pass, you are pretty certain to come out of the dilemma a good deal dirtier than you went into it.—*New York Times.*

The Polar Bear Hunting Walrus.

It is not generally known, but the polar bear is the equal, if not superior, of any of his black brothers in climbing. It is no unusual for the four footed resident of the Arctic to ascend ice-floes so steep and slippery as to be insurmountable to Esquimaux. It is on record that a white bear was found asleep once on the top of an iceberg over fifty feet from the level, and when aroused jumped into the water below.

These bears live on seal and walrus, crawling stealthily up to the former or the ice floes and catching them; while of the walrus only the young are thus caught for an old walrus is twice as big as brul. Some Arctic explorers, however—Captain Hall and Dr. Rae among others—state that the bears sometimes surprise an old walrus by climbing above him on a precipitous hill, or the walls of an iceberg, and then taking stones or huge pieces of ice in their fore paws and throwing them with such force as to crack the walrus skull as he lies asleep at rest on the ice. Then the bears spring down on the stunned walrus and finish him.

The Surveyor's Hat Brim.

An Ellenville lawyer who was in Kingston the other day said: "While in the woods a week ago, I came across a surveyor who was puzzled. The surveyor had been engaged to run a line, but he found every time he leveled his compass, to use a surveyor's expression, 'his line ran in the air.' The surveyor said his compass had never cut up that caper before, and he didn't know what ailed it. The North Star must be all out of gear. I said: 'See here, what sort of hat have you on?' The surveyor took off his hat. 'Why, an ordinary hat with a stiff brim.' 'Yes, a stiff brim, and there is the trouble. If you examine you will find a steel wire in it. Hang your hat on the compass and see what it will do.' He did so, and up went the needle. 'By Jocks, that beats me!' said the surveyor. He tossed his hat behind him and his faithful compass did its work well."—*Kingston (N. Y.) Freeman.*

Senator Stanford's First Earnings.

Senator Stanford, of California, was telling the other day how he earned his first money and laid the foundation of his fortune, and, strange to say, it was in selling horse-radish roots. He was quite a boy at the time, thirteen or fourteen years old, and lived with his father in the Mohawk Valley, on a farm a few miles from Schenectady, N. Y. After school hours he used to dig horse-radish roots, which the hired man carried to market every week and sold. Mr. Stanford said he often made as much as ten shillings a week in this manner; but the great enterprise of his youth was in cutting down a field of timber and hauling the logs to the saw-mill. This he did one winter and collected several hundred dollars, with which he paid for his lectures at the Albany Law School.—*Indianapolis Journal.*

In 1888 the United States manufactured 14,000,000 pounds of tobacco, 400,000 pounds of snuff, 4,000,000,000 cigars, and 1,500,000,000 cigarettes.

THE GREATER WORLD.

When you forget the beauty of the scene Where you draw breath and sleep, Leave city walls for gleams of sky that lean To hills where forests creep.

The heights, the fields, the wide-winged air Make the embracing day: Not city streets. That little life of care Stalks our great joys away.

Live with the spaces, wake with bird and cloud.

Spread sentiment with the elm: Our home is nature, even to the proud Arcs of the sunset's realm.

Then say the scene God made is glorious! Breathe deep, and smile again.

The glow and noble dusks, victorious, Disperse regrets and pain.

—*Rev. H. Lathrop, in Scribner.*

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Fish are not weighed in their own scales.

A stock operation—Milking the cows.—*Merch. & Traveler.*

Speaking of book-binding, dictionaries ought to be spell-bound.

The blacksmith ought to be able to give a shoer tip on horses.

The polecat has only one life, but the other eight are not missed.

Charged with electricity—The subscribers to the Bell telephone.

Wisks of straw by the hay scales are bits that have fallen by the weigh side.

It takes a good many strikes to make a base-ball match go off well.—*Siftings.*

The fidelity of adversity is exemplified by the manner in which poverty sticks to the poet.

The young idea may sometimes be best taught to shoot by putting it through a course of sprouts.

An "octave" dinner is the latest fashionable craze. The guests arrive after everything is ate up.

Down on the Rio Grande a horse thief stole a runaway mule that nobody else could catch.—*Siftings.*

Little drops of water, Little lumps of chalk, Take their occupation From the borine stock.

—*Merchant Traveler.*

Some people are called weak-minded because it takes them at least seven days to make up their minds.—*Somerville Journal.*

Ordinarily the ministers create the Benedicts, but at the White House the Ben-edicts create the ministers.—*Hotel Mail.*

When a young man proposes and is accepted he rings the girl's hand. If he is refused he wrings his own hands.—*Statesman.*

Berlin is a bad place to choose for an important conference, for it is a notorious fact that its inhabitants are always on the spree.—*Baltimore American.*

The doctor sits in his office chair. A paradox, strange to see, For though he is patient in waiting a call, Yet, out of patients is he.

—*Goodall's Sun.*

Jings—"Chops is all broke up. The sheriff has just seized his meat market." Jangs—"Is that so? I saw him this morning, and I thought he looked as if he'd lost flesh."—*Lowell Citizen.*

A ship and a baker are much alike; Would you know the reason why? The first you see has a pilot on board, And the last has a lot of pie.

—*Goodall's Sun.*

Sir Rotten Rowe—"I thought you didn't have bishops sitting in the American Senate?" Mr. Madison Squeer—"We don't." Sir Rotten Rowe—"Then who does the confirmations the papers speak of?"—*Puck.*

HOW SHE DROVE THE NAIL.

She hit the nail a fearful whack—I mean to say, she tried; She bashed her thumb with arnica, And then sat down and cried.

—*The Epoch.*

She (at a party)—"Did that rich bachelor, Captain Rudder, get his title in the army?" He—"Guess not. A few moments ago I saw him duck his head when the servant announced Mr. Lowbridge."—*Philadelphia Record.*

Angling for Pie.—Mrs. Salstonstall (of Boston)—"Tommy, will you have a piece of mince pie?" Tommy Beaconstreet (who is taking dinner out)—"Yes'm, and I trust that your appointment will be commensurate with my esteem for yourself."—*Burlington Free Press.*

Young Mr. Brokaw (who believes in doing everything in a business-like way)—"Miss Southmayd, I am matrimonially inclined. You are my choice above all women. I desire to marry you. Is it a go?" Miss Southmayd (freezing)—"Yes, sir. There is the door."—*Burlington Free Press.*

Guinea Cows.

Lowndes County, Ga., produces a little cow which is indeed a curiosity. It is the same distance in height, length and width, and is supported by legs not more than twelve inches in length. It bears the name of the guinea cow. The first were brought here from Spain by an old Spaniard who came to this country before the war. The cow is very small and chunky, but it keeps rolling fat on almost nothing, and is a splendid milkier, the average giving from three to three and a half gallons of milk per day. Mr. R. L. Stapler has a herd of fifty perfect little beauties. He disposes of young cows for \$100 each, which almost equals the price paid for Jerseys. While their milk is not so rich as the Jersey, the people there prefer the guinea.—*Atlanta Constitution.*

DIRE DEVASTATION.

A VALLEY OF DESTRUCTION.

The Worst Calamity of the Age on the Western Continent.

THE SOUTH FORK LAKE.

THE TRUTH ABOUT THE DAM.

The Waste Gates Were Blocked to Save the Sportsmen's Fish.

The first accounts of the flood in the Conemaugh seemed like the wildest exaggeration to those accustomed to hearing tales of disaster, but when sober and intelligent eye-witnesses described the scenes at the time the mad waters dashed upon the helpless villages and cities in the ill-fated valley, and from the facts now obtainable as to the extent of the destruction to property and the awful fatality of the watery avalanche, they are found to be far below the truth.

It is now certain that the South Fork dam gave way about 3 o'clock Friday afternoon from the erosion of the waters which overflowed it, and that the contents of that lake which covered an area of three square miles with an average depth of 30 to 40 feet, rushed down the valley of the South Fork and the Conemaugh which were already above high water mark. The fall of these streams both being very great, the swiftness of the flood exceeded the speed of the fastest express trains. A solid mass of water, driftwood, rocks, trees and everything that lay in its path, to the height of forty or fifty feet dashed down the narrow valley sweeping houses, railroad cars and locomotives down to the dam formed by the stone bridge of the P. R. R. at the lower end of the city of Johnstown.

Warning that the dam was likely to break at any moment was sent out, and all the residents in the valley might have escaped, but many did not hear the alarm and many who did made no effort to escape. That any of the thousands who had not fled before the deluge struck the city should have escaped was miraculous.

The work of removing the debris and caring for the dead, whose bodies are to be found everywhere along the banks or this modern Styx, goes on every day. Thousands of men are at work, but it will be many days before their task is completed.

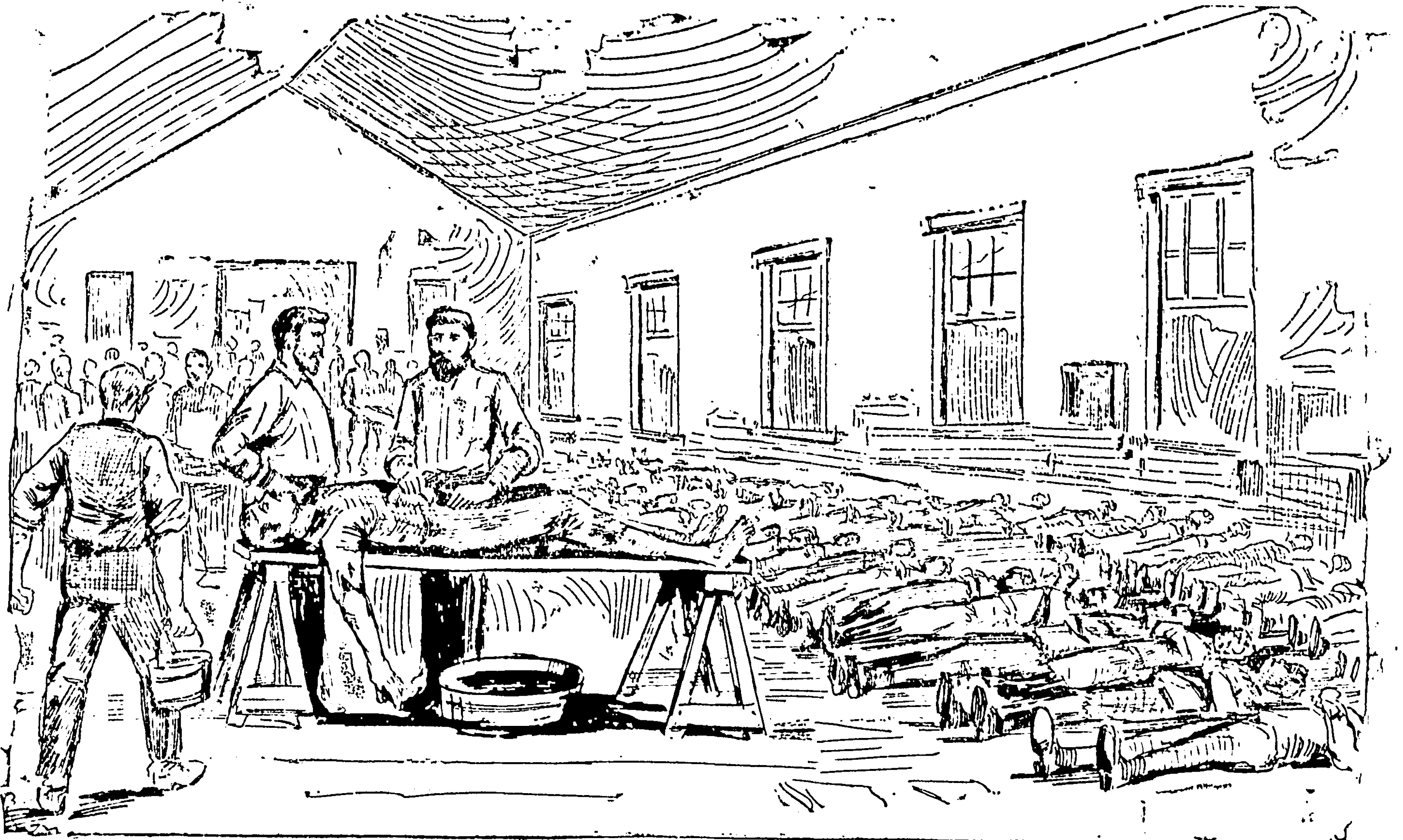
The investigations of a New York *Sun* reporter show clearly that the major part of whatever responsibility may belong to human agencies for the calamity that has desolated the Conemaugh Valley must be placed upon the South Fork Fishing and Hunting Club, the association of wealthy Pittsburgh gentlemen that has for four or five years past been endeavoring to establish a sportsman's paradise at Conemaugh Lake. When they leased the lake they closed the waste gates through which all the water that had ever before accumulated in Conemaugh Lake had found a safe and speedy exit.

When the Pennsylvania Canal was abandoned the dam became useless and was neglected. The tower in which the machinery for managing the waste gates was located is said to have fallen into ruins. A few years ago the lake was leased by the Pittsburgh Sportsmen's Association. Engineer Fuller, of the Cambria Iron Company, made an inspection of it and pronounced its condition dangerous. The Association set out, they declared to improve and strengthen it. They did cut off two feet from the top of the dam and in a few years strengthened it in some respects, but either because the waste-gates were so damaged that to repair them would have been an expensive job, or the other reason mentioned—the fear that the fish would escape—the waste-gates, so ever one who lives near says, were permanently stopped up.

The present appearance of the wreck of the dam indicates the truthfulness of the story. There are remnants of the waste-gate masonry, but there is no indication that they have been of any practical use for a long time. Whatever may have been the indirect cause of the giving away of the heap of dirt that dammed the upper Conemaugh, the fearful power of the mass of water which was the direct cause of its yielding is evident all about the place now. All the water in that area of three miles long, by a mile and a quarter wide, passed out through the gap in the dam and poured itself upon the valley below in a torrent 75 feet deep and 200 feet wide. Rushing through with a velocity almost inconceivable for so vast a mass, it took a full hour to exhaust the reservoir and the tremendous pressure behind that urged the flood on to the most disastrous work.

SIGNS OF THE TOWER'S POWER.

Something of the awful force of the current can be seen in the land below the dam. Formerly it was a densely wooded little valley nearly straight away for half a mile, where it turned so abruptly to the right as to make almost a right angle. The creek coming down through the sluiceway, and down the mountain side, was led in a crooked course through the bottom of the valley. Just before the turn it swept out a



A SCENE IN THE JOHNSTOWN MORGUE.

good way toward the left, and made on the right bank a long point of land. This point was particularly heavily wooded. On the opposite bank was a high bluff covered with forest down to the water's edge. For three-fourths of the distance from the dam to the curve the formerly wooded flats are now covered with gravel, coarse stone and big rocks 20 feet deep at the upper end, and not less than 10 at any point. The creek runs through the 40-foot gap, where the waste gates used to be, and through a deep gully in the mass of gravel and stone there is no vestige of trees or underbrush. Just before the long curve begins, where formerly there was a bridge, the deposit of gravel is thin, but the heavily wooded point on the other side has disappeared, and gravel ten feet deep covers the spot. On the opposite bluff the trees have been stripped away and the side of the hill torn out for 40 feet up, a clear evidence of the terrible force of the torrent as it whirled about the right-angled turn. The surface of the little half-mile valley suggests looking more forcibly than that the system of hydraulic mining used in the gold regions had been worked here for a long time. The debris is all of heavy rock and gravel. There is no light dirt in it. The rush of the waters carried with it everything but the heaviest that it picked up.

The dam was simply a gigantic heap of earth dumped across the course of a mountain stream between two low hills. It was faced on each side with a layer of heavy rough stone loosely thrown together and uncemented. This pile of earth was, as has been stated, about 75 feet high and 91 feet thick at the base. At the summit it was leveled off so as to be about 20 feet wide, and a wagon road crossed it. It was an ordinary dirt road and there was no rock or masonry beneath it. The width of the stream at the bottom of the dam was about 40 feet. At the top the dam was about 400 feet long. It was built straight across the gap and neither face nor back was curved. The slopes were about the same on both faces and steep. The dam was built many years ago to create a reservoir for use as a feeder to the Pennsylvania Canal. The builders placed in the 40-foot space at the bottom, where the creek ran, five huge pipes, each as large as a hoghead. These were covered by an arch of massive masonry and were arranged to be opened or closed by levers in a tower that was built in the center of the dam.

Ruins of the Day Express.

Agony of workmen have located the Day Express which was swept away at Conemaugh. The ruins of the train lie about 100 feet from the fourth buttress from the western end of the stone bridge. Parts of the parlor cars have been found, as well as traces of the passengers. The baggage of Miss Anna Chism, of Nashville, Tenn., was found. She was a missionary, on her way to Brazil for the Women's Foreign Missionary Society of the Methodist Church. Among her effects was the Bible, and it was a message to be filed at Atton, and addressed to the Methodist Concern at No. 20 East Tenth street, New York, anouncing that she was on the train. Her watch, some money and a Greek Testament were also found.

It is evident that many lives were lost on this train, more than at first supposed. The whole truth is still a mystery, at least the passengers have so far not been found or located. The body of a nicely dressed lady was found which was so much decomposed that it could not be identified. The effects of Miss Chism were sent to Altoona.

Fire at Jacksonville, Fla.

Fire at Jacksonville, Florida, destroyed 5 blocks, mostly inferior wooden buildings, but many business firms were among them. At least 60 buildings were destroyed, generally homes of colored people. Loss \$200,000; insurance small.

THE SUSQUEHANNA FLOODS.

Loud Cry For Help From Another Section of Our State.

Dispatches from Lewisburg, Pa., declare that 80 persons went down with one of the bridges at Williamsport and were drowned. The flood on the west branch of the Susquehanna was unprecedented. Five spans of the railroad bridge at Lewisburg, Pa., were swept away, and the gas works, water works and mills flooded out. The loss at this place is \$75,000. Every bridge on the river from Sunbury to Clearfield was washed away.

The situation in the town of Lewistown which has been cut off from the world since last Friday, is thus briefly described: Eight river bridges were swept away. There is only one open railroad here. The highways of the town are covered with debris 10 feet high. Many of the population are being fed and sheltered in the Court House. The waters rose nine feet higher than in 1947. No lives were lost. The damage to property cannot be estimated.

Superintendent Pettit of the Pennsylvania Railroad, succeeded in getting to the edge of Lock Haven Tuesday morning at 9:30. All the houses had from six to ten feet of water in them. The receding water left considerable mud in the streets and dwellings. Only one person is known to have been drowned at Lock Haven, but several lives were reported lost at Mill Hall, four miles from Lock Haven.

Pennfield, Pa. The flood here was the highest for 25 years. All the dams on Bannett's Branch are gone. 11,000,000 feet of logs escaping from Caledonia. Craig's mill at Winterburn and Hoover & Hugs's mill and tramway here are much damaged. No lives are lost nor dwellings carried off.

THE LOSS OF LIFE.

Scarcely On Half of the Population Saved.

Some doubt has been expressed as to the estimate that 12,000 to 15,000 people have been lost in this flooded district. Of course there is at present no way of determining with any degree of exactitude how many are dead, but the guessing is a reasonable and conservative, and based on close figuring.

In the first place it must be understood that this is the greatest disaster in history, and no one brain can compass its details. Its possibilities are boundless, its misery infinite, and its destruction lost in the unit of time. At least 2,500 bodies have been found; 2,000 at the lowest calculation, are in the burned debris in the river; 3,000 are in the unsearched sandbanks around the Cambria Works, down along the river and in the lower part of Johnstown; from one to two thousand are scattered in the valley from Woodville to the bridge, and a thousand or two are below the bridge, between Johnstown and Bolivia. Hundreds were carried down to the broad river in the tremendous current and may never come into the hands of the living.

Less than one-half the population have registered so that the other half are still missing, and of these at least three-fourths must have perished.

Decrease in Circulation.

A statement prepared at the Treasury Department shows that there was a net decrease of \$18,780,603 in circulation during the month of May last, and a net increase of \$1,918,910 in money and bullion in the Treasury during the same period. The principal loss in circulation was in gold certificates. United States notes and national bank notes, and the principal gain in Treasury holdings was in standard silver dollars. United States notes and gold notes in the order named. The total circulation June 1 is stated at \$1,097,470,751, and the total money and bullion in the Treasury on the same date, \$604,692,280.

TALES OF DISTRESS.

Extent of the Devastation in Lycoming, Clinton and Tioga Counties.

In all the history of Central Pennsylvania there has never been known such high water, or have local floods been attended with such disastrous results as that of the last day of May and 1st of June. In 1835, and again in 1850, Centre county had floods, but this time the waters were two feet higher than on either previous occasion. At Coburn the waters reached their worst. They spread over the entire town, and in some places the waters, by actual measurement, were thirty feet deep. To aid to the horror of the situation was the fact that it was at night and pitch dark, while the rain descended in torrents. There is not one good house left standing in Coburn. Individual losses cannot be enumerated, but the total loss will aggregate fully \$300,000 in Coburn. The valley is strewn with dead bodies of all kind of animals.

The Lewisburg Railroad, from Coburn to Lewisburg, a distance of 45 miles, is a complete ruin, only 15 miles of track yet remaining.

The best estimates puts the loss of life in Williamsport at 25. Three hundred houses were carried away, and every building was flooded. The greatest wreck is along the river bank north of the Reading depot.

The lumber men estimate that of the 250,000,000 feet of logs and 60,000,000 feet of sawed lumber in the boom, valued in all at \$4,000,000 nearly one-fourth remains, a great deal can be recovered, and the loss will not exceed \$2,500,000. The merchants estimate their loss at \$380,000.

Wellsboro, Tioga county, is in a very bad shape. A number of people were drowned. Much property was destroyed, and the people are suffering for the necessities of life.

All the bridges in the lower end of Lycoming county are gone.

THIRTY LIVES LOST IN CLINTON.

Reliable reports from Lock Haven state that while only one person was drowned in that city, the list of those known to have perished in the county of Clinton is 30 or more. The property loss will reach millions of dollars, and business is at a standstill. Danger is now threatened them from sickness.

In Maryland the loss of life by the flood's may not foot up more than 50, but the damage to property is enormous. Hundreds of people are homeless and many are half starved and without sufficient clothing. The Baltimore people, believing that charity begins at home, have decided to divert a portion of the Johnstown fund to the relief of those who have been made destitute nearer home.

AT WILLIAMSPORT.

Thousands Homeless and Without Clothes—State Aid Promised.

Mayor Foreman, of Williamsport, Pa., in telegrams to Governor Beaver says the boom was cleared of logs and lumber. The awful mass carried away many houses and all their contents. Thousands of people of Williamsport are homeless and without anything but the clothes upon their backs. Many of the people are in absolute want for the necessities of life. At a meeting called Tuesday, \$7,000 in cash were raised. The city badly needs disinfectants. Dead animals and all kinds of filthy refuse are upon the streets, and grave fears of an epidemic are entertained. Stocks of goods of stores in the center of the city are ruined. It is impossible to estimate the loss and damage to different kinds of property. Five million dollars is a low estimate of the loss on lumber alone. Other losses are larger. The surrounding country has suffered just as badly. Booms, bridges and villages have been swept away and the loss of life has been considerable.

THE FATAL DAM.

An Engineer Proclaims It Exceedingly Faulty.

Mr. A. M. Wellington, with F. P. Burt, associate editor of *Engineering News*, of New York, has just completed an examination of the dam which caused the great disaster. Mr. Wellington states that the dam was in every respect of very inferior construction, and of a kind wholly unwarranted by good engineering practices of thirty years ago. Both the original and reconstructed dams were of earth only, with no heart wall, but only riprapped on the slopes. The original dam, however, was made in rammed and watered layers which still show distinctly in the wrecked dam. The new and greatly added to its stability, but it was, to all appearances, simply dumped in like an ordinary railroad fill, or if rammed shows no evidence of good effect from it. Much of the old part is standing intact, while adjacent parts of the new work are wholly carried off. There was no central wall of pile or masonry, either in the new or old dam. It has been the invariable practice of engineers for thirty or forty years to use one or the other of building high dams of earth.

NO OTHER DAM LIKE IT.

It is doubtful if there is a single other dam or reservoir in any other part of the United States of 50 feet high which lacks this central wall. The reconstructed dam also bears the mark of great ignorance or carelessness, having been made nearly two feet lower in the middle than at the ends. It should rather have crowned in the middle, which would have concentrated the overflow, if it should occur, at the ends instead of in center. Had the break begun at the ends the cut of the water would have been so gradual that little or no harm might have resulted. Had the dam been at once cut at the ends when the water began running over the center, the sudden break of the dam would have been at least greatly diminished, possibly prolonged, and that little harm would have resulted.

Mr. Wellington said that no engineer of known and good standing for such work could possibly have been engaged on it, since in the particulars mentioned it violated the most elementary and universally understood requirements of good practice. He did not believe that any other dam of equal height had ever been constructed in this country wholly of earth without some kind of special protection against leakage or abrasion by water in the center of the dam.

A Plausible Theory

It is a well known fact among railroad men that the fast trains rushing along their steel railways create powerful currents of air which sweep in birds flying near the track and hurl them so violently against telegraph poles and trees as to kill them. And in view of the descriptions of those who saw the flood the theory is advanced that the rushing mass of water created just such a current of compressed air which crashed in the houses before the water touched them. The universal testimony is that the fatal waves were preceded by a bank of fog, and that houses gave way like egg shells when the spray touched them the ruins being almost instantly engulfed by the waters.

Brick buildings went down much more easily than frame and this fact tends to confirm the compressed air theory, as water would naturally float the frame houses from their foundations and demolish them much more easily than brick buildings. This theory, if accepted, will go far toward explaining the awful destruction and loss of life. In an ordinary flood a greater proportion of people escape by floating away on pieces of the wreck. Of course the gorge at the stone bridge must be taken into account, as it is the buildings, drift and human beings there to be battered into a shapeless mass by the logs and drift coming behind.

Alex. Little, of Littlestown, last week lost a fine hog by death.

Mr. R. F. Thoman, of Straban township, has had from five colonies bees since the 6th of May, ten swarms. One swarmed three times within two weeks.

E. G. LOUGH,
Opposite the German Reformed Church,
NEW OXFORD, - - PENN'A

All kinds of Grave Work furnished as cheap
as the cheapest, in the latest style, and of the
best material. Monuments made, a specialty.
Persons wishing anything in his line are invited
to call and examine his samples before pur-
chasing elsewhere. March 31-19

The CHRYSLER COMPANY, 182 Fulton Street, N. Y.

—OUR OPENING OF THE FINEST—

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HATS in all the new Styles and Shades, from the cheapest to best qualities. SHOES? We are headquarters on them. Come and see us and our prices and quality will prove it. READY-MADE CLOTHING? We have a nice line at bottom prices. Agents for Felt Window Shades and Shading.

This space is reserved for
G. D. & H. N. GITT,
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Auctioneering.
George L. Colestock
Offers his service to the public as Auctioneer.
Charges moderate and satisfaction guaranteed.
P. O. address, New Chester, Adams county, Pa.

ICE & CREAM
at the Red Front Grocery
to-morrow evening.

FINDING THE LOST.

JOHNSTOWN RISING FROM ITS RUINS.

Survivors of the Industrial Army at Work Again.

Credit is due the Cambria Iron Company for promptly setting the stricken people to work, and thus turning their minds from their sorrows. On Saturday night the company had the natural gas mains under the river bed repaired, and gas has been blazing there ever since. The machine shop employing 100 men, is in operation, the boiler shop is clanging with the hammers of a full force of workmen, the blacksmith shop is running full, and what is more wonderful, the six blast furnaces with their small army of workmen were started up this morning. Only those who have seen the utter ruins of this works by the flood can realize what this means. The Cambria Company expects, after a careful examination of the work by experts, to be making rails by the end of June. The new steel plant, completed shortly before the flood at a cost of \$30,000, is not damaged, No. 2 rolling mill is nearly ready for work.

There were 35 bodies recovered Monday, 41 of them at the stone bridge. Those taken out of the water were in a much better condition than those found in the debris. The latter were not only horribly bloated and distorted in feature, but decomposition had set in, and the stench arising therefrom was so unbearable that the men at the various morgues found it a disagreeable duty to wash them. The bodies now are almost beyond recognition. Many are as black as negroes, and where they were bruised the faces are sunken into a jellied mass.

The New York Life Insurance Company has sent Special Agent Langmuir to adjust claims. There were 75 policies held in Johnstown representing \$200,000. Within 24 hours the agent had located them all and found that 14 of the holders had been lost. Their policies amount to \$45,000, which will be paid at once. One policy, held by Chas. A. Kies, a banker, doing business in the center of the city, was found two miles down the river by accident.

The first National Bank has opened up for business, and the fact is appreciated by everybody. Much trouble has been occasioned by the inability to get money, all having to bring it in packages.

Rev. Father Trautwein, pastor of the Church of the Immaculate Conception, reports that out of a congregation of 950 he has lost 113, and thinks the number drowned will reach 150.

FLOOD NOTES.

The general impression is that Governor Foraker, of Ohio, did more for the sufferers than did Governor Beaver.

At Seintville, O., a pocketbook containing \$5.25, a set of silver spoons marked "S. Y." and a bank book of the First National of Johnstown, with a credit to Nathan Dyer, and two locks of hair, mementoes of lost loved ones, were found.

Chairman Hicks, of the Adena delegation, who has been all over the district since Sunday morning, says the loss is 12,500 to 14,000, and he bases it on talk with scores of all sorts of people. The absence of former residents and of a fixed and familiar population is most striking.

The work of recovering the dead goes on with undiminished vigor, and as the workmen become accustomed to their ghastly finds, and the horrors of the scene become commonplace, they apply themselves more diligently to the dirty and labor with a system that produces rapid results.

With the receding waters the scene of desolation becomes hourly more weird and picturesque. Like a desert, swept by some fierce simoon, the valley level is an unbroken plain for miles, only at last to find abrupt termination in a mountain of debris that found lodgment on some projection rock which, like Ajax, defied the fury of all the forces of the elements.

The borough of Johnstown and the adjoining boroughs, or what is left of them are practically under martial law. Adj. Gen. Hastings says he has not declared martial law, yet the soldiers are on guard and no one is permitted between the rivers unless he has an order from the Adjutant General. The sightseers are barred altogether, and the town is inaccessible except to newspaper men and others who have business here.

Cincinnati has sent through the committee \$55,000, in addition to \$7,250 from banks and \$3,000 from other contributors.

Nine carloads of provisions and clothing were sent to Johnstown over the Pennsylvania railroad on Saturday and eight over the Baltimore & Ohio.

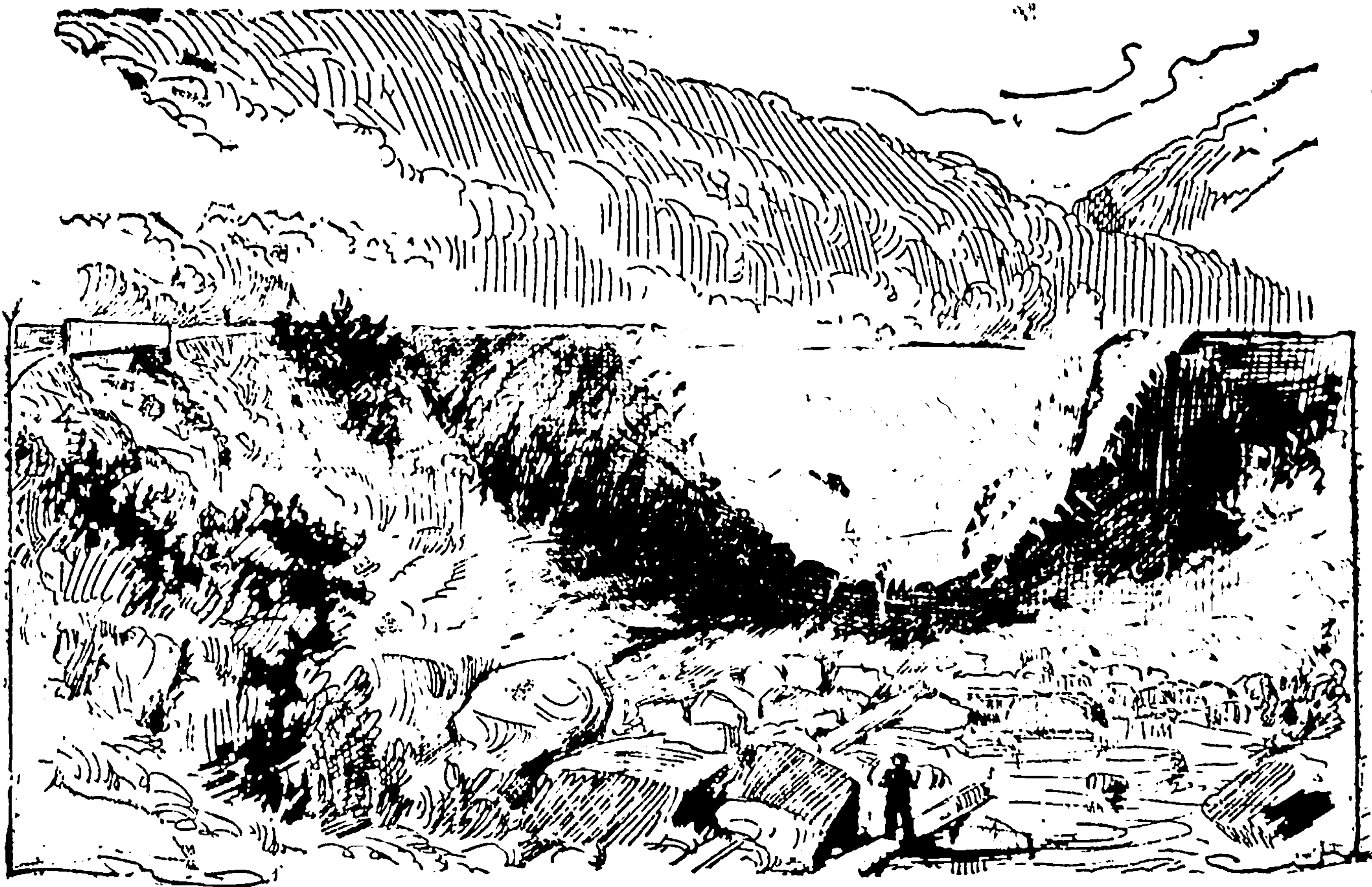
Some idea of the magnitude of the damage done to Pennsylvania Railroad lines by the recent flood may be formed from the statement that nearly 5,000 men are employed, in many cases working 16 hours a day. This great army of workmen is building bridges, repairing track carried away, filling in and grading the wash-out road bed.

Dr. Ribbitt estimated Sunday that 2,500 bodies had been recovered so far. His visit among the more serious already mentioned he counted 1,600 bodies. The morgues above and below Johnstown have no more space for the bodies, but the coroner held 255 inquests at Nineveh; 28 bodies were sent to Co. Onaugh; 19 at Mineral Point and bodies are constantly being found.

The first reports of lynching by drowning and shooting which came from the scene of the Johnstown disaster are now said to have been untrue and to have had their origin in the zeal of imaginative correspondents and their ambition to get ahead of their contemporaries. Such reports, however, are always the natural outcome of great disasters.

Charleston, S. C., and Jacksonville, Fla., are making a noble effort to repay the generosity shown them when they were afflicted. Both cities are sending relief in generous quantities to the sufferers in the Conemaugh valley. A train has left Charleston loaded with provisions and clothing. There were six carloads.

The Woodvale Woolen Mill pumping engines were hoisted to a concrete rock foundation 12 feet square and 7 feet deep, the whole weighing 50 tons. The force of the water carried pumps and foundation 350 feet and left the massive machinery upside down.



THE DAM AT SOUTH FORK LAKE.

The view is taken from a point below the dam and shows the peculiar way in which the water cut through it.

HASTINGS WILL TAKE HOLD.

The Adjutant General to Rule at Johnstown With Flynn as Adviser.

General D. H. Hastings will take active hold of the relief, the distribution of money, the clearing of streets and the military ends of the Johns own scheme of relief on Wednesday morning. He consented to do this after a lengthy conference with J. B. Scott and William Flinn, and only upon condition that Mr. Flinn should give him a day or two as a weak as an adviser. On Tuesday night, therefore, the chamber of Commerce and Flinn regimes will expire and General Hastings will be in charge.

James McKnight will take a part of the contract upon a percentage basis. A number of Eastern contractors will also have a number of the contracts. The wages will be \$1.50 a day, and work will be done on a strictly contract system. Mr. Flinn was offered a portion of the contracts on percentage, but declined them. He takes all his men who want to go and leaves those who want to stay. Mr. Flinn says the camps are very healthy, the best of sanitary and hygienic arrangements having been made. He says it is all nonsense to say that there is sickness, when as a matter of fact there is none. E. Y. Breck and W. R. Ford have charge of the finance department and will square up on Wednesday. Mr. Flinn told General Hastings that it will take all summer to do the work he has commenced, and he will not have men enough to do the third of it.

The Health Bulletin.

The following bulletin has been issued by the State Board of Health and speaks for itself. It was posted in every conspicuous place about the town. The encouraging words of Dr. Groff will do much towards relieving the anxiety of the many thousands of survivors and workmen in the stricken valley who have feared the outbreak of an epidemic. For this reason many of the men have deserted the town. More are constantly arriving however. The bulletin reads:

Health Bulletin.—The general condition of health in Johnstown and vicinity is excellent. No epidemic disease of any kind prevails, nor is it expected that any will arise. The whole region has been divided into convenient districts and each placed under a competent sanitarian. The State Board of Health is prepared to meet all emergencies as they arise. The air is wholesome and the water generally pure. The good people of the devastated district will go on, as they have so nobly done for the past week, in their efforts to clean up the wreckage, and good health will certainly be maintained. GEO. G. GROFF.

Thirty-eight bodies were found Saturday. The waters began to give up their dead Sunday, the ninth since the flood. Fifty-eight bodies were recovered, most of them floating in the water. Seven were dragged out of the raft above the bridge. One body of Christopher Kemple, an undertaker, was found \$3,100 which he had snatched from his safe when he saw the flood coming.

IN OTHER PARTS.

Wide Spread Destruction Outside of the Conemaugh Valley.

Since telegraphic communication has been restored, it has become known as a certainty that all the central and northern counties of the State are completely washed out and that the loss of life and property is greater, with few exceptions, than in any case yet reported. The information is that floods have completely laid waste the valleys of all rivers and creeks in Jefferson, Elk, Cameron, McKean, Potter, Tioga, Lycoming, Sullivan, Columbia, Montour, Northumberland, Dauphin, York, Juniata, Mifflin, Huntingdon, Blair, Cambria and Clearfield counties.

Reports have been received of the loss of 103 lives on the west branch of the Susquehanna, and details have not yet been received from many of the districts known to have suffered. Enough is known, however, to make it certain that the total loss will foot up into many thousands of lives and tens of millions of dollars.

Two one armed men had a desperate fight in Oglethorpe, Ga., the other day, and were getting in some telling blows when a one armed man ran between and separated them.

THE MEASURES OF RELIEF.

Extraordinary Response to the Appeal for Help.

Up to Wednesday Pittsburgh had contributed in cash nearly, or a little above \$200,000, without counting the thousands of dollars worth of goods donated. Owing to the rush Mr. Thompson has been unable to prepare a complete statement, but the figures will reach in the neighborhood of \$1,000,000 raised by the country at large for the sufferers.

Governor Bulkeley, of Connecticut, telegraphed the appropriation of \$25,000 by the State Legislature. Notice was also received that \$393.47 had been raised at Newport, Ky. \$1,500 from Knoxville, Tenn.; \$1,000 from the Hebrew Benevolent Society, of Los Angeles, Cal., and \$1,000 from the Mayor of Schenectady, N. Y. Mayor Root, of Hartford, sends \$438.92 of an unexpended balance of a former contribution for the sufferers of an Ohio flood as the first installment from Hartford.

The Governor has thus far secured about \$100,000 for the relief of the flood sufferers.

The total amount received Tuesday by Mayor Grant and the committee appointed by him for the relief of the Johnstown sufferers is \$92,967.02; received Monday \$23,020; grand total, \$114,987.02.

Canton, Ohio, after a hasty canvass of the city has secured \$3,000 for the Johnstown sufferers. This amount, with two carloads of clothing, provisions, etc., is Canton's contribution.

New York's aggregate of flood subscriptions reported in Associated Press dispatches from various sections, is \$571,000. The aggregate reported Monday night was \$406,000.

Chicago purposes sending substantial help to the Johnstown sufferers. The committee, presided over by Mayor Cregier, hopes and expects to raise at least \$100,000.

Stuebenville, Ohio, has sent in \$2,500, and started a carload of provisions and clothing. Denver, Col., has sent \$5,000 for Johnstown to Geo. W. Childs in Philadelphia.

YOUNGSTOWN, O.—The call issued by Mayor Montgomery for relief to the Johnstown sufferers has been liberally responded to by the citizens, \$4,000 in cash has been raised, besides two carloads of provisions and clothing.

CINCINNATI.—The amount subscribed on change for the benefit of the Pennsylvania flood sufferers, has reached a total of \$12,000. At a meeting of citizens of Covington, Ky., \$300 was subscribed in a few minutes.

CAMBRIDGE, O.—Citizens' meetings were held here in the interest of the Johnstown sufferers. They resulted in contributions amounting to \$700 cash.

LOUISVILLE, Ky.—At a meeting at the Board of Trade of business men, \$1,749 was subscribed for the Pennsylvania flood sufferers.

ROCHESTER, Pa.—The citizens of this place have raised \$1,522 in cash for the Johnstown flood sufferers.

MANY BUILDINGS WRECKED.

Wind Causes Great Damage in Two New York Counties.

A terrific wind storm passed through Port Leydon, Lewis County, and the lower section of Jefferson County, N. Y., about 4 o'clock Sunday afternoon, unroofing houses, overturning trees, fences and buildings and doing much other damage.

The steeple of the Catholic Church in Port Leydon was blown down, and the one on the M. E. church moved in such a manner as to make it dangerous. One house was picked up and carried about 100 feet and an old couple living therein badly injured. The most damage was done in a path about 80 rods wide, though trees and fences were overturned in a wide territory.

Grain Crop Reports.

A grain authority says concerning the reported damage by snows and frosts through the West: "Our latest information is a denial that there is any snow in the Northwest. We do not credit the talk of serious damage by the cold to wheat or to the prospective corn crop. The former is too far advanced to be damaged, and the weather has not been severe enough to change the promise of a good corn crop."

FEARFUL RAVAGES.

A WIDE AREA OF DISASTER.

The Sweep of the Storm and Property Losses.

It is interesting to trace the rise, progress and extent of the rain storm that culminated last week in Central Pennsylvania on the western slope of the mountains and in the great Susquehanna basin. Its progress is observable by the weather reports from Southern California, where it appeared on Sunday, May 20, to the New England States the close of the week. Its course was variable, north and south from an east and west line, by prevailing winds. With it doing any very serious damage in the West it reached Western Pennsylvania on Monday, May 30, and it was held here through Friday, when it divided, one set on passed to New England and another southeasterly, deluging Maryland, West Virginia and Virginia. An atmosphere thoroughly saturated was held over Western and Central Pennsylvania by the force of north-east and south-east winds. The downpour only added to the accumulations of heavy rains of the preceding six weeks.

The fearful loss of life in the Conemaugh Valley, resulting from exceptional circumstances not existing elsewhere, has withdrawn attention from the great losses of life and property by the flood in all the breadth of the great Susquehanna basin, along the Potomac, and on the James and other rivers of tide water in Virginia. They were tremendous, and under other circumstances would have been the center of interest.

The destruction of property in the valleys of the Susquehanna and its tributaries was without parallel. The city of Williamsport has been grievously stricken. The destruction of lumber interests there and elsewhere was very great, running into many millions. Happily, while the loss of life has been considerable, it bears no relation to that on the Conemaugh. County and railroad bridges, and valuable public and private improvements have been swept away. In some of the central counties not a bridge is left standing.

Going South, along the Potomac the destruction has been the wreck of the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal—originated by Washington—from Cumberland to Georgetown being the most serious result. This means not only the total loss and abandonment of a great water way, which originally cost \$11,000,000, and upon which has been expended since its beginning nearly 40,000,000 more, but it means also the death of Georgetown as a coal port, and an incalculable loss in business to the merchants of that place and the coal operators of the Cumberland region.

Still going South, the damage in Virginia, particularly in the James river valley, is said to be incalculable, in property, crops, and railway destruction. Many lives were lost, and a dispatch from Richmond says: "Virginia has probably suffered more than any other State except in loss of life."

Any estimate of the values of property destroyed in Pennsylvania, the border counties of New York and the three States south can only be an approximation of the most vague character. It is appalling and but for the loss of life, it itself would be recognized as the greatest calamity that has befallen the parts of five States involved. An estimate by active men located there of losses in the Conemaugh Valley, with its 40,000 population between South Fork and the Allegheny, and its great industries and railroad improvements, is placed at \$20,000,000. In the Susquehanna basin, from New York down to Port Deposit, at the mouth of the river, in lumber, mills, railroad property, county improvements, and private property etc., the loss is counted as not less than \$10,000,000, and in Maryland and Virginia \$3,000,000. These estimates take no account of the loss of time and business; consequent on the suspension of operations in large communities in all departments of activity.

Here we have a total destruction of property in this limited area, compared with the entire area of the States over part of which the storm swept, of not less than \$38,000,000. The estimate of course is a crude, but it gives a fairly good idea of the immense destruction of property.

FIVE PASSENGERS BADLY HURT.

A Fast Express Wrecked and the Cars Telescoped.

The fast express train on the Lehigh Valley Railroad, running between Hazleton and Wilkesbarre, was thrown from the track at Sugar Notch Monday morning, while running at the rate of 35 miles per hour.

The cars were telescoped, and two of them plunged into a frame house which stood near the track. The tenants had a narrow escape.

The escape of the passengers from instant death was miraculous. No one was fatally hurt. The following sustained serious injuries: John S. McGorray, Deputy Treasurer of Luzerne County; Geo. H. Troutman, a lawyer of Hazleton; John Lough, principal of the Freeland Schools, and Mrs. Costello and child, of White Haven. It will take all day to clear the wreck. All traffic is at a standstill. A broken axle under the tender caused the train to leave the track.

Over Niagara Falls.

At Niagara Falls Sunday afternoon, "Jack" Walker, a boatman and fisherman at the Falls, with Frank Davy as a companion, started in a boat from the shore above the inlet of the hydraulic canal for the head of Goat Island. The men lost control of the boat, which was drawn into the current and carried over the Horseshoe Falls. Walker was about 30 years old and Davy 23.

FIFTEEN PASSENGERS LOST.

Fifteen People Were Lost Besides the Colored Porter.

The official railroad reports of the dead and missing from the eastbound trains that left Pittsburgh last Friday now give the number at 15 passengers and the colored porter of the Pullman car New Orleans. There were no losses from the first two trains.

A PASSENGER'S STORY.

Swift Davis, of Safe Harbor, formerly a Pittsburgh citizen, was one of the passengers of the doomed Day Express. He was in company with his wife, three children, Miss Jennie Paulson and Miss Bryant. All but two young ladies escaped, and Mr. Davis came to Pittsburgh and told the following story of their escape:

"The Express arrived at Conemaugh about 10:30 and we were informed that it would be necessary to lay over on account of a bridge at Lilly's being washed away. We were all on the first section of the train and had hardly been side-tracked before a piece of the railroad track next the river was washed away, the rain in the meanwhile coming down in torrents. I became very anxious about this time and held a consultation with the conductor, who said that he would go into the town to find out the cause of the trouble, and I decided that if the dam should burst or anything of that sort happened, that we would take to the hill alongside of which our train was standing.

THE WARNING WHISTLE.

"We waited there until 4 o'clock in the afternoon, when an engine, coming down the track and whistling loudly, apprised us of the danger. The conductor took our baby and I and my wife kept the other two children and we all fled up the hills for half a mile. When I went back afterwards the baby was all right in a farm house, but no traces could be found of the two young ladies, although it was said by the conductor that both had been saved. The water had during this time come down the track at a fearful rate, but only a minute later than the engine whistle gave us warning.

"One passenger coach and the baggage car were thrown from the track. A freight train standing alongside, and having one car full of lime, caught fire about 5 o'clock in the evening, but it was soon extinguished.

"If the people had remained in the Pullman car many who perished would be living to-day. I afterwards learned from a young lady, a Miss Maloney, who remained in the Pullman car, that the Misses Paulson and Bryant both jumped from the train into the water after having gone back to get their wraps. They were never seen after that.

A RUINED TOWN.

The Thriving Manufacturing Borough of Woodvale.

Woodvale, the bustling little borough which lay east of Johnstown, with its tall maple trees on both sides of the Pennsylvania railroad, has been almost wiped out of existence. The flood that carried off the greater portion of the town blasted the high anticipations of the residents that the borough would soon become a thriving little industrial city. Her manufacturing plants gave employment to the majority of the 2,500 residents of the place, but the flood has killed them.

If a hand could reach out of the sky and take in its grasp houses and pull them out of sight the task could not be done more effectively than was done by the flood of last week. There were 295 houses out of the 324 in Woodvale washed away. Those remaining are on the hillside, where the flood could not get at them.

It was announced to the residents of the place that the Johnstown Steel Company, better known as the Johnstown Steel Street Railway Company, had decided to move their dismantled works from Woodvale to Moxham, on the other side of Karnville. The Company have a steel plant at that place and think it will facilitate matters to have their Woodvale interests at the same place as the steel mill.

Four hundred Silesian lacemakers have been at work five weeks on a magnificent veil for the sister of the German Empress, who is about to marry Prince Leopold, of Prussia.

DIRE DEVASTATION.

A VALLEY OF DESTRUCTION.

The Worst Calamity of the Age on the Western Continent.

THE SOUTH FORK LAKE.

THE TRUTH ABOUT THE DAM.

The Waste Gates Were Blocked to Save the Sportsmen's Fish.

The first accounts of the flood in the Conemaugh seemed like the wildest exaggeration to those accustomed to hearing tales of disaster, but when sober and intelligent eye-witnesses described the scenes at the time the mad waters dashed upon the helpless villages and cities in the ill-fated valley, and from the facts now obtainable as to the extent of the destruction to property and the awful fatality of the watery avalanche, they are found to be far below the truth.

It is now certain that the South Fork dam gave way about 3 o'clock Friday afternoon from the erosion of the waters which overflowed it, and that the contents of that lake which covered an area of three square miles with an average depth of 30 to 40 feet, rushed down the valley of the South Fork and the Conemaugh which were already above high water mark. The fall of these streams both being very great, the swiftness of the flood exceeded the speed of the fastest express trains. A solid mass of water, driftwood, rocks, trees and everything that lay in its path, to the height of forty or fifty feet dashed down the narrow valley sweeping houses, railroad cars and locomotives down to the dam formed by the stone bridge of the P. R. R. at the lower end of the city of Johnstown.

Warning that the dam was likely to break at any moment was sent out, and all the residents in the valley might have escaped, but many did not hear the alarm and many who did made no effort to escape. That any of the thousands who had not fled before the deluge struck the city should have escaped was miraculous.

The work of removing the debris and caring for the dead, whose bodies are to be found everywhere along the banks or this modern Styx, goes on every day. Thousands of men are at work, but it will be many days before their task is completed.

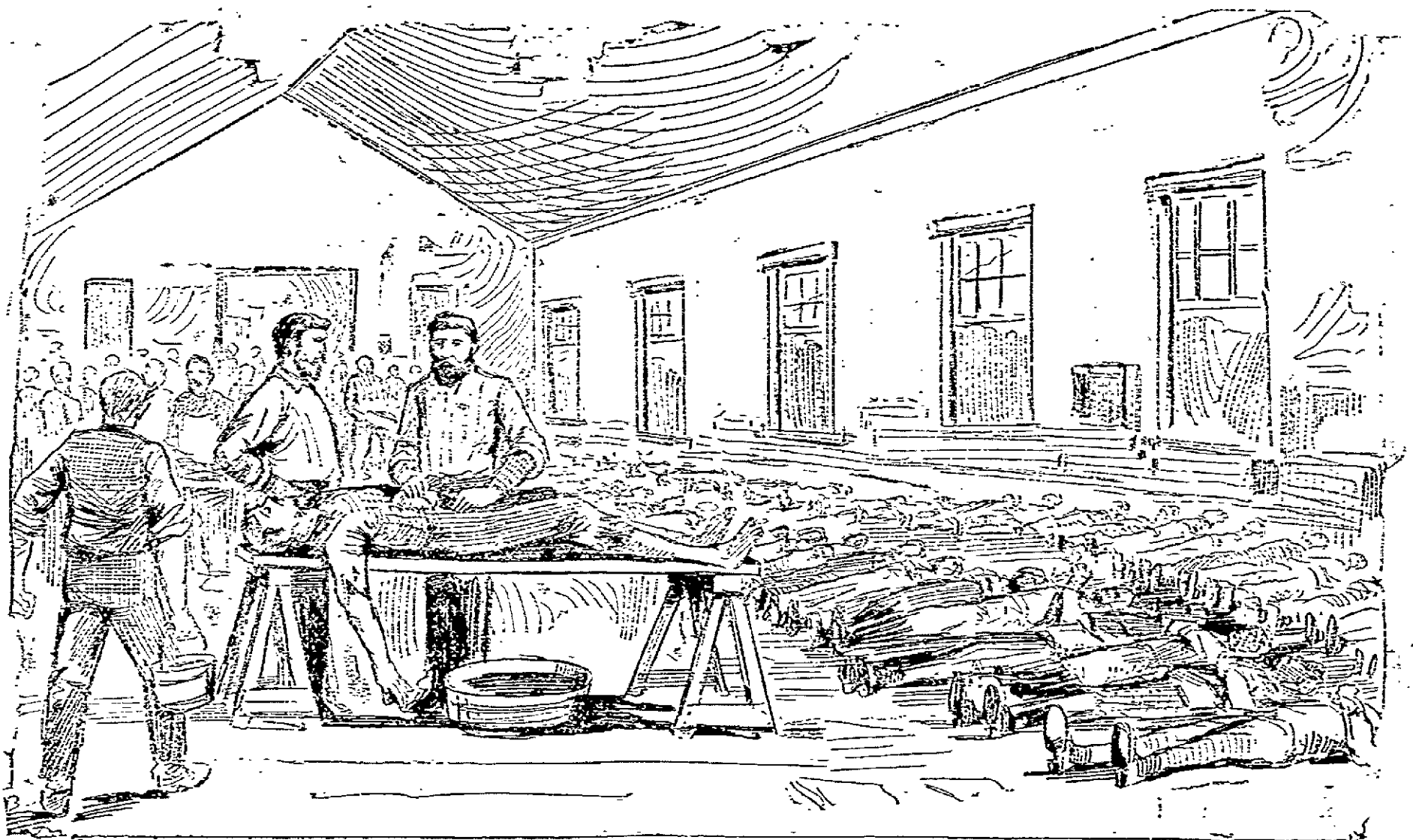
The investigations of a New York Sun reporter show clearly that the major part of whatever responsibilities may belong to human agencies for the calamity that has desolated the Conemaugh Valley must be placed upon the South Fork Fishing and Hunting Club, the association of wealthy Pittsburgh gentlemen that has for four or five years past been endeavoring to establish a sportsmen's paradise at Conemaugh Lake. When they leased the lake they closed the waste gates through which all the water that had ever before accumulated in Conemaugh Lake had found a safe and speedy exit.

When the Pennsylvania Canal was abandoned this dam became useless and was neglected. The tower in which the machinery for managing the waste gates was located is said to have fallen into ruins. A few years ago the lake was leased by the Pittsburgh Sportsmen's Association. Engineer Fuller, of the Cambria Iron Company, made an inspection of it and pronounced its condition dangerous. The Association set out, they declared to improve and strengthen it. They did cut off two feet from the top of the dam and may have strengthened it in some respects, but either because the waste-gates were so damaged that to repair them would have been an expensive job, or the other reason mentioned—the fear that the fish would escape—the waste-gates, so ever one who lives near says, were permanently stopped up.

The present appearance of the wreck of the dam indicates the truthfulness of the story. There are remnants of the waste-gate masonry, but there is no indication that they have been of any practical use for a long time. Whatever may have been the indirect cause of this yielding is evident all about the place now. All the water in that area of three miles long by a mile and a quarter wide, passed out through the gap in the dam and poured itself upon the valley below in a torrent 75 feet deep and 200 feet wide. Rushing through with a velocity almost inconceivable for so vast a mass, it took a full hour to exhaust the reservoir and the tremendous pressure behind that urged the flood on to the most disastrous work.

SIGNS OF THE TOWER'S POWER.

Something of the awful force of the current can be seen in the land before the dam. Formerly it was a densely wooded little valley nearly straight away for half a mile, where it turned so abruptly to the right as to make almost a right angle. The creek coming down through the sluice-way, and down the mountain side, wandered in a crooked course through the bottom of the valley. Just before the turn it swept out a



A SCENE IN THE JOHNSTOWN MORGUE.

good way toward the left, and made on the right bank a long point of land. This point was particularly heavily wooded. On the opposite bank was a high bluff covered with forest down to the water's edge. For three-fourths of the distance from the dam to the curve the formerly wooded flats are now covered with gravel, coarse stone and big rocks 20 feet deep at the upper end, and not less than 10 at any point. The creek runs through the 40-foot gap, where the waste gates used to be, and through a deep gully in the mass of gravel and stone there is no vestige of trees or underbrush. Just before the long curve begins, where formerly there was a bridge, the deposit of gravel is thin, but the heavily wooded point on the other side has disappeared, and gravel ten feet deep covers the spot. On the opposite bluff the trees have been stripped away and the sides of the hill torn out for 40 feet up, a clear evidence of the terrible force of the torrent as it whirled about the right-angled turn. The surface of the little half-mile valley suggests nothing more forcibly than that the system of hydraulic mining used in the gold regions had been worked here for a long time. The debris is all of heavy rock and gravel. There is no light dirt in it. The rush of the waters carried with it everything but the heaviest that it picked up.

The dam was simply a gigantic heap of earth dumped across the course of a mountain stream between two low hills. It was faced on each side with a layer of heavy rough stone loosely thrown together and uncemented. This pile of earth was, as has been stated, about 75 feet high and 90 feet thick at the base. At the summit it was leveled off so as to be about 20 feet wide, and a wagon road crossed it. It was an ordinary dirt road and there was no rock or masonry beneath it. The width of the stream at the bottom of the dam was about 40 feet. At the top the dam was about 400 feet long. It was built straight across the gap and neither face nor back was curved. The slopes were about the same on both face and back. The dam was built many years ago to create a reservoir for use as a feeder to the Pennsylvania Canal. The builders placed in the 40-foot space at the bottom, where the creek ran, five huge pipes, each as large as a hoghead. These were covered by an arch of massive masonry and were arranged to be opened or closed by levers in a tower that was built in the center of the dam.

Ruins of the Day Express.

Amidst the wreckage I located the Day Express which was swept away at Conemaugh. The ruins of the train lie about 100 feet from the fourth bridge from the western end of the stone bridge. Parts of the parlor cars have been found, as well as traces of the passengers. The baggage of Miss Annie Chism, of Nashville, Tenn., was found. She was a missionary, on her way to Brazil for the Women's Foreign Missionary Society of the Methodist Church. Among her effects was the Bible, and it was a message to be filed at Altoona, and addressed to the Methodist Concern at No. 20 East Tenth street, New York, anouncing that she was on the train. Her watch, some money and a Greek Testament were also found.

It is evident that many lives were lost on this train, more than at first supposed. The whole train affair is still a mystery, at least the passengers have so far not been found or located. The body of a nicely dressed lady was found which was so much decomposed that it could not be identified. The effects of Miss Chism were sent to Altoona.

Fire at Jacksonville.

A fire at Jacksonville, Florida, destroyed 5 blocks, mostly inferior wooden buildings, but many business firms were among them. At least 60 buildings were destroyed, generally homes of colored people. Loss \$20,000; insurance small.

THE SUSQUEHANNA FLOODS.

Loud Cry For Help From Another Section of our State.

Dispatches from Lewisburg, Pa., declare that 50 persons went down with one of the bridges at Williamsport and were drowned. The flood on the west branch of the Susquehanna was unprecedented. Five spans of the railroad bridge at Lewisburg, Pa., were swept away, and the gas works, water works and mills flooded out. The loss at this place is \$75,000. Every bridge on the river from Sunbury to Clearfield was washed away.

The situation in the town of Lewistown which has been cut off from the world since last Friday, is thus briefly described: Eight river bridges were swept away. There is only one open railroad here. The highways of the town are covered with debris 10 feet high. Many of the population are being fed and sheltered in the Court House. The waters rose nine feet higher than in 1847. No lives were lost. The damage to property cannot be estimated.

Superintendent Pettit of the Pennsylvania Railroad, succeeded in getting to the edge of Lock Haven Tuesday morning at 9:30. All the houses had from six to ten feet of water in them. The receding water left considerable mud in the streets and dwellings. Only one person is known to have been drowned at Lock Haven, but several lives were reported lost at Mill Hall, four miles from Lock Haven.

Pennfield, Pa. The flood here was the highest for 25 years. All the dams on Ben-nett's Branch are gone, 11,000,000 feet of logs escaping from Caledonia. Craig's mill at Winterburn and Hoover & Hugs's mill and tramway here are much damaged. No lives are lost nor dwellings carried off.

THE LOSS OF LIFE.

Scarcely On Half of the Population Saved.

Some doubt has been expressed as to the estimate that 12,000 to 15,000 people have been lost in this flooded district. Of course there is at present no way of determining with any degree of exactitude how many are dead, but the guessing is a reasonable and conservative, and based on close figuring.

In the first place, it must be understood that this is the greatest disaster in history, and no one brain can compass its details. Its possibilities are boundless, its misery infinite, and its destruction lost in the unlighted darkness of death. At least 2,500 bodies have been found; 2,000 at the lowest calculation, are in the burned debris in the river; 3,000 are in the unsearched sandbanks around the Cambria Works, down along the river and in the lower part of Johnstown; from one to two thousand are scattered in the valley from Woodville to the bridge, and a thousand or two are below the bridge, between Johnstown and Bolivia. Hundreds were carried down to the broad rivers in the tremendous current and may never come into the hands of the living.

Less than one-half the population have registered, so that the other half are still missing, and of these at least three-fourths must have perished.

Decrease in Circulation.

A statement prepared at the Treasury Department shows that there was a decrease of \$16,780,693 in circulation during the month of May last, and a net increase of \$1,973,910 in money and bullion in the Treasury during the same period. The principal loss in circulation was in gold certificates. United States notes and national bank notes, and the principal gain in Treasury holdings was in standard silver dollars. United States notes and gold notes in the order named. The total circulation June 1 is stated at \$1,697,470,751, and the total money and bullion in the Treasury on the same date, \$664,692,230.

TALES OF DISTRESS.

Extent of the Devastation in Lycoming, Clinton and Tioga Counties.

In all the history of Central Pennsylvania there has never been known such high water, or have local floods been attended with such disastrous results as that of the last day of May and 1st of June. In 1833, and again in 1876, Centre county had floods, but this time the waters were two feet higher than on either previous occasion. At Coburn the waters reached their worst. They spread over the entire town, and in some places the waters, by actual measurement, were thirty feet deep. To add to the horror of the situation was the fact that it was at night and pitch dark, while the rain descended in torrents. There is not one good house left standing in Coburn. Individual losses cannot be enumerated, but the total loss will aggregate fully \$300,000 in Coburn. The valley is strewn with dead bodies of all kind of animals.

The Lewisburg Railroad, from Coburn to Lewisburg, a distance of 45 miles, is a complete ruin, only 15 miles of track yet remaining.

The best estimates puts the loss of life in Williamsport at 25. Three hundred houses were carried away, and every building was flooded. The greatest wreck is along the river bank north of the Reading depot.

The lumber men estimate that of the 250,000,000 feet of logs and 60,000,000 feet of sawed lumber in the boom, valued in all at \$4,000,000 nearly one-fourth remains, a great deal can be recovered, and the loss will not exceed \$2,500,000. The merchants estimate their loss at \$850,000.

Wellsville, Tioga county, is in a very bad shape. A number of people were drowned. Much property was destroyed, and the people are suffering for the necessities of life. All the bridges in the lower end of Lycoming county are gone.

THIRTY LIVES LOST IN CLINTON.

Reliable reports from Lock Haven state that while only one person was drowned in that city, the list of those known to have perished in the county of Clinton is 30 or more. The property loss will reach millions of dollars, and business is at a standstill. Danger is now threatened them from sickness.

In Maryland the loss of life by the flood's may not foot up more than 50, but the damage to property is enormous. Hundreds of people are homeless and many are half starved and without sufficient clothing. The Baltimore people, believing that charity begins at home, have decided to divert a portion of the Johnstown fund to the relief of those who have been made destitute nearer home.

AT WILLIAMSPORT.

Thousands Homeless and Without Clothes—State Aid Promised.

Mayor Foreman, of Williamsport, Pa., in telegrams to Governor Beaver says the boom was cleared of logs and lumber. The awful mass carried away many houses and all their contents. Thousands of people of Williamsport are homeless and without anything but the clothes upon their backs. Many of the people are in absolute want for the necessities of life. At the meeting called Tuesday, \$7,000 in cash were raised. The city badly needs disinfectants. Dead animals and all kinds of filth are strewn upon the streets, and grave fears of an epidemic are entertained. Scores of goods of stores in the center of the city are ruined. It is impossible to estimate the loss and damage to different kinds of property. Five million dollars is a low estimate of the loss on lumber alone. Other losses are larger. The surrounding country has suffered just as badly. Booms, bridges and villages have been swept away and the loss of life has been considerable.

THE FATAL DAM.

An Engineer Pronounces It Exceedingly Faulty.

Mr. A. M. Wellington, with F. P. Burt, associate editor of *Engineering News*, of New York, has just completed an examination of the dam which caused the great disaster. Mr. Wellington states that the dam was in every respect of very inferior construction, and of a kind wholly unwarranted by good engineering practices of thirty years ago. Both the original and reconstructed dams were of earth only, with no heart wall, but only rapped on the slopes. The original dam, however, was made in rammed and watered layers which still show distinctly in the wrecked dam. The new end greatly added to its stability, but it was, to all appearances, simply dumped in like an ordinary railroad fill, or if rammed shows no evidence of good effect from it. Much of the old part is standing intact, while adjacent parts of the new work are wholly carried off. There was no central wall of pile or masonry, either in the new or old dam. It has been the invariable practice of engineers for thirty or forty years, since one or the other of building high dams of earth.

NO OTHER DAM LIKE IT.

It is doubtful if there is a single other dam or reservoir in any other part of the United States of 50 feet high which lacks this central wall. The reconstructed dam also bears the mark of great ignorance or carelessness, having been made nearly two feet lower in the middle than at the ends. It should rather have crowned in the middle, which would have concentrated the overflow, if it should occur, at the ends instead of in center. Had the break begun at the ends the cut of the water would have been so gradual that little or no harm might have resulted. Had the dam been at once cut at the ends when the water began running over the center, the sudden break of the dam would have been at least greatly diminished, possibly prolonged, so that little harm would have resulted.

Mr. Wellington said that no engineer of known and good standing for such work could possibly have been engaged on it, since in the particulars mentioned it violated the most elementary and universally understood requirements of good practice. He did not believe that any other dam of equal height had ever been constructed in this country wholly of earth without some kind of special protection against leakage or abrasion by water in the center of the dam.

A Plausible Theory

It is a well known fact among railroad men that the fast trains rushing along their steel railways create powerful currents of air which sweep in birds flying near the track and hurl them so violently against telegraph poles and trees as to kill them. And in view of the descriptions of those who saw the flood the theory is advanced that the rushing mass of water created just such a current of compressed air which crushed in the houses before the water touched them. The universal testimony is that the fatal wave was preceded by a bank of fog, and that houses gave way like egg shells when the spray touched them the ruins being almost instantly engulfed by the waters.

Brick buildings went down much more easily than frame and this fact tends to confirm the compressed air theory, as water would naturally float the frame houses from their foundations and demolish them much more easily than brick buildings. This theory, if accepted, will go far toward explaining the awful destruction and loss of life. In an ordinary flood a greater proportion of people escape by floating away on pieces of the wreck. Of course the gorge at the stone bridge must be taken into account, as it held buildings, and if dead human beings there to be battered into a shapeless mass by the logs and drift coming behind.

TERMS.—ONE DOLLAR per annum in advance.—ONE DOLLAR AND FIFTY CENTS if not paid in advance. No subscription discontinued unless at the option of the publisher, until all arrearages are paid.
—ADVERTISEMENTS inserted at the usual rates.—Large reductions to those who advertise by the year.
—JOB PRINTING of every description—from the smallest label or card to the largest handbill or poster—done with dispatch, at the lowest rates.

FRIDAY EVENING, JUNE 7, 1889.

TOWN AND COUNTRY.

Personal.

Mr. E. G. Popper and family are spending several weeks with friends at Mechanicstown, Md.
Mrs. J. W. Shane, of Washington, D. C., is visiting her many friends in this place.

Mr. V. S. Robinson left on Tuesday morning for Baltimore, where he has secured employment in a shoe factory. His family will remain here until fall.

Mrs. J. E. C. Miller and two children, of this place, left on Wednesday for an extended trip among friends in Ohio, Illinois, Indiana, Missouri, and Iowa.

On Friday, May 17, the Senior Class of the Theological Department of Ursinus College passed their final examination and were awarded the usual certificates. The class numbered nine, among whom was Mr. C. E. Wehler, of this place. Mr. Wehler has accepted a call from Blue Bell, Pa., to succeed Rev. Jno. Sechler, and will leave here to-morrow morning for his new field of labor. We but express the wishes of his many friends here when we wish him success in his new field.

SAD NEWS.

Mrs. W. H. Weaver and Seven of Her Children Reported Drowned.

According to a telegram in Wednesday's Philadelphia Times, Mrs. W. H. Weaver, formerly of this place, and seven of her children were drowned in the dreadful calamity at Johnstown. Mr. Weaver left here with his family about January 1st, leaving behind him a host of friends, who eagerly scanned the daily papers for tidings, glad or sad, of himself or family, until the above news fell among them like a shock. Many sad faces could be seen among the citizens of town. The telegram also states that Mr. Thos. Eck's wife and three children, former residents of this place, and Edw. Mayhew's five children were also drowned.

The above are all relatives of Mr. J. S. Weaver, of near this place, who left here for Johnstown on Wednesday evening. Nothing has been heard of Mr. W. H. Weaver and the other members of his family, and his friends here are hopeful that the sorrow they feel for the unfortunate Mrs. Weaver and her children may be relieved somewhat, by the news of his safety as well as the safety of the other members of his family.

Mr. Thos. Himes, of this place, went to Johnstown Monday to learn the fate of his brother, Charles Himes and family, (wife and three children). A telegram from him to his friends here states that he can find no trace of his brother or any member of his family, and the supposition is that they are drowned.

The other persons known in this vicinity that resided in the flooded district about Johnstown, besides the above, are Mr. David Weaver, Sr., and wife, Mr. David Weaver, Jr., and family, Mr. Jos. Staub, son of Mr. A. A. Staub, recently of this place.

From Sadness to Gladness.

Since the above was in type and as we were about going to press, we were informed that Mrs. J. S. Weaver received a letter from W. H. Weaver, telling her that himself and wife and their family are all safe except one son, Harry, who had not been heard of when the letter was mailed, (Monday,) although they were then in hopes of his safety. This will be good news to their host of friends here, although their rejoicing will be tinged with sadness at the uncertain fate of Harry, who was well liked and had many friends. Mr. Weaver had his hands and breast badly hurt, and Mrs. Weaver's one arm was badly bruised.

Mr. Weaver also states that his parents, Edw. Mayhew and wife and one son, Thos. Eck and two children, and Jos. Staub are all safe.

We are very glad to learn of their safety, yet we sympathize deeply with them in their present condition, as they lost all their earthly goods, except what they had on their persons.

Dr. Henry Baxter's Mandrake Bitters, Arnica Oil Liniment and Downs' Elixir for sale at Dicks' drug store.

Sudden Death of Col. McClellan.

Col. John H. McClellan, of Gettysburg, died very suddenly at the Central Hotel, Littlestown, Saturday noon. As superintendent of the turnpike, he drove over the line to ascertain the damage by the high water and ordered the necessary repairs. Upon reaching Littlestown he was informed of the washing away of the Piney creek bridge, at Dutera's tanyard, a mile below. Upon going there he complained of unusual weakness, especially about the heart, and was at once taken in a carriage back to the Central hotel, where a comfortable place was made for him on the office lounge. Expressing a desire to see his old friend, Hon. Wm. McSherry, that gentleman promptly appeared, and he finding the Colonel very sick, sent for Dr. Foreman, but before the physician could get there, the vital spark had fled, quietly and painlessly.

Col. McClellan was one of the most prominent and widely-known citizens of our county. He was born March 5, 1808, on Marsh creek. He received the usual education of youths of that period, and commenced his active career as a clerk of the old Gettysburg Bank, having been elected about Jan. 1834 and serving until his resignation March 2, 1867, thus completing the third of a century as clerk and teller in that institution. He served as County Treasurer by appointment in 1838, '39 and '40 and was elected to that office in 1843. The McClellans have, during the whole life of the Colonel, owned and occupied the McClellan House in Gettysburg, although since the death of George W. it has been leased, never having been managed as a hotel by the Colonel. It was purchased by his father in 1808 from the executor of James Scott.

A spirit of adventure was a marked characteristic of the Colonel, and showed deeply throughout his whole life. One of its earliest manifestations was his ascension in the Wise balloon in 1842.

Two years ago the Colonel wrote out full instructions as to the conduct of his funeral and placed the paper in his bible, telling Undertaker Gurlach where to find it. Upon the death occurring the instructions were opened and were as follows:

Gettysburg, May 28, 1887.

Mr. Wm. GARLACH—
Dear Friend:—You will please carry out my instructions as follows, as near as you can:—

In view of the uncertainty of life, I hereby commit my last wishes to writing, with regard to the manner and form, for the disposal of all that is left of my mortal remains.

First, I wish my body to be clothed in a good suit of woolen cloth, "Black," and placed in a Metallic Coffin, with a clean woolen blanket inside.

I wish no mourning. The funeral services is to be held in My Opera House. The remains to be placed on the stage in front of the Marsh creek scenery; after the services the coffin can be placed at the door where anybody can have a last look at the corpse. I wish my remains conveyed to the Evergreen Cemetery in a plain clean spring wagon. I wish my coffin to be placed in a plain strong wooden box; then to be arched over with granite slabs 3 inches thick and then cemented, with a solid foundation for head and foot stones.

Jno. H. McCLELLAN.

The funeral took place Tuesday afternoon.

NEW OXFORD ENTERPRISE.—The well known and popular druggist, J. W. Barnitz, has taken the agency for Dr. Lee's Liver Regulator which he recommends for the quick cure of dyspepsia, biliousness, liver complaint, all blood troubles. Trial bottles free.

It is a well-known fact that Puritan cough and consumption cure has cured consumption and chronic coughs and colds, when all else failed. Price 25 cents.

Our Supplement.

Being unable to give anything like a good account of the recent floods throughout the State, and more particularly the dreadful disaster at Johnstown, in the space at command, we decided to issue a supplement for that purpose this week. We hope our effort will please our patrons.

Strong purgative medicines are fast giving away to the mild and effectual properties of Red Cloud Liver Beans. They cure dyspepsia, biliousness and indigestion. Trial package free at all druggists.

Jacob, a young son of Geo. Emig, of East Berlin, broke his arm by falling from a tree.

Don't forget "Nevada," or "The Lost Mine," in Miller's Hall, to-night for the benefit of the Fire Company.

The Great Storm in the County.

The terrible storm of Friday and Friday night caused much loss to crops, fences, &c., and serious damage to bridges in the county.

The Little Conewago was not as high as in 1884, although there was considerably more water, this is due to the fact that in 1884 the water was then dammed up at several places by the hay, grain, &c., then lying on the fields along its banks. Nearly all the bridges, fences, and some buildings, from its source to its mouth were either swept away or badly damaged, while the crops, &c., on the lowlands are completely destroyed.

The bridge across Slagle's Run, near the Conewago Chapel was swept away, and the crops, &c., along the banks of the run badly damaged. At Centennial Mills, on the Little Conewago, the flood reached its highest point five inches below the high water mark of June, 1884, and thirteen feet above low water. The water rose so rapidly as to endanger the stock. The damage to fences, grain, &c., is great. Wm. Kohler lost a large lot of hickory wood and at least 1,000 panels of fence. Nearly all the small bridges are taken away, but no county bridge is damaged except by washouts at Lilly's and Myer's mills, which made the roads impassable for a few days.

The water was several feet deep in the house of Mr. Peter Miller, which stands several hundred yards from the stream, in Oxford township.

Our mills near town suffered greatly from the flood. Jos. R. Diehl's barn was swept down the stream for a few hundred yards and wrecked, and his pig pen, chicken house, &c., removed. One calf, a wagon, sleigh, and the corn crib with about 100 bushels of corn, and all his chickens were swept away. The water was three feet deep in his kitchen, and over the paling fence at his brick house. The water was half way up to the second story of the mill. He had a fine field of wheat near the mill that was entirely destroyed and also his corn field. His garden was entirely ruined, and all the fences taken away. His loss will not be less than \$800 or \$1,000.

Eichelberger's mill, late Gitt's, suffered some. The water was half way up to the second floor, and upon the bone and saw mill. The two dwelling houses were surrounded by water to near the second floor, the one being so badly damaged as to be untenable, and doing great damage to the property by wash outs. The gardens were destroyed. The water was running through the county bridge, but it stood the test. Nothing could be seen of the race, all a vast deluge of water. The hay scales were torn out the foundation and carried away, also the race bridge. Mr. Winand lost several hundred chickens. The loss is about \$800.

Three county bridges have been carried away, all large: The iron bridge across Himes's dam, the wooden bridge on the Harrisburg road at East Berlin, and the wooden bridge at Brown's mill. Others have received injuries, but not serious.

The Star says: Gettysburg has not been so completely cut off from the outside world since the battle. No mails arrived from Friday evening until Monday evening and only a few stray city papers. Both railroads sustained heavy losses. The first serious washout on the B. & H. was below Seven Valley, and several bridges between Sinshelm and Gunpowder Falls were removed. On the Western extension the bridge at Marsh creek, was somewhat damaged. The whole force of the road was concentrated on repairing the damages, and Monday afternoon through trains ran from Baltimore to the main branch at Highfield Station. This route will be used until the main stem can be reopened.

On the Gettysburg and Harrisburg road there was a washout above the Conewago about 700 feet long, and for 200 feet the track was swept away. The breaking of the Laurel and Upper dam at Mt. Holly did great damage to the South Mountain branch and the main road. There was also a bad washout at Craighead's in Cumberland county. But the road is in running order again, and the first through train arrived Monday evening about 6:30.

A Fairfield correspondent says: Cellars were flooded, bridges were swept away and much damage done crops. The bridge near this place was damaged somewhat, as well as some of the road embankment. Hands were at work all day Sunday repairing. Some of the abutments of the trestle work were damaged. The public roads are washed out in many places and rendered impassable until they are repaired. The two covered bridges between this place and Emmitsburg, were somewhat damaged, and the bridge on the turnpike near John Hoover's was swept away entirely.

A York Springs correspondent says: The heavy rain of Friday night did

considerable damage to the growing crops in this section. Several farmers report whole fields of corn and grain washed out and fences swept away. In the lower end of Huntington township all the foot logs are gone and a great many bridges damaged. It will cost the township \$350 to repair them.

From Bendersville: The storm did considerable damage in this section, in the washing of corn fields and overflowing of meadows, the prostration of growing wheat, the washing of roads, &c. The county bridge above town in the Narrows was taken away and the supervisor of the upper part of the township report eight township bridges swept away. The replacing of these bridges and the repairing of roads will involve great expense to the township. The Opossum creek was up as high as at any previous time. The large dam at Laurel forge broke carrying with it a house, blacksmith shop and a wagon-maker shop and runout and otherwise injuring the forge.

At Cashtown: The storm created some excitement in our town, the mountain stream overleaping its banks and passing down the streets did considerable damage. Many gardens were ruined and other property damaged. Many corn fields through and along the mountains are ruined. Some of the roads are impassable and the supervisors have prohibited travel on them until they can be repaired. A number of culverts are gone and the cost to the township will be large. Farmers have lost much fencing and their crops damaged along streams. J. E. Harman and J. C. Minter lost their milldams, and several others lost their saw-mill saws.

A correspondent at Arendtsville writes: At Daniel Arendt's mill the milldam, part of the head race to the saw mill and two bridges were swept away. The basement of the mill with about 40 bushels of chop and the cellar of the house were deluged with water. The road from the mill to the barn was made impassable and the soil in the meadow was carried off as deep as was plowed. At Bridgeport the one abutment of the county bridge was partly undermined, some of Chas. McDannel's shingles and lumber were taken. It is said that the water was two feet higher than ever known to be. At the crossing at James S. Taylor's the township bridge was swept away. At A. A. Wierman's mill fences were carried away and grain fields are flat as they are all along the creek. About 40 cords of wood belonging to Mr. Wierman and Wm. Coe went with the flood. Mr. Arendt's loss has been estimated at \$700; Mr. Taylor's \$300; Harvey Cluck's at \$200; Wm. Funt's at \$300 and thus might we mention dozens of farmers whose properties were damaged. Fortunately no lives were lost. The bridge at Roth's mill was damaged.

From Buchanan Valley: The steam saw mill of Mr. George Cole, Sr., in Buchanan Valley, Franklin township, was entirely ruined by the flood, the gearing and belting and foundation swept away. A stove cutter weighing 800 lbs. was carried down the tail race 50 yards. Loss about \$300. Most of the small bridges were swept away or moved; dams broken and race banks torn open; corn and oats fields with great gutters through them, and fences down or vanished. Mr. Joseph Steinberger's horses swamped in the road wash. He was going along with a two-horse wagon when suddenly he found both horses sinking. One he got out immediately, but the other sank. The neighbors quickly gathered, and with lines and ropes, and a great deal of hard work, the horse was rescued with but a few scratches.

At the head of the Narrows, where the streams all meet, the water rose ten feet above low water mark. A hole above the bridge was washed 8 feet deep. Hon. Francis Cole's coal bed was torn to pieces, his fences, saw logs and farming implements carried off, and an acre and a half of potatoes entirely washed down stream. He estimates his loss at \$500 or \$600.

DON'T STAND THAT PAIN.—It don't do to neglect nature's warning, aches through the system cause rheumatism, neuralgia, backache and pain in the side, a prompt and safe remedy is required, Red Flag Oil the famous pain cure fills the bill. Price 25 cents.

Are you consumptive or do you suffer with a cough or cold, if so use Puritan cough and consumption cure. Price 25 cents. At Barnitz's drug store.

Mr. G. L. Fink, cigar manufacturer of this place, lost about 10,000 of his best grade cigars by the cellar being flooded in which he had them stored, on Friday night.

Ease the babe (from one day old or more) from pain, by using Victor Infants' Relief. Absolutely guaranteed—Harmless.

The Star says: The great disaster at Johnstown brought sorrowful news to several homes in Gettysburg. Miss Darlie Benford received a despatch from her brother at Bradford, stating that her mother, two sisters and a brother were among the lost. A nephew of Miss S. P. Horner, Mr. Hanson Jackson, a line despatcher at Derry, was in Johnstown on business, and drowned. Mrs. Jas. P. McCaughy, a sister-in-law of Hon. D. McCaughy, perished in the flood. Mr. James McCaughy was one of the oldest and most prominent citizens of Johnstown, and his family at home consisted of four daughters and two sons. Mr. McCaughy is in receipt of a despatch this p. m., which states that Wallace (a son) is still missing, but the remainder of the family all saved except Mrs. McCaughy.

Wait for the Excursion to Washington, on Friday, June 21st, under the auspices of Camp No. 328, P. O. S. of A., of Hanover. Com. of Arrangm't.

James, aged 9 years, son of James Olp, of near Glen Rock, York county, was trampled upon by a mule in the stable in his father's barn, the other day, and badly cut about the head, face and breast. His life was despaired of for a time.

A NATIONAL DISEASE.—Americans, as a rule, suffer more than any other Nation with dyspepsia, biliousness and indigestion. Our readers are assured that nothing equals Red Cloud Liver Beans for these ailments. Trial package free at all druggists.

Rev. Samuel Henry, with family, the newly elected pastor of Holtzswamp and Pigeon Hill churches, arrived at East Berlin on last Friday.

MARRIED.

May 26, at Conewago Chapel, by Rev. John B. Mullaly, Mr. F. X. Colgan, of Oxford twp., to Miss Gabriella Rider, of McSherrystown.

May 28, at same place by the same, Mr. Edward McColgan, of Hanover, to Miss Maggie Gulden, of Conewago twp.

May 30, by Rev. J. Swartz, Benj. D. Kemper, of Carroll county, Md., to Miss Ellen J. Moose, of Germany twp.

May 30, by E. J. Cox, Esq., W. B. Ebbert, of Union Bridge, Md., to Miss Jennie Blade, of Cumberland twp.

DIED.

Deaths free—verses, tributes, &c., 5 cents a line

May 29, near this place, Gertrude M., daughter of Mr. James Robinson, aged 1 year and 11 months.

Under the green sod of the churchyard hno Our babe now lies in her slumber of rest. Our hearts sadly broken with deepest grief And our home is sad without thee.

With the angels bright in robes of white, With the heavenly spirits we are singing, Weep not parents, sisters dear, Beautiful heaven is my home for ever.

June 1, in Littlestown, John H. McClellan, of Gettysburg, aged 81 years, 2 months and 27 days.

June 1, in Cashtown, Daniel Heinzelman, aged 80 years and 4 months.

May 27, in Huntington twp., Catharine, daughter of George Slaybaugh, aged about 29 years.

April 21, in Mountpleasant twp., Edward Martin, infant son of George A. and Ella B. Harman, aged 4 months and 20 days.

Home is not home for Edle is not here, Angels have taken him out of our care; Farewell my parents dear, I know life's sad without me here. Farewell my friends and kindred dear, I'm gone to dwell with Christ in paradise.

—MILLER'S OPERA HALL—

NEVADA,

OR THE

Lost--Mine!

FRIDAY EVE., JUNE 7,

for benefit of

Fire Company.

This Drama, so successfully rendered by local talent, recently, will be repeated for the benefit of the New Oxford Fire Company on the above evening. The New Oxford Orchestra will furnish the music.

Admission—20c; reserved seats, 30c.

FINDING THE LOST.

JOHNSTOWN RISING FROM ITS RUINS.

Survivors of the Industrial Army at Work Again.

Credit is due the Cambria Iron Company for promptly setting the stricken people to work, and thus turning their minds from their sorrows. On Saturday night the company had the natural gas mains under the river bed repaired, and gas has been blazing there ever since. The machine shop employing 100 men, is in operation, the boiler shop is clanging with the hammers of a full force of workmen, the blacksmith shop is running full, and what is more wonderful, the six blast furnaces with their small army of workmen were started up this morning. Only those who have seen the utter ruins of this works by the flood can realize what this means. The Cambria Company expects, after a careful examination of the work by experts, to be making rails by the end of June. The new steel plant, completed shortly before the flood at a cost of \$90,000, is not damaged, No. 2 rolling mill is nearly ready for work.

There were 35 bodies recovered Monday. 11 of them at the stone bridge. Those taken out of the water were in a much better condition than those found in the debris. The latter were not only horribly bloated and distorted in feature, but decomposition had set in, and the stench arising therefrom was so unbearable that the men at the various morgues found it disagreeable duty to wash them. The bodies now are almost beyond recognition. Many are as black as negroes, and where they were bruised the faces are sunken into a jellied mass.

The New York Life Insurance Company has sent Special Agent Langmuir to adjust claims. There were 75 policies held in Johnstown representing \$200,000. Within 24 hours the agent had located them all and found that 14 of the holders had been lost. Their policies amount to \$15,000, which will be paid at once. One policy, held by Chas. A. Kies, a baker, doing business in the center of the city, was found two miles down the river by accident.

The first National Bank has opened up for business, and the fact is appreciated by everybody. Much trouble has been occasioned by the inability to get money, all having to bring it in packages.

Rev. Father Trautwein, pastor of the Church of the Immaculate Conception, reports that out of a congregation of 950 he has lost 115, and thinks the number drowned will reach 150.

FLOOD NOTES.

The general impression is that Governor Foraker, of Ohio, did more for the sufferers than did Governor Beaver.

At Sciotoville, O., a pocketbook containing \$5.26, a set of silver spoons marked "S. Y." a tank book of the First National of Johnstown, with a credit to Nathan Dyer, and two locks of hair, mementoes of lost loved ones, were found.

Chairman Hicks of the Adena delegation, who has been all over the district since Sunday morning, says the loss is 12,500 to 14,000, and he bases it on talk with scores of all sorts of people. The absence of former residents and of a fixed and familiar population is most striking.

The work of recovering the dead goes on with undiminished vigor, and as the workmen become accustomed to their ghastly finds, and the horrors of the scene become commonplace, they apply themselves more diligently to their duty and labor with a system that produces rapid results.

With the receding waters the scene of desolation becomes hourly more weird and picturesque. Like a desert swept by some fierce sirocco, the valley level is an unbroken plain for miles, only at last to find abrupt termination in a mountain of debris that found lodgment on some projection rock which, like Ajax, defied the fury of all the forces of the elements.

The borough of Johnstown and the adjoining boroughs, or what is left of them are practically under martial law. Adj. Gen. Hastings says he has not declared martial law, yet the soldiers are on guard and no one is permitted between the rivers unless he has an order from the Adjutant General. The sightseers are discouraged altogether, and the town is inaccessible except to newspaper men and others who have business here.

Cincinnati has sent through the committee \$55,000, in addition to \$7,250 from banks and \$3,000 from other contributors.

Nine carloads of provisions and clothing were sent to Johnstown over the Pennsylvania railroad on Sunday and eight over the Baltimore & Ohio.

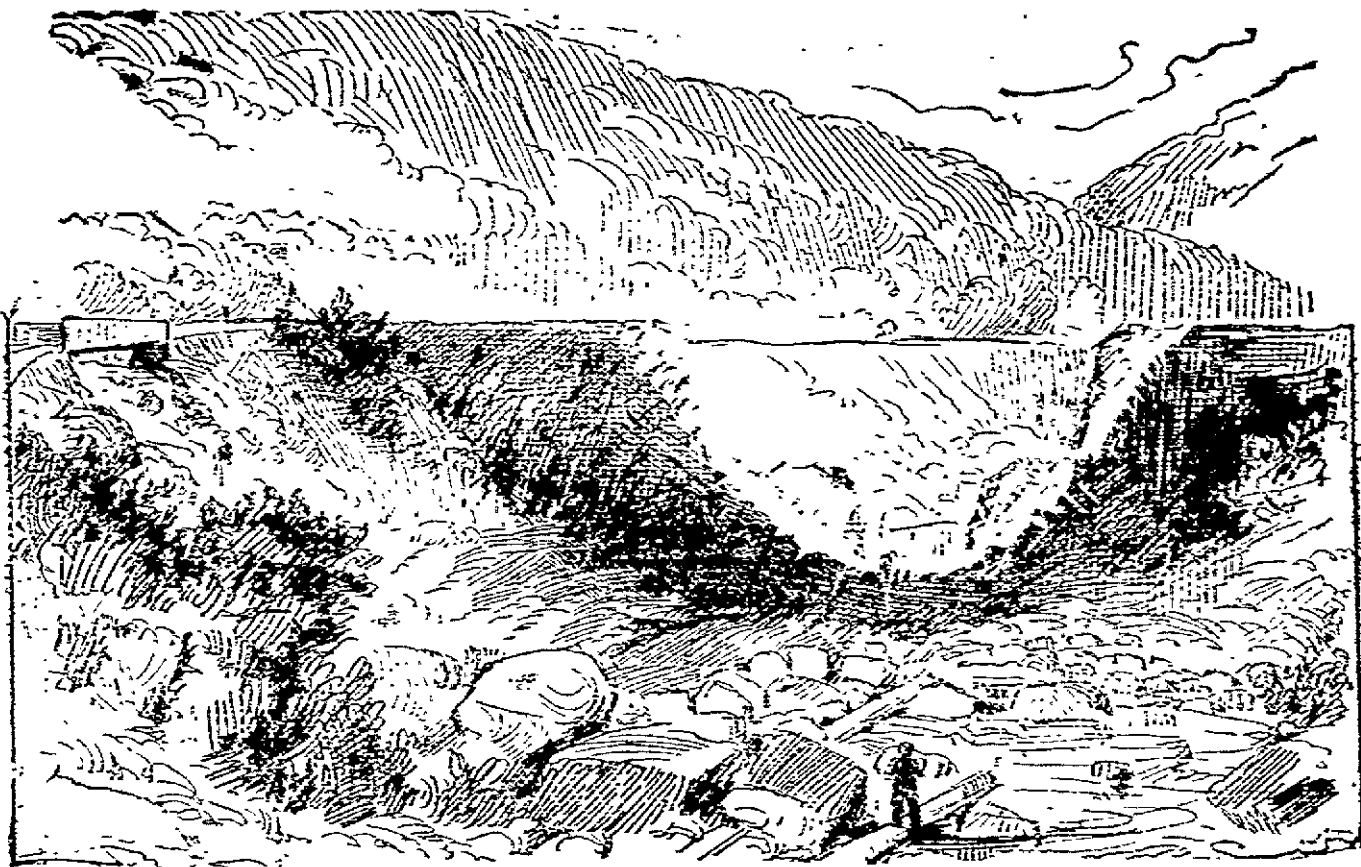
Some idea of the magnitude of the damage done to Pennsylvania Railroad lines by the recent flood may be formed from the statement that nearly 5,000 men are employed in many cases working 16 hours a day. This great army of workmen is building bridges, replacing track carried away, filling in and grading the washed-out road bed.

Dr. Ribbert estimated Sunday that 2,500 bodies had been recovered so far. In his visit among nine mortuaries already mentioned he counted 1,600 bodies. The mortuaries above and below Johnstown have not been visited by the doctor, but the coroner held 255 inquests at Newburg; 25 bodies were found at Conemaugh; 19 at Mill Creek Point and bodies are constantly being found.

The first reports of lynching by drowning and shooting which came from the scene of the Johnstown disaster are now said to have been untrue and to have had their origin in the zeal of imaginative correspondents and their ambition to get ahead of their contemporaries. Such reports, however, are always the natural outcome of great disasters.

Charleston, S. C., and Jacksonville, Fla., are making a noble effort to repay the generosity shown them when they were afflicted. Both cities are sending relief in generous quantities to the sufferers in the Conemaugh valley. A train has left Charleston loaded with provisions and clothing. There were six carloads.

The Woodvale Woolen Mill pumping engines were bolted to a concrete rock foundation 12 feet square and 7 feet deep, the whole weighing 50 tons. The force of the water carried pumps and foundation 350 feet and left the massive machinery upside down.



THE DAM AT SOUTH FORK LAKE.

The view is taken from a point below the dam and shows the peculiar way in which the water cut through it.

HASTINGS WILL TAKE HOLD.

The Adjutant General to Rule at Johnstown With Flynn as Adviser.

General D. H. Hastings will take active part of the relief, the distribution of money, the clearing of streets and the military ends of the Johnstown scheme of relief on Wednesday morning. He consented to do this after a lengthy conference with J. B. Scott and William Flynn, and only upon condition that Mr. Flynn should give him a day or two a week as an adviser. On Tuesday night, therefore, the chamber of Commerce and Flynn regimes will expire, and General Hastings will be in charge.

James McKnight will take a part of the contract upon a percentage basis. A number of Eastern contractors will also have a number of the contracts. The wages will be \$1.50 a day, and work will be done on a strictly cost system. Mr. Flynn was offered a portion of the contracts on percentage, but declined them. He takes all his men who want to go and leaves those who want to stay. Mr. Flynn says the camps are very healthy, the best of sanitary and hygienic arrangements having been made. He says it is all nonsense to say that there is sickness, when as a matter of fact there is none. E. W. Breck and W. R. Ford have charge of the finance department and will square up on Wednesday. Mr. Flynn told General Hastings that it will take all summer to do the work he has commenced, and he will not have money enough to do the third of it.

The Health Bulletin.

The following bulletin has been issued by the State Board of Health and speaks for itself. It was posted in every conspicuous place about the town. The encouraging words of Dr. Groff will do much towards relieving the anxiety of the many thousands of survivors and workmen in the stricken valley who have feared the outbreak of an epidemic. For this reason many of them have deserted the town. More are constantly arriving however. The bulletin reads:

Health Bulletin.—The general condition of health in Johnstown and vicinity is excellent. No epidemic disease of any kind prevails, nor is it expected that any will arise. The whole region has been divided into convenient districts and each placed under a competent sanitarian. The State Board of Health is prepared to meet all emergencies as they arise. The air is wholesome and the water generally pure. The good people of the devastated district will go on, as they have so nobly done for the past week, in their efforts to clean up the wreckage, and good health will certainly be maintained. GEO. G. GROFF.

Thirty-eight bodies were found Saturday. The waters began to give up their dead Sunday, the ninth since the flood. Fifty-eight bodies were recovered, most of them floating in the water. Seven were dragged out of the raft above the bridge. One the body of Christopher Kemple, an undertaker, was found \$3,100 which he had snatched from his safe when he saw the flood coming.

IN OTHER PARTS.

Wide Spread Destruction Outside of the Conemaugh Valley.

Since telegraphic communication has been restored, it has become known as a certainty that all the central and northern counties of the State are completely washed out and that the loss of life and property is greater, with few exceptions, than in any case yet reported. The information is that floods have completely laid waste the valleys of all rivers and creeks in Jefferson, Elk, Cameron, McKean, Potter, Tioga, Lycoming, Sullivan, Columbia, Montour, Northumberland, Dauphin, York, Juniata, Mifflin, Huntingdon, Blair, Cambria and Clearfield counties.

Reports have been received of the loss of 103 lives on the west branch of the Susquehanna, and details have not yet been received from many of the districts known to have suffered. Enough is known, however, to make it certain that the total loss will foot up into many thousand lives and tens of millions of dollars.

Two one armed men had a desperate fight in Oglethorpe, Ga., the other day, and were getting in some telling blows when a one armed man ran between and separated them.

THE MEASURES OF RELIEF.

Extraordinary Response to the Appeal for Help.

Up to Wednesday Pittsburgh had contributed in cash nearly, or a little above \$200,000, without counting the thousands of dollars worth of goods donated. Owing to the rush Mr. Thompson has been unable to prepare a complete statement, but the figures will reach in the neighborhood of \$1,000,000 raised by the country at large for the sufferers.

Governor Bulkley, of Connecticut, telegraphed the appropriation of \$25,000 by the State Legislature. Notice was also received that \$395.47 had been raised at Newport, Ky. \$1,500 from Knoxville, Tenn.; \$1,000 from the Hebrew Benevolent Society, of Los Angeles, Cal., and \$1,000 from the Mayor of Schenectady, N. Y. Mayor Root, of Hartford, sends \$455.92 of an unexpended balance of a former contribution for the sufferers of an Ohio flood as the first installment from Hartford.

The Governor has thus far secured about \$100,000 for the relief of the flood sufferers. The total amount received Tuesday by Mayor Grant and the committee appointed by him for the relief of the Johnstown sufferers is \$92,937.02; received Monday \$22,020; grand total, \$114,957.02.

Canton, Ohio, after a hasty canvass of the city has secured \$5,000 for the Johnstown sufferers. This amount, with two carloads of clothing, provisions, etc., is Canton's contribution.

New York's aggregate of flood subscriptions reported in Associated Press dispatches from various sections, is \$571,601. The aggregate reported Monday night was \$496,000.

Chicago purposes sending substantial help to the Johnstown sufferers. The committee, presided over by Mayor Cregier, hopes and expects to raise at least \$100,000.

Stubberville, Ohio, has sent in \$2,500, and started a carload of provisions and clothing. Denver, Col., has sent \$5,000 for Johnstown to Geo. W. Childs in Philadelphia.

YOUNGSTOWN, O.—The call issued by Mayor Montgomery for relief to the Johnstown sufferers has been liberally responded to by the citizens, \$4,000 in cash has been raised, besides two carloads of provisions and clothing.

CINCINNATI.—The amount subscribed on 'Change for the benefit of the Pennsylvania flood sufferers, has reached a total of \$12,000. At a meeting of citizens of Covington, Ky., \$300 was subscribed in a few minutes.

CAMBRIDGE, O.—Citizens' meetings were held here in the interest of the Johnstown sufferers. They resulted in contributions amounting to \$700 cash.

LOUISVILLE, KY.—At a meeting at the Board of Trade of business men, \$1,749 was subscribed for the Pennsylvania flood sufferers.

ROCHESTER, PA.—The citizens of this place have raised \$1,527 in cash for the Johnstown flood sufferers.

MANY BUILDINGS WRECKED.

Wind Causes Great Damage in Two New York Counties.

A terrific wind storm passed through Port Leyden, Lewis County, and the lower section of Jefferson County, N. Y., about 4 o'clock Sunday afternoon, marring houses, overturning trees, fences and buildings and doing much other damage.

The steeple of the Catholic Church in Port Leyden was blown down, and the one on the M. E. church moved in such a manner as to make it dangerous. One house was picked up and carried about 100 feet and an old couple living there a badly injured. The most damage was done in a path about 80 rods wide, though trees and fences were overturned in a wide territory.

False Crop Reports.

A grain authority says concerning the reported damage by snows and frosts through the West: "Our latest information is a denial that there is any snow in the Northwest. We do not credit the talk of serious damage by the cold to wheat or to the prospective corn crop. The former is too far advanced to be damaged, and the weather has not been severe enough to change the promise of a good corn crop."

FEARFUL RAVAGES.

A WIDE AREA OF DISASTER.

The Sweep of the Storm and Property Losses.

It is interesting to trace the rise, progress and extent of the rain storm that culminated last week in Central Pennsylvania on the western slope of the mountains and in the great Susquehanna basin. Its progress is observable by the weather reports from Southern California, where it appeared on Sunday, May 25, to the New England States the close of the week. Its course was varied, north and south from an east and west line, by prevailing winds. Without doing any very serious damage in the West it reached Western Pennsylvania on Monday, May 30, and it was held here through Friday, when it divided, one set on passed to New England and another southeasterly, deluging Maryland, West Virginia and Virginia. An atmosphere thoroughly saturated was held over Western and Central Pennsylvania by the force of northeast and southeast winds. The downpour only added to the accumulations of heavy rains of the preceding six weeks.

The fearful loss of life in the Conemaugh Valley, resulting from exceptional circumstances not existing elsewhere, has withdrawn attention from the great losses of life and property by the flood in all the breadth of the great Susquehanna basin, along the Potomac, and on the James and other rivers of tide water in Virginia. They were tremendous, and under other circumstances would have been the center of interest.

The destruction of property in the valleys of the Susquehanna and its tributaries was without parallel. The city of Williamsport has been grievously stricken. The destruction of lumber interests there and elsewhere was very great, running into many millions. Happily, while the loss of life has been considerable, it bears no relation to that on the Conemaugh. County and railroad bridges, and valuable public and private improvements have been swept away. In some of the central counties not a bridge is left standing.

Goin' South, along the Potomac the destruction has been, the wreck of the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal—originated by Washington—from Cumberland to Georgetown being the most serious result. This means not only the total loss and abandonment of a great water way, which originally cost \$11,000,000, and upon which has been expended since its beginning nearly \$2,000,000 more, but it means also the death of Georgetown as a coal port, and an incalculable loss in business to the merchants of that place and the coal operators of the Cumberland region.

Still going South, the damage in Virginia, particularly in the James river valley, is said to be incalculable, in property, crops, and railway destruction. Many lives were lost, and a dispatch from Richmond says: "Virginia has probably suffered more than any other State except in loss of life."

Any estimate of the values of property destroyed in Pennsylvania, the border counties of New York and the three States south can only be an approximation of the most vague character. It is appalling and but for the loss of life, it itself would be recognized as the greatest calamity that has befallen the parts of five States involved. An estimate by active men located there of losses in the Conemaugh Valley, with its 40,000 population between South Fork and the Allegheny, and its great industries and railroad improvements, is placed at \$20,000,000. In the Susquehanna basin, from New York down to Port Deposit, at the mouth of the river, in lumber, mills, railroad property, county improvements, and private property etc., the loss is counted as not less than \$10,000,000, and in Maryland and Virginia \$3,000,000. These estimates take no account of the loss of time and business; consequent on the suspension of operations in large communities in all departments of activity.

Here we have a total destruction of property in this limited area, compared with the entire area of the States over part of which the storm swept, of not less than \$38,000,000. The estimate of course is crude, but it gives a fairly good idea of the immense destruction of property.

FIVE PASSENGERS BADLY HURT.

A Fast Express Wrecked and the Cars Telescoped.

The fast express train on the Lehigh Valley Railroad, running between Hazleton and Wilkesbarre, was thrown from the track at Sugar Notch Monday morning, while running at the rate of 35 miles per hour.

The cars were telescoped, and two of them plunged into a frame house which stood near the track. The train had a narrow escape.

The escape of the passengers from instant death was miraculous. No one was fatally hurt. The following sustained serious injuries: John S. McGrorty, Deputy Treasurer of Luzerne County; Geo. H. Troutman, a lawyer of Hazleton; John Lough, principal of the Freeland Schools, and Mrs. Costello and child, of White Haven. It will take all day to clear the wreck. All traffic is at a standstill. A broken axle under the tender caused the train to leave the track.

Over Niagara Falls.

At Niagara Falls Sunday afternoon, "Jacko" Walker, a boatman and fisherman at the Falls, with Frank Davy as a companion, started in a boat from the shore above the inlet of the hydraulic canal for the head of Goat Island. The man lost control of the boat, which was drawn into the current and carried over the Horseshoe Falls. Walker was about 30 years old and Davy 23.

THE SETTLING UP IS CERTAIN.

You may take the world as it comes and goes,
And you will be sure to find
That fate will square the account she owes,
Whoever comes out behind;
And all things bad that a man has done,
By whosever induced,
Return at last to him, one by one,
As the chickens come home to roost.

You may scrape and toil and pinch and save
While your hoarded wealth expands,
Till the cold, dark shadow of the grave
Is nearing your life's last sands;
You will have your balances struck some
night,
And you'll find your hoard reduced.
You'll view your life in another light,
When the chickens come home to roost.

You can stint your soul and starve your heart
With the husks of a barren creed,
But God will know if you play a part,
Will know in your hour of need;
And then as you wait for death to come
What hope can there be deduced
From a creed alone? You will lie there
dumb.

While your chickens come home to roost.
Sow as you will, there's a time to reap,
For the good and the bad as well,
And conscience, whether we wake or sleep,
Is either a heaven or hell.
And every wrong will find its place,
And every passion loosed
Drifts back and meets you face to face,
When the chickens come home to roost.

Whether you're over or under the sod,
The result will be the same:
You cannot escape the hand of God;
You must bear your sin or shame.
No matter what's carved on a marble slab,
When the items are all produced,
You'll find that St. Peter was keeping tab,
And that chickens come home to roost.

—Ernest McGaffey, in *Inter-Ocean*.

THE THREE PASSENGERS.

A STORY OF THE SEA.

I entered the service of the United Company when only fourteen years of age. The United Company was an organization of English and Chinese capitalists at Shanghai which exported teas and other commodities. It had at one time eleven vessels, eight of which were small schooners and brigs, which were employed in visiting ports along the coast and various islands in the China Sea and Pacific Ocean. It is of my first trip I am going to tell you about.

I had run away to sea on a vessel bound from Liverpool to Shanghai, and had left her on arrival. I found that the Captain of the Silver Crown, one of the company's traders, was an old friend of my father's, and so it came about that I took service in the company under him with the rating of cabin boy. The Crown was a fine new fore-and-aft schooner, carrying a crew of eight men, all told. She had a native cook, but all the others were foreigners. The Captain, mate, and myself were English, two of the men Americans, and the other two were Swedes. While I rated as cabin boy, I had to assist in sailing the vessel, and was a sort of clerk to the Captain. The schooner carried a dozen muskets, a lot of boarding pikes, and half a dozen cutlasses as an armament, but everything was boxed up and stored away, if not forgotten. Captain Wharton had been in the service for six years, and had never met with any trouble.

When we got away it was with orders for the Philippine Islands, among which the company had many resident agents who collected products. Our course was to the southeast, to pass between Formosa and the Loo-Choo Islands, and we had made the run thus far without incident, when one day about noon a junk-rigged native craft, which doubtless came from some port in Formosa, intercepted us to the eastward of that island. We were about thirty miles off shore when she hailed us. She claimed to be short of water, owing to an accident; but this, as we afterward came to know, was only an excuse. When she found that we were bound to the Philippines she had three passengers to transfer. They were three natives of Formosa, who were going down there to form a colony, and would pay liberally for a passage by the schooner. They claimed to have contracted with the junk for the round trip, but she had sprung a leak and must return to port.

I am only giving you the gist of what was offered in excuse. We lay to for a couple of hours, and I heard only a part of what was said. It did not seem to strike Captain Wharton or Mate Williams as queer or suspicious, and after haggling over terms for a while the three natives were transferred to our decks and the vessels separated. Then I had time to look the strangers over, and I was not long in concluding that I did not wish for an intimate acquaintance. They were a tough looking trio, and the cook had scarcely set eyes on them before he declared that we had made a great mistake in taking them aboard. We had no accommodations for them aft, and as the schooner was in ballast they had agreed to occupy the hold. This wasn't such a bad place with the hatches off, and they looked like fellows used to roughing it ashore and afloat.

I took an early opportunity of communicating my suspicions to the Captain, but he laughed at me in a good-natured way. I tried the mate, but he saw nothing to arouse distrust. It was singular, however, that every man of the crew outside of the two officers was satisfied that there was something wrong with the trio. While their excuse was reasonable enough,

the looks and actions of the men were suspicious, and it was plain to all that they were sailors. They let us all severely alone except the Captain and the cook, and I called it to mind afterward that while one interested the former the other two were occupied with the latter. I could "chin-chin" a bit and the cook could speak a little English, and so we managed to understand each other pretty well. Three days after the men came aboard "Stop-Slip," as we called the cook, assured me with very serious face that the strangers were evil-minded men, who had planned to capture the schooner. They had asked him to join them, and he had refused. I posted off to the Captain with the news, and he greeted it with contempt.

"If you and the cook have nothing better to do, I'll put you to rubbing the rust off the anchor chain," he gruffly replied.

The mate also laughed at me, but when I went quietly among the men every one of them was ready to believe. Each one had noticed something to arouse his suspicions, but in the absence of orders we could do nothing but wait for what might turn up.

We were getting well down toward the northernmost island of the group, when something happened which should have opened the Captain's eyes. The leader of the three borrowed the glasses and went up to the cross-trees of the mainmast and took a long look around. We saw the sailor in his every move, and he had not been down an hour when a native craft came creeping up from the south, bows on to us. She had a free wind, while we had been beating down all the forenoon. We were at this time forty or fifty miles to the northward of the group, with a beautiful afternoon and a smooth sea. Half an hour after the native craft had been sighted, one of the natives and the Captain retired to the cabin. Five minutes later the native showed his head above the deck and called to the mate, who had just come on watch. He disappeared down the companionway, and at the same time I entered the fore-castle to look for something wanted. I was down there about five minutes. I heard no particular row on deck, but when I reappeared I was struck dumb by the spectacle. One of the natives was at the wheel, and was bringing the schooner into the wind to lie to. The decapitated bodies of the two Americans and the cook were lying amidships, while the two Swedes were at the foremast cross-trees. Not a shout had been raised nor a cry uttered. The work had been done with terrible rapidity and in silence.

As I reached the deck one of the natives came forward with a bloody crease in his hand and called me "good boy," and said I should not be hurt. He left me sitting on the windlass so scared and weak that I could not stand, and then assisted his companions to lower the sails. When this had been accomplished they called to the Swedes to come down. The poor fellows began crying and lamenting, and refused to descend. The natives picked up the bodies from the deck and tossed them overboard, and then descended to the cabin and brought up the bodies of Captain and mate and served them the same way. Both had been killed by the one native who enticed them down. About the time the last body was flung over the rail the native craft drew alongside. She had thirty men on board, all of whom seemed to know our three passengers and their plans. There was great rejoicing over the capture of the schooner, and for a quarter of an hour no one paid me any attention. Then there was a hot discussion, a part of the gang seeming anxious for my life, but the result was that I was conducted to the cook's galley and given to understand that I was to do the cooking. Although our cook was a Chinese he did not spare him. What saved me was my youth, or they might have planned to cut my throat after I had served their turn.

When my fate had been settled the Swedes were again ordered down. One of them descended, begging and pleading, but he was cut down the moment his feet touched the deck. The other refused to come down, and half a dozen natives ran up the foremast shrouds with knives in their hands. Before they could reach him the sailor made his way hand over hand along the trirantal stay to the mainmast. His feet were greeted with applause, but others ascended, and there was no longer any hope for him. The poor fellow made the best defence possible, but they cut and hacked him until he lost his hold and fell to the deck. His body was thrown overboard, deck and cabins cleansed of blood stains, and about sundown the schooner, with twenty-five men, was headed for the Philippines. The rest of the gang, numbering seven or eight, followed with the native craft. I boiled a large quantity of meat and got the best supper possible, and was glad to find that no one gave me any attention.

We had a brisk wind all night and during the next forenoon, and at about 2 o'clock we reached an anchorage on the east side of the main island and within a quarter of a mile of the beach. The native craft passed us and entered the mouth of a river. From what I could gather she was going to bring out men and cannon to the schooner. A hunt was made through the schooner for gun carriages, and the discovery of the small arms seemed to put the fellows in good humor. There was about \$2500 in gold aboard in the cabin, and this was counted out and divided pro rata, or in some other satisfactory manner as we lay at anchor. Then I was ordered to draw a pailful of wine from a cask in a sort of lazaretto or storeroom, reached from the galley. The

cook might have known of the presence of the wine there, but I did not. I had never looked into the place. There was a tin pail, holding about ten quarts, in the galley, and this I filled and carried to the main hatch, with several glasses, and everybody proceeded to help himself. Now that we were at anchor all discipline had ceased, and one man was as good as another. They were prowling all over the schooner, and perfectly at home.

The wine must have tickled their palates mightily, for a second pailful was soon demanded. It was while I was drawing it that I noticed the barrel had no bung in it, and I wondered why the wine had not soured. I retired to the galley as soon as I had filled the second order, and for half an hour there was a great deal of loud talk and laughter. All of a sudden, while I was reflecting on the situation, and perhaps crying a bit in my sorrow and anxiety, it struck me that things were wonderfully quiet. I looked out of the galley to see half a dozen figures lying on the deck, and later on, when I had summoned courage to walk the length of the schooner, I found every man aboard apparently asleep. Their breathing was labored, but I supposed this was the result of too much drink. The night had come down dark and gusty, with the wind directly off shore, and as the sleepers continued to lie quiet some strange ideas came to me. I was tempted to take one of their knives and begin killing, but doubted my nerve. The yawl was at the davits, and I planned to lower it and let the breeze carry me out to sea. I held to this idea for a few minutes, and then surrendered it for another. I would swim ashore and hide in the forest. I had to abandon that scheme as well, for I saw at a glance that the tide was running out strong. I was wondering if I should not start a fire in the fore-castle or cabin when I discovered that the craft was under way. She had her light anchor out and had been tugging heavily under the tide and gust. The chain had ground off against some sharp-edged rock or the pin had slipped from a shackle. It was probably the latter case, as I heard a splash as of the end of the chain falling from the hawse hole. She drove off stern first and then, as she began to swing about, I stepped softly back to the wheel, put it over to get her off, and then extinguished the two lanterns on deck and the lamp in the cabin. I am not boasting of my nerve in stepping over the sleepers to do this work or of my sagacity in getting the idea. I was working like one in a dream and could hardly have identified myself.

What occurred between the time I put out the lights and daylight next morning I never can clearly remember. The schooner took care of herself for any effort of mine, and I think I went into the galley and crept behind the stove. At least I crawled out of that contracted space soon after daylight, in response to a call. I suppose I was called to prepare breakfast for the pirates, but I was no sooner out of the galley than I saw a large ship hove to a quarter of a mile away, while one of her boats, with five men in it, was alongside the schooner. I must have looked and acted like a stupid, for as a couple of men came over the rail one of them gave me a hearty shaking and growled out:

"You idiot, can't you get your mouth open?"

There were twenty-five men lying on the decks and in the cabin sound asleep. No! Dead! Every one of them dead and cold, and I the only living thing aboard! It took some time to explain matters and get at all the particulars, but with what I could tell them and what they could see it finally became plain to all. That barrel of wine had been dosed with some deadly drug. The cook must have done it previous to the attack, or the bung had been left out by another, and some poisonous reptile had crept in to die. No one could tell for certain, but the drinkers were all dead, and all had died in sleep. The ship was English, and the schooner was over thirty miles off the land. One of H. M. men-of-war, assisted by a civil functionary, attempted an investigation, but nothing came of it. Our crew had been slaughtered and the schooner captured, but she had recaptured herself and brought off twenty-five corpses. Not a living man could ever be found among the islands who would acknowledge that he had ever seen the schooner, much less participated in her capture. —*New York Sun*.

A Family of Age and Weight.

Three brothers were in New Brunswick, N. J., recently, who show a heavy aggregate in height, age and size. The are Captain Samuel Acken, who is 6 feet 6½ inches in height, seventy-six years of age, and weighs 240 pounds; William Acken, of Metuchen, who is 6 feet 3 inches in height, eighty-six years of age, and weighs 220 pounds, and Henry Acken, of Raritan, who measures 6 feet 2 inches weighs 200 pounds, and is eighty-four years of age. The joint weight of these Middlesex brothers is, therefore, 660 pounds, their total height 18 feet 11 inches, and their combined ages amount to 246 years. What is equally noticeable is the fact that the Acken family is a family of giants, among the younger as well as the older generations. Freeholder Acken is the biggest official in Middlesex County and stands head and shoulders over the other members of the Board, and there are many young men and boys, all of whom are tall, and most of whom are as remarkable in weight as in height. —*New York Times*.

The British Government will devote \$60,000,000 to the improvement of the national defenses.

HOUSEHOLD AFFAIRS.

POLISHING FLOORS.

A simple method of cleaning and polishing floors is to rub them every morning with a large flannel cloth, which is oiled in paraffin every fortnight or so. After wiping well with the cloth, brush briskly up and down the planks with a stiff broom, and after a few days of this treatment the floor will take and retain an admirable polish.

BUFFALO CARPET BEETLE.

It is reported that strips of flannel tipped in solution of white arsenic and placed under the edge of a carpet are sure death to the Buffalo carpet beetle. I doubt if any one knows this, says Professor A. J. Cook in the *New York Tribune*. In many cases the flannel would not be eaten, and unless eaten it would be harmless to the beetles. That it would be liable to be eaten, and if eaten would surely destroy the beetles, there is no question. It would be easy to try it, and if very cautiously done could be safe. All who handle white arsenic, however, should remember that it looks very much like soda, baking powder, and other articles of the pantry, and is a virulent poison. I should not fear to try this myself, but I do hesitate to recommend it to others.

ARTICLE FOR A SICK ROOM.

For a sick room, the sand bag is invaluable. Get some clean, fine sand, dry it thoroughly in a kettle on the stove. Make a bag, about eight inches square, of flannel, fill it with the dry sand; sew the opening carefully together and cover the bag with cotton or linen. This will prevent the sand from sifting out, and will also enable you to heat the bag quickly by placing it in the oven, or even on top of the stove. After once using this you will never attempt to warm the feet or hands of a sick person with a bottle of hot water or a brick. The sand, holds the heat a long time, and the bag can be tucked up to the back without hurting the invalid. It is a good plan to make two or three of the bags and keep them on hand, ready for use at any time when needed. —*The Pilot*.

HOW TO WASH SILK STOCKINGS.

Do your silk stockings ever get spoiled in the wash? Have them done at home and make the maid follow these directions, advises an English correspondent: "No soap must be rubbed on the articles. Before commencing have ready two hot irons and two pans of water. In one pan pour hot water, and in the other cold, adding a wineglass of common vinegar to each. Make the hot water into a creamy lather of suitable consistency, from the recipe given for 'soup jelly.' Wash each stocking separately in the hot water, and rub carefully, commencing at the toe. Squeeze it out, place it in the rinse-water, and leave it until the next one is finished. Now squeeze them out of the rinse-water, but on no account wring them. Roll separately in a dry cloth. Now take the stockings, iron them, each on the wrong side and finish them on the right, taking care to leave no creases. If these instructions are properly carried out, you may wash with safety the most brilliant colors. For the 'soup jelly,' take half a pound of yellow soap and shave it finely into a saucepan with one quart of water. Stand it by the fire until it simmers, and let it remain until cold, when it will have the appearance of a stiff jelly. —*Philadelphia Press*.

STRAWBERRIES.

Strawberries are not only delicious, served fresh with sugar and cream, but can be prepared in a variety of ways that will make them acceptable every day during the season. The following ways for serving them, recommended by the *Courier-Journal*, will be found excellent and sufficiently varied to suit the tastes of all:

Croquette of Strawberries—Cover a tablespoonful of gelatine with cold water and let soak half an hour, then add to it half a cup of boiling water and stir until it dissolves. Stone a quart of strawberries, dip each one in the gelatine and press them against the sides of a mold. Fill the center with charlotte russe and set aside to harden.

Strawberry Sponge—Cover half a box of gelatine with a little cold water, let soak and pour in a pint of boiling water; add a cup of sugar and stir until it thickens; add a pint of strawberry juice and strain in a tin pan; set in ice until thick. Beat the whites of four eggs to a stiff froth, and add; put in a fancy mold to harden. Serve with vanilla sauce.

Strawberry Bavarian Cream—Cover half a box of gelatine with half a cup of cold water and soak half an hour; mash a quart of strawberries and pour through a sieve; add a cup of sugar and stir until dissolved; stand the gelatine over boiling water and strain it into the strawberry juice; mix, pour in a tin pan, set on ice to cool, let thicken, and stir in a pint of whipped cream; mix carefully, pour in a mold and set in a cold place to harden.

Strawberry Tapioca—Wash a cup of tapioca through several waters, then cover with cold water and soak overnight. In the morning put it on the fire with a pint of boiling water, and simmer until the tapioca is perfectly clear. Steam a quart of strawberries and stir them into the boiling tapioca; sweeten to taste. Take from the fire, pour in a deep dish, and set aside to cool. Serve cold with sugar and whipped cream.

Over \$2,000,000 are paid annually into Philadelphia church treasuries for pew rents in the different houses of worship.

NEWS AND NOTES FOR WOMEN.

Tennis dresses are made with redia-fotes.
Miniatures are being revived for ornaments.
There are ladies who pay \$35 for their corsets.
Ladies' boot heels should measure one inch high.
Greek drapery is driving out the Empire style.
There are 1400 Sisters of Charity in his country.
Green is decidedly the favorite color of the season.
Round and belted waists remain in fashionable favor.
Grey cashmere house dresses have vests of pale pink crape.
Lace will be just as much used as ever or summer gowns.
Wigs may be worn by some of the adies this summer.
Striped flannel as thick as a blanket is used for bath robes.
Kid gloves come in a variety of colors to match cloth gowns.
Tea gowns are more closely fitted to the figure than formerly.
The bridal veils worn by very young adies are always of tulle.
Mme. Clemenceau, wife of the French diplomatist, is an American.
The Countess cloak was first adopted in London by Lady Dufferin.
Nothing looks more old-fashioned than a dress with a large bustle.
The bustle has diminished so in size that it is not worth talking about.
Some ultra-fashionable ladies have monograms worked on their sun umbrellas.
The Geological Society of London has rejected a motion to receive ladies as members.
Miss Nellie Cushman is said to be a promising expert. She is known throughout Arizona.
Mrs. Ella Dietz Clymer is the fairest and youngest presiding officer that Sorosis has ever had.
Spring sky is the fanciful name of a popular color. It is a dull leaden color reflecting silver lights.
Mrs. Robert Golet, of New York, has a fortune of \$3,000,000, which her husband made in hardware.
Little girls wear turned down frills of embroidered muslin in the neck and sleeves of their best dresses.
Notwithstanding the encroachments of polonaises and redingotes, round and belted waists remain in favor.
The bottom of redingotes is never bordered and the trimming is always perpendicular and on the fronts.
Few entirely black costumes are now seen. As in former years, they are left to those who are in mourning.
A Belfast (Me.) woman has entered a machine-shop to learn the trade, and proves a remarkably apt apprentice.
Young Mr. Phelps, of New Jersey, has just set out with his new wife and a steam yacht for a two years' bridal tour.
It is not surprising that the Princess of Wales is losing a little of the bloom of youth, considering that she is nearly forty-five.
The "woman with the iron jaw," or circus fame, is a resident of Ridgeway, Penn. She has traveled nearly all over the world.
Effective combinations of seasonable colors are chestnut brown with cream, mordore with biege, garnet with old rose, green with white.
The Empire hat, with its broad brim, in front and cut closely across at the back, bids fair to be the favorite shape the coming summer.
There are many new cotton stuffs for summer. They come in all shades of red, in blue of different tints, in pink, in gray and in lavender.
Miss Maxse, a girl of sixteen, the daughter of Admiral Maxse, of the English navy, was the first lady to ascend the Eiffel tower in Paris.
Very full frills of plaited lace or ribbon, like the Medici ruffs, will be a favorite neck finish for dressy corsages as the season advances.
It is said that it will soon be fashionable for women to wear wigs instead of curls, crimps, braids, waves and curls, "all my own hair, you know."
Black in combination with colors is still favored, but the two-tone effects now so popular have already modified the former craze somewhat.
Worth, the great Paris milliner, declares that American women know how to wear their clothes better than any nationality that comes under his hands.
One of the prettiest of new brooches represents a section of fence in bright gold, with bars half down, and at the base a bunch of daisies in white enamel.
The women of Louisville, Ky., have organized an equal rights association, the object of which is to advance the educational, industrial and legal rights of women.
The most popular colors for gloves are the golden browns, orange and grays. On the latter there is a great variety—silver antique, spring sky, Russian gray, acier and nun's gray.
This appears in the *Lewistown (Me.) Journal*: "Two Lisbon women used to look so much alike that they fooled their own children. The babies often cried for the wrong mother."

TERMS.—ONE DOLLAR per annum in advance.—ONE DOLLAR AND FIFTY CENTS if not paid in advance. No subscription discontinued, unless at the option of the publisher, until all arrearages are paid.
ADVERTISEMENTS inserted at the usual rates—large reductions to those who advertise by the year.
JOB PRINTING of every description—from the smallest table card to the largest handbill or poster—done with dispatch, at the lowest rates.

FRIDAY EVENING, JUNE 7, 1889.

TOWN AND COUNTRY.

Personal.

Mr. E. G. Popper and family are spending several weeks with friends at Mechanicsville, Md.

Mrs. J. W. Shane, of Washington, D. C., is visiting her many friends in this place.

Mr. V. S. Robinson left on Tuesday morning for Baltimore, where he has secured employment in a shoe factory. His family will remain here until fall.

Mrs. J. E. C. Miller and two children, of this place, left on Wednesday for an extended trip among friends in Ohio, Illinois, Indiana, Missouri, and Iowa.

On Friday, May 17, the Senior Class of the Theological Department of Ursinus College passed their final examination and were awarded the usual certificates. The class numbered nine, among whom was Mr. C. E. Wehler, of this place. Mr. Wehler has accepted a call from Blue Bell, Pa., to succeed Rev. Jas. Sechler, and will leave here to-morrow morning for his new field of labor. We but express the wishes of his many friends here when we wish him success in his new field.

SAD NEWS.

Mrs. W. H. Weaver and Seven of Her Children Reported Drowned.

According to a telegram in Wednesday's Philadelphia Times, Mrs. W. H. Weaver, formerly of this place, and seven of her children were drowned in the dreadful calamity at Johnstown. Mr. Weaver left here with his family about January 1st, leaving behind him a host of friends, who eagerly scanned the daily papers for tidings, glad or sad, of himself or family, until the above news fell among them like a shock. Many sad faces could be seen among the citizens of town. The telegram also states that Mr. Thos. Eck's wife and three children, former residents of this place, and Edw. Mayhew's five children were also drowned.

The above are all relatives of Mr. J. S. Weaver, of near this place, who left here for Johnstown on Wednesday evening: Nothing has been heard of Mr. W. H. Weaver and the other members of his family, and his friends here are hopeful that the sorrow they feel for the unfortunate Mrs. Weaver and her children may be relieved somewhat, by the news of his safety as well as the safety of the other members of his family.

Mr. Thos. Himes, of this place, went to Johnstown Monday to learn the fate of his brother, Charles Himes and family, (wife and three children). A telegram from him to his friends here states that he can find no trace of his brother or any member of his family, and the supposition is that they are drowned.

The other persons known in this vicinity that resided in the flooded district about Johnstown, besides the above, are Mr. David Weaver, Sr., and wife, Mr. David Weaver, Jr., and family, Mr. Jos. Staub, son of Mr. A. A. Staub, recently of this place.

From Sadness to Gladness.

Since the above was in type and as we were about going to press, we were informed that Mrs. J. S. Weaver received a letter from W. H. Weaver, telling her that himself and wife and their family are all safe except one son, Harry, who had not been heard of when the letter was mailed, (Monday,) although they were then in hopes of his safety. This will be good news to their host of friends here, although their rejoicing will be tinged with sadness at the uncertain fate of Harry, who was well liked and had many friends. Mr. Weaver had his hands and breast badly hurt, and Mrs. Weaver's one arm was badly bruised.

Mr. Weaver also states that his parents, Edw. Mayhew and wife and one son, Thos. Eck and two children, and Jos. Staub are all safe.

We are very glad to learn of their safety, yet we sympathize deeply with them in their present condition, as they lost all their earthly goods, except what they had on their persons.

Dr. Henry Baxter's Mandrake Bitters, Arnica Oil Linctum and Downs' Elixir for sale at Dicks' drug store.

Sudden Death of Col. McClellan.

Col. John H. McClellan, of Gettysburg, died very suddenly at the Central Hotel, Littlestown, Saturday noon. As superintendent of the turnpike, he drove over the line to ascertain the damage by the high water and ordered the necessary repairs. Upon reaching Littlestown he was informed of the washing away of the Piney creek bridge, at Dutera's tanyard, a mile below. Upon going there he complained of unusual weakness, especially about the heart, and was at once taken in a carriage back to the Central hotel, where a comfortable place was made for him on the office lounge. Expressing a desire to see his old friend, Hon. Wm. McSherry, that gentleman promptly appeared, and he finding the Colonel very sick, sent for Dr. Foreman, but before the physician could get there, the vital spark had fled, quietly and painlessly.

Col. McClellan was one of the most prominent and widely-known citizens of our county. He was born March 5, 1808, on Marsh creek. He received the usual education of youths of that period, and commenced his active career as a clerk of the old Gettysburg Bank, having been elected about Jan. 1834 and serving until his resignation March 2, 1867, thus completing the third of a century as clerk and teller in that institution. He served as County Treasurer by appointment in 1838, '39 and '40 and was elected to that office in 1843. The McClellans have, during the whole life of the Colonel, owned and occupied the McClellan House in Gettysburg, although since the death of George W. it has been leased, never having been managed as a hotel by the Colonel. It was purchased by his father in 1808 from the executor of James Scott.

A spirit of adventure was a marked characteristic of the Colonel, and showed deeply throughout his whole life. One of its earliest manifestations was his ascension in the Wise balloon in 1842.

Two years ago the Colonel wrote out full instructions as to the conduct of his funeral and placed the paper in his bible, telling Undertaker Garlach where to find it. Upon the death occurring the instructions were opened and were as follows:

Gettysburg, May 28, 1887.

MR. WM. GARLACH—

Dear Friend:—You will please carry out my instructions as follows, as near as you can:—

In view of the uncertainty of life, I hereby commit my last wishes to writing, with regard to the manner and form, for the disposal of all that is left of my mortal remains.

First, I wish my body to be clothed in a good suit of woolen cloth, "Black," and placed in a Metallic Coffin, with a clean woolen blanket inside.

I wish no mourning. The funeral services is to be held in My Opera House. The remains to be placed on the stage in front of the Marsh creek scenery; after the services the coffin can be placed at the door where anybody can have a last look at the corpse. I wish my remains conveyed to the Evergreen Cemetery in a plain clean spring wagon. I wish my coffin to be placed in a plain strong wooden box; then to be arched over with granite slabs 3 inches thick and then cemented, with a solid foundation for head and foot stones.

JNO. H. MCCLELLAN.

The funeral took place Tuesday afternoon.

NEW OXFORD ENTERPRISE.—The well known and popular druggist, J. W. Barnitz, has taken the agency for Dr. Lee's Liver Regulator which he recommends for the quick cure of dyspepsia, biliousness, liver complaint, all blood troubles. Trial bottles free.

It is a well-known fact that Puritan cough and consumption cure has cured consumption and chronic coughs and colds, when all else failed. Price 25 cents.

Our Supplement.

Being unable to give anything like a good account of the recent floods throughout the State, and more particularly the dreadful disaster at Johnstown, in the space at command, we decided to issue a supplement for that purpose this week. We hope our effort will please our patrons.

Strong purgative medicines are fast giving away to the mild and effectual properties of Red Cloud Liver Beans. They cure dyspepsia, biliousness and indigestion. Trial package free at all druggists.

Jacob, a young son of Geo. Emig, of East Berlin, broke his arm by falling from a tree.

Don't forget "Nevada," or "The Lost Mine," in Miller's Hall, to-night for the benefit of the Fire Company.

The Great Storm in the County.

The terrible storm of Friday and Friday night caused much loss to crops, fences, &c., and serious damage to bridges in the county.

The Little Conewago was not as high as in 1884, although there was considerably more water, this is due to the fact that in 1884 the water was then dammed up at several places by the hay, grain, &c., then lying on the fields along its banks. Nearly all the bridges, fences, and some buildings, from its source to its mouth were either swept away or badly damaged, while the crops, &c., on the lowlands are completely destroyed.

The bridge across Slagle's Run, near the Conewago Chapel was swept away, and the crops, &c., along the banks of the run badly damaged. At Centennial Mills, on the Little Conewago, the flood reached its highest point five inches below the high water mark of June, 1884, and thirteen feet above low water. The water rose so rapidly as to endanger the stock. The damage to fences, grain, &c., is great. Wm. Kohler lost a large lot of hickory wood and at least 1,000 panels of fence. Nearly all the small bridges are taken away, but no county bridge is damaged except by washouts at Lilly's and Myer's mills, which made the roads impassible for a few days.

The water was several feet deep in the house of Mr. Peter Miller, which stands several hundred yards from the stream, in Oxford township.

Our mills near town suffered greatly from the flood. Jos. R. Diehl's barn was swept down the stream for a few hundred yards and wrecked, and his pig pen, chicken house, &c., removed. One calf, a wagon, sleigh, and the corn crib with about 100 bushels of corn, and all his chickens were swept away. The water was three feet deep in his kitchen, and over the paling fence at his brick house. The water was half way up to the second story of the mill. He had a fine field of wheat near the mill that was entirely destroyed and also his corn field. His garden was entirely ruined, and all the fences taken away. His loss will not be less than \$800 or \$1,000.

Eichelberger's mill, late Gitt's, suffered some. The water was half way up to the second floor, and upon the bone and saw mill. The two dwelling houses were surrounded by water to near the second floor, the one being so badly damaged as to be untenable, and doing great damage to the property by wash outs. The gardens were destroyed. The water was running through the county bridge, but it stood the test. Nothing could be seen of the race, all a vast deluge of water. The hay scales were torn out the foundation and carried away, also the race bridge. Mr. Winand lost several hundred chickens. The loss is about \$800.

Three county bridges have been carried away, all large: The iron bridge across Himes's dam, the wooden bridge on the Harrisburg road at East Berlin, and the wooden bridge at Brown's mill. Others have received injuries, but not serious.

The Star says: Gettysburg has not been so completely cut off from the outside world since the battle. No mails arrived from Friday evening until Monday evening and only a few stray city papers. Both railroads sustained heavy losses. The first serious washout on the B. & H. was below Seven Valley, and several bridges between Sinsheim and Gunpowder Falls were removed. On the Western extension the bridge at Marsh creek, was somewhat damaged. The whole force of the road was concentrated on repairing the damages, and Monday afternoon through trains ran from Baltimore to the main branch at Highfield Station. This route will be used until the main stem can be reopened.

On the Gettysburg and Harrisburg road there was a washout above the Conewago about 700 feet long, and for 200 feet the track was swept away. The breaking of the Laurel and Upper dam at Mt. Holly did great damage to the South Mountain branch and the main road. There was also a bad washout at Craighead's in Cumberland county. But the road is in running order again, and the first through train arrived Monday evening about 6:30.

A Fairfield correspondent says: Cellars were flooded, bridges were swept away and much damage done crops. The bridge near this place was damaged somewhat, as well as some of the road embankment. Hands were at work all day Sunday repairing. Some of the abutments of the trestle work were damaged. The public roads are washed out in many places and rendered impassable until they are repaired. The two covered bridges between this place and Emmitsburg, were somewhat damaged, and the bridge on the turnpike near John Hoover's was swept away entirely.

A York Springs correspondent says: The heavy rain of Friday night did

considerable damage to the growing crops in this section. Several farmers report whole fields of corn and grain washed out and fences swept away. In the lower end of Huntington township all the foot logs are gone and a great many bridges damaged. It will cost the township \$350 to repair them.

From Bendersville: The storm did considerable damage in this section, in the washing of corn fields and overflowing of meadows, the prostration of growing wheat, the washing of roads, &c. The county bridge above town in the Narrows was taken away and the supervisor of the upper part of the township report eight township bridges swept away. The replacing of these bridges and the repairing of roads will involve great expense to the township. The Opossum creek was up as high as at any previous time. The large dam at Laurel forge broke carrying with it a house, blacksmith shop and a wagon-maker shop and runout and otherwise injuring the forge.

At Cashtown: The storm created some excitement in our town, the mountain stream overleaping its banks and passing down the streets did considerable damage. Many gardens were ruined and other property damaged. Many corn fields through and along the mountains are ruined. Some of the roads are impassable and the supervisors have prohibited travel on them until they can be repaired. A number of culverts are gone and the cost to the township will be large. Farmers have lost much fencing and their crops damaged along streams. J. E. Harman and J. C. Minter lost their milldams, and several others lost their saw-mill saws.

A correspondent at Arendtsville writes: At Daniel Arendt's mill the milldam, part of the head race to the saw mill and two bridges were swept away. The basement of the mill with about 40 bushels of chop and the cellar of the house were deluged with water. The road from the mill to the barn was made impassable and the soil in the meadow was carried off as deep as was plowed. At Bridgeport the one abutment of the county bridge was partly undermined, some of Chas. McDannel's shingles and lumber were taken. It is said that the water was two feet higher than ever known to be. At the crossing at James S. Taylor's the township bridge was swept away. At A. A. Wierman's mill fences were carried away and grain fields are flat as they are all along the creek. About 40 cords of wood belonging to Mr. Wierman and Wm. Coe went with the flood. Mr. Arendt's loss has been estimated at \$700; Mr. Taylor's \$300; Harvey Cluck's at \$200; Wm. Funt's at \$300 and thus might we mention dozens of farmers whose properties were damaged. Fortunately no lives were lost. The bridge at Roth's mill was damaged.

From Buchanan Valley: The steam saw mill of Mr. George Cole, Sr., in Buchanan Valley, Franklin township, was entirely ruined by the flood, the gearing and belting and foundation swept away. A stave cutter weighing 800 lbs. was carried down the tail race 50 yards. Loss about \$300. Most of the small bridges were swept away or moved; dams broken and race banks torn open; corn and oats fields with great gutters through them, and fences down or vanished. Mr. Joseph Steinberger's horses swamped in the road wash. He was going along with a two-horse wagon when suddenly he found both horses sinking. One he got out immediately, but the other sank. The neighbors quickly gathered, and with lines and ropes, and a great deal of hard work, the horse was rescued with but a few scratches.

At the head of the Narrows, where the streams all meet, the water rose ten feet above low water mark. A hole above the bridge was washed 8 feet deep. Hon. Francis Cole's coal bed was torn to pieces, his fences, saw logs and farming implements carried off, and an acre and a half of potatoes entirely washed down stream. He estimates his loss at \$500 or \$600.

DON'T STAND THAT PAIN.—It don't do to neglect nature's warning, aches through the system cause rheumatism, neuralgia, backache and pain in the side, a prompt and safe remedy is required, Red Flag Oil the famous pain cure fills the bill. Price 25 cents.

Are you consumptive or do you suffer with a cough or cold, if so use Puritan cough and consumption cure. Price 25 cents. At Barnitz's drug store.

Mr. G. L. Fink, cigar manufacturer of this place, lost about 10,000 of his best grade cigars by the cellar being flooded in which he had them stored, on Friday night.

Ease the babe (from one day old or more) from pain, by using Victor Infant's Relief. Absolutely guaranteed.—Harmless.

The Star says: The great disaster at Johnstown brought sorrowful news to several homes in Gettysburg. Miss Darlie Benford received a despatch from her brother at Bradford, stating that her mother, two sisters and a brother were among the lost. A nephew of Miss S. P. Horner, Mr. Hanson Jackson, a line despatcher at Derry, was in Johnstown on business, and drowned. Mrs. Jas. P. McConeughy, a sister-in-law of Hon. D. McConeughy, perished in the flood. Mr. James McConeughy was one of the oldest and most prominent citizens of Johnstown, and his family at home consisted of four daughters and two sons. Mr. McConeughy is in receipt of a despatch this p. m., which states that Wallace (a son) is still missing, but the remainder of the family all saved except Mrs. McConeughy.

Warr for the Excursion to Washington, on Friday, June 21st, under the auspices of Camp No. 328, P. O. S. of A., of Hanover. Com. of Arrangm't.

James, aged 9 years, son of James Olp, of near Glen Rock, York county, was trampled upon by a mule in the stable in his father's barn, the other day, and badly cut about the head, face and breast. His life was despaired of for a time.

A NATIONAL DISEASE.—Americans, as a rule, suffer more than any other Nation with dyspepsia, biliousness and indigestion. Our readers are assured that nothing equals Red Cloud Liver Beans for these ailments. Trial package free at all druggists.

Rev. Samuel Henry, with family, the newly elected pastor of Holtzswamp and Pigeon Hill churches, arrived at East Berlin on last Friday.

MARRIED.

May 26, at Conewago Chapel, by Rev. John B. Mullaly, Mr. F. X. Colgan, of Oxford twp., to Miss Gabriella Rider, of McSherrytown.

May 28, at same place by the same, Mr. Edward McColgan, of Hanover, to Miss Maggie Gulden, of Conewago twp.

May 30, by Rev. J. Swartz, Benj. D. Kemper, of Carroll county, Md., to Miss Ellen J. Moose, of Germany twp.

May 30, by E. J. Cox, Esq., W. B. Ebbert, of Union Bridge, Md., to Miss Jennie Blade, of Cumberland twp.

DIED.

Deaths free—verses, tributes, &c., 5 cents a line

May 29, near this place, Gertrude M., daughter of Mr. James Robinson, aged 1 year and 11 months.

Under the green sod of the churchyard hue Our babe now lies in her slumber of rest. Our hearts sadly broken with deepest grief And our home is sad without thee.

With the angels bright in robes of white, With the heavenly saints we are singing, Weep not parents, sisters dear, Beautiful heaven is my home for ever.

G. B. S.

June 1, in Littlestown, John H. McClellan, of Gettysburg, aged 81 years, 2 months and 27 days.

June 1, in Cashtown, Daniel Heintzelman, aged 80 years and 4 months.

May 27, in Huntington twp., Catharine, daughter of George Slaybaugh, aged about 29 years.

April 21, in Mountpleasant twp., Edward Martin, infant son of George A. and Ella B. Harman, aged 4 months and 20 days.

Home is not home for Edie is not here, Angels have taken him out of our care; Farewell my parents dear, I know life's sad without me here, Farewell my friends and kindred dear, I'm gone to dwell with Christ in paradise.

MILLER'S OPERA HALL.

NEVADA,

OR THE

Lost--Mine!

FRIDAY EVE., JUNE 7,

for benefit of

Fire Company.

This Drama, so successfully rendered by local talent, recently, will be repeated for the benefit of the New Oxford Fire Company on the above evening. The New Oxford Orchestra will furnish the music.

Admission—20c; reserve seats, 50c.

New Oxford Item.

H. I. SMITH, EDITOR

AN INDEPENDENT LOCAL JOURNAL.

ONE DOLLAR PER ANNUM.

Volume 10.

New Oxford, Pa., Friday, June 7, 1889.

Number 47.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

DR. T. STRAHAN,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, NEW OXFORD, has removed to Cor. E. and Hanover streets, where he will attend to professional calls night or day.

DR. I. M. BUSH,
Veterinary Surgeon; Graduate of the Chicago Veterinary College, will visit New Oxford every other Thursday, and will treat domestic animals of all kinds. Calls promptly attended to. Orders left with G. Klingel, next door to IREX office will receive prompt attention.

J. L. BUTT,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Gettysburg, Pa. Office with J. A. Kitzmiller, on second floor of Spangler building on Baltimore street. Prompt attention given to settlement of estates of decedents, minors, &c.; also, to conveyancing, liens and collections. 22mar89

J. A. KITZMILLER,
(Successor to H. E. Woods, Esq.) ATTORNEY AT LAW AND NOTARY PUBLIC, has removed his office to the second story of Spangler's building, Baltimore street, Gettysburg, Pa., recently occupied by H. E. Woods, Esq. Will attend collections and all other business entrusted to him.

S. MC. SWOPE,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, Gettysburg, Pa. Collections and all legal business promptly attended to. Office on Baltimore street, opposite the court house. 17-2-82

WM. ARCH. MCLEAN,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, Gettysburg, Pa. Office on second floor, over old store stand of Danner, now occupied by M. Kieffer, on West side of Baltimore street. Special attention given to settlement of estates of decedents, minors and other trusts, to conveyancing and liens, &c. Promptness in collections and remittances.

G. J. BENNER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, Gettysburg, Pa. Office above G. W. Spangler's store, southeast corner of Square. 7nov81

CHAS. S. DUNCAN,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, Gettysburg, Pa. Will continue the practice of law at the office of his father, the late W. A. Duncan, on Baltimore street. All legal business entrusted to him will receive prompt attention. 8mar85

JOHN M. KRAUTH,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, Gettysburg, Pa. Collections and all legal business promptly attended to. Office on Baltimore street, south of Court House. 12dec85

LAW, LOAN & REAL ESTATE OFFICES.—In connection with law practice, will do a Real Estate and Loan Business. Sale Books are opened to all desiring to sell or buy Real Estate, without charge for reference. Both parties desiring to transact business, to obtain the best results, will receive attention on application to D. MC DONAUGHY, Attorney, 17 Chambersburg St., Gettysburg, Pa.

D. J. A. MELHORN,
JUSTICE OF THE PEACE, New Oxford, Pa. Office on Main street, (blue front,) near the R. R. depot. Special attention given to the writing of deeds, bonds, mortgages and other legal documents. All claims and legal business promptly and fairly attended to. Legal advice cheerfully given.

HOTELS, &C.

Eagle Hotel.

Cen. Sq., New Oxford, Lewis F. Leece, Proprietor. Special attention given commercial travelers. Large and commodious sample rooms, &c. The table will be a specialty, and will be supplied with the choicest delicacies the market affords at all times. Ample stabling.

European Hotel.

FOUNTAIN SQUARE, HANOVER, G. P. FUHRMAN, Proprietor. Successor to David Newcomer. Large and commodious sample rooms, &c. The table will be a specialty, and will be supplied with the choicest delicacies the market affords at all times. Ample stabling.

NATIONAL HOTEL,

AT THE RAILROAD, LITTLESTOWN, PA. J. H. WEST, Agent. Good accommodations at moderate charges. Bar stocked with choicest Wines, Liquors and Cigars. A large and well-fitted sample room. First-class Billiard and Pool Tables. Extensive stabling and shedding attached.

FRANKLIN HOUSE,

YORK STREET, HANOVER, PA. J. W. HARPEL, Proprietor. This hotel has been thoroughly repaired, refitted and refurnished from garret to cellar. The proprietor fully understands the hotel business, and will guarantee satisfaction to all his patrons. The table will be supplied with the best market affords, served in the best style, while the Bar is stocked with choicest liquors and wines. Large and commodious yards and stables connected with hotel.

CENTRAL HOTEL.

HANOVER, PA.
D. C. FLEMING, PROPRIETOR,
(formerly of the City Hotel, York.)
Free bus; steam heat; good stable accommodations. 28mar.

NOTICE.

ROOFING, SPOUTING AND ROLING

of houses and barns; Repairing and all kinds of work attended to at shortest notice and work warranted.

A new way of putting up shouthing, no straps, and no pulling out of nails. Come and see for yourselves.

All goods of the best material, and always a good selected stock on hand.

STRICTLY ONE-PRICE!

Mending given to the mail drivers will be promptly attended to.

GEORGE H. HEPLER, Tin-smith,
Carlisle St., New Oxford, Pa.

DRUG
—AND—
JEWELRY STORE!
N. E. Cor. Diamond, New Oxford.

-J. W. DICKS-

—DEALER IN—
Pure Drugs,
Medicines,
Chemicals,
Patent Medicines,

Toilet Articles,
Choice Perfumery,
Fancy Goods,
Fine Stationery,
Notions, &c.,

Cigars & Tobacco.
Choice Wines and Liquors,
for medical use only.

Careful Preparation of Prescriptions
our specialty.

Also, Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, etc.,
for Sale. Repairing done, and work guaranteed. All goods in either department warranted as represented.

The Lady

Who has fine Hair, and desires to preserve its color, abundance, and lustre, should use Ayer's Hair Vigor as a dressing. It keeps the scalp clean and cool, and is by far the most exquisite toilet preparation in the market.

B. M. Johnson, M. D., Thomas Hill, Mo., says: "I have used Ayer's Hair Vigor in my family for a number of years, and regard it as the best hair preparation I know of. It keeps the scalp clean, the hair soft and lively, and preserves the original color. My wife has used it for a long time with most satisfactory results."

Mrs. S. A. Rock, of Anderson, Texas, writes: "At the age of 34, in Monroe, La., I had a severe attack of swamp, or malarial, fever. After I got well my hair commenced coming out, and so continued until it had well nigh all gone. I used several kinds of hair restorers, but they did no good. A friend gave me a bottle of Ayer's Hair Vigor. Before finishing the first bottle my hair began to grow, and by the time I used three bottles, I had a fine head of hair."

Ayer's Hair Vigor,

PREPARED BY
Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Sold by Druggists and Perfumers.

We are prepared to do
All Kinds of Job Work!

Great Bargains In FURNITURE!

Are now being offered at

P. FEISER'S
CHEAP
FURNITURE
ROOMS,
Phila. St., New Oxford.

My stock of Furniture is very large and complete, embracing all the various styles of

Chamber & Parlor Suits,

Bedsteads, Bureaus, Washstands, Lounges, Sofas, Centre, Extension, Dining and Breakfast Tables, Cane and Wood Seat Chairs, Cribs, Cradles, Mattresses, Bed Springs, Etc. Also, a large stock of

Sideboards, Bedsteads,
Corner and Kitchen Cupboards, Sinks, &c., of my Own Manufacture. Call and be convinced that I sell better goods for less money, than any house in the county. UNDERTAKING a specialty in all its various branches.
11eb89 PETER FEISER.

—GRAIN AND— PRODUCE!

The undersigned, having leased the Brick Warehouse on Hanover street, New Oxford, Pa., will buy and sell all kinds of Grain and Country Produce, such as
Wheat, Hay, Straw, Rye, Corn, Oats
Potatoes, Bran, Middlings,
Chop, &c., &c.;
also the best brands of

Roller & Country Flour,

AND COARSE AND FINE SALT.
Sellers and buyers will find it to their advantage to give me a trial. A liberal share of public patronage solicited. FREE DELIVERY anywhere in the borough. Car leaves New Oxford every Thursday noon for Baltimore. Returning, leaves Hillen Station every Friday at 4 o'clock, p. m. All orders left with me will receive prompt attention.
ma87.] Z. H. CASHMAN.

COST OF PROHIBITION.

Ruinous Tax Rates—Values Destroyed—Costs Increased.

Facts That Voters Must Face.

Facts are the most convincing arguments. The following statement of the exorbitant rates of taxation existing in Prohibition States unanswerably prove that Prohibition does increase taxes.

Taxes in Sioux City, Iowa, have increased 113 per cent. under Prohibition.

The tax rate in Burlington, Iowa, is over 53 mills on the dollar.

The tax rate in Council Bluffs, Iowa, is 80 mills on the dollar.

The rate of taxes in Des Moines, Iowa, has reached 62 mills on the dollar.

The tax rate in Ottumwa, Iowa, is 44 mills on the dollar.

The tax rate in Lawrence, Kansas, is over 56 mills on the dollar.

The tax rate in Topeka, Kansas, is over 42 mills on the dollar.

The people of Wichita, Kansas, pay 25 mills on the dollar.

Taxes in Atchison, Kansas, have reached 57 mills on the dollar.

The tax rate in Marysville, Kansas, is 65 mills on the dollar. The rate before Prohibition was 25 mills. Property has depreciated 30 per cent.

The average tax rate in Kansas towns is over 40 mills. Taxes in Atlanta, Ga., increased 40 per cent. during the first year of Prohibition, and the city was forced to sell \$90,000 of gas stock to pay expenses. While these high tax rates prevail in Prohibition States, in neighboring high license States the rates are less than one-third as high. Kansas City, Missouri, for instance, pays about 14 mills on the dollar. This indisputably proves that Prohibition increases taxes. Under Prohibition the towns, counties and State of Pennsylvania would lose millions of revenue. This means an increase in general taxes to make up the deficiency.

Seventeen hundred buildings were unoccupied in the city of Des Moines, Iowa, in June, 1887. Store-houses are now offered for rent at one-half the rentals obtained for them before Prohibition. Sixty-four large brick store-houses in the center of the city are unoccupied.

The loss to Iowa from Prohibition is estimated at \$10,000,000 a year.

Rents in Atlanta, Ga., declined, under Prohibition, 15 to 60 per cent. Two hundred stores and nine hundred residences stood empty. Under license this has changed.

The cost of conducting the criminal courts in Iowa increased from \$384,000 in 1873, under license, to \$425,000 in 1886, under Prohibition. This does not look much like the reduction in expense, which the Prohibitionists say would follow the adoption of their law.

Only two States in the Union have ever lost in population; they were Prohibition States. All States, without exception, which have adopted Prohibition, have increased in population slower after they adopted the law than they did before, and have increased faster after they repealed the law than they did while it was in force. All States, also, which have adopted Prohibition, have increased less rapidly than similarly situated States under license. [See U. S. Census Reports.]

Putrid sore throat has appeared among the stock at the Penn farm, near Penn's Manor, Bucks county, Pa. Seven valuable horses having died by the disease in the last few months. One of these was a thoroughbred mare with a record of 2.19.

John Shannon, of Reading, Pa., has a baseball dog that money can't buy. As a catcher he is great, taking any and all chances, can't be beat as a short stop or in the field, taking them right off the bat, and never gets rattled.

W. J. Garigle, ex-warden of the Cook County Hospital, under indictment as one of the "hoodlums" in the county ring, returned to Chicago from Canada, where he had been a fugitive, paid a fine of \$1000 and was declared a free man.

A Plague of Caterpillars.

A Bangor, Maine, dispatch of the 30th ult., says: The caterpillar migration now going on in Piscataquis county, along the line of the Canadian Pacific Railroad, is alarming the entire northern portion of the State and much alarm is felt throughout this section that the more southern counties may yet be ravaged. The strange phenomenon has been going on for nearly three weeks now, and no solution has been given of the mystery. Early in the month great swarms of small green caterpillars were noticed south of the Mattamiscontis mountains, in Penobscot county, but no attention was paid to them.

Two weeks ago people in the vicinity of Milo were astonished by the visit of an army of insects nearly five miles wide passing the town and following the railroad. Sunday, two weeks ago, they crossed over to the south side of the road, swarming over the rails for a space of ten miles, blocking all traffic, as reported at the time, and delaying trains over ten hours, as the insects, when crushed, made the rails so slippery that the engine wheels would slide regardless of the sand used upon them.

Over 300 section men and citizens failed to keep the track clear, and it was five days before the long procession passed. Once across, the little travelers started toward the northwest, following the road between Dover and Brownville, seemingly headed for Sebect Lake. Their number is inestimable, being millions on millions, and their passage is like that of the Destroying Angel for every speck of green vegetation disappears under their voracious attacks.

Fortunately the region they are still confined to is almost entirely confined to lumbering, so the cultivated farms are few and far between, but those belong to poor settlers utterly unable to withstand any direct loss, and those whose plantations have been in the way of the invading host have been financially ruined, for the early crop has been swept away. The loss has already gone up into the thousands, with no immediate signs of abating, as the migration is steadily progressing.

The greatest annoyance is to the railroad company whose line has been selected by the caterpillars as the best promenade, and being unable to cope with the difficulty are meeting with great obstacles in running their trains, all of which are from 2 to 8 hours behind daily. The entire county has risen up for their destruction, but it is impossible to manage them, and the subject under discussion is the feasibility of firing the forest in front and alongside of them so they will be destroyed.

Where they are going is as much a mystery as their origin, and if they change their course southward again and visit the agricultural regions the damage they will do the crops will be something enormous. So far as stated their course seems to be directly in the direction of Sebect Lake. Last Sunday the army was over five miles wide, being stretched along for ten miles or more.

ELECTRIC BITTERS.—This remedy is becoming so well known and so popular as to need no special mention. All who have use Electric Bitters sing the same song of praise.—A purer medicine does not exist and is guaranteed to do all that is claimed. Electric Bitters will cure all diseases of the liver and kidneys, will remove pimples, boils, salt rheum and other affections caused by impure blood.—Will drive Malaria from the system and prevent as well as cure all Malarial fevers.—For cure of headache, constipation and indigestion try Electric Bitters.—Entire satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. Price 50 cts. and \$1 per bottle at Dicks' drug store.

Most of the Reading Company's collieries in the Schuylkill region started up Monday and that that did not were only prevented by the rain.

Governor Beaver signed the bill appropriating \$200,000 for the improvement of the Philadelphia harbor.

Survival of the fittest. Dowds' Elixir has outlived every other cough remedy simply because it is the best.
For sale by J. W. Barnitz.

Chairman Palmer's Address.

Chairman Palmer of the Prohibitionist State Committee has issued through the newspapers a circular to the women of the State on the question of the approaching contest on the Constitutional Amendment. It need not be said that it is a piece of sentiment, pure and simple.

No one will find fault with the statement by Mr. Palmer of the mischief due to the liquor traffic; no one who knows will dispute for a moment that it is one of the greatest evils of the day. But what does that prove regarding the wisdom of Prohibition?

There is something essentially wrong with the logic of Prohibition. And as is always the case when bad logic is worked into a system and imbued with the force of law, mischief will be sure to result, should it be enacted. That it cannot banish the vices that grow out of the liquor traffic seems to be clearly proven. That it is a something which to say the least is a dangerous and doubtful principle seems equally clear; and neither of these positions is assailed or contravened in Chairman Palmer's circular.

What shall we do with vice? The question is as old as the race, and is apparently no nearer a solution to-day than ever. The attempt to suppress it by law is as old as the question itself; but from the time of Draco and Lycurgus and the Roman Censors to the present, the lesson has been always the same; work upon the people; teach them the wrongfulness of hurtful self-indulgence; the force of law is always less than the collective result of the thought and sentiment of the people or even a considerable minority of them; work upon the people, and you will effect the real and only possible prohibition. It is as true as history itself that the raising of the general intellectual level of the race has resulted in its moral elevation. This is the answer to the question.—Phila. Herald.

Cornelius Donnelly, of Watertown, N. Y., twice pretended suicide to frighten his wife, to whom he was married four months ago, into giving him possession of her property, amounting to \$10,000. On Sunday he made another trial by placing a rope around his neck and throwing it over clothes-hooks on a wall. He leaned forward, holding the other end of the rope in his hands, with a looking-glass leaned against the window opposite, so that he might see the progress of events. When found he was in the last struggles of strangulation and died shortly afterwards.

There is a mystery attached to the death of Mrs. Margaret Leindner, who was found with a bullet in her head and a pistol lying at her feet. There were causes for suicide, as she had decided to part from her husband, but when she was found her arms were crossed on her breast and her clothing was properly arranged.

More people, adults and children, are troubled with costiveness than with any other ailment. Dr. Henry Baxter's Mandrake Bitters will cure costiveness and prevent the diseases which result from it.
For sale by J. W. Barnitz.

Henry Coleman, colored, was hanged in the Norfolk County Jail Friday. Several days ago he attempted suicide by taking poison. His crime was the murder of James Grant, a dairyman.

A rustic chair bought by Messrs. Shiver, of York, was made of green saffras wood, and a few warm days caused it to put forth many sprouts, some an inch long.

It is expected that the mills of the Conshohocken Worsted Mills Company, which recently assigned, will be shut down soon, throwing 900 hands out of employment.

Thirteen miles from Cheyenne, W. T., is what is said to be the largest horse farm in the world. There is 120,000 acres of land, where roam 5,000 horses, which require the constant attention of sixty five men. One hundred miles of wire fence keeps the animals in bounds.

